COLLIER'S

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- After my auto crash—by Ed Sullivan
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ADLAI STEVENSON:

As his sons see him

October 12, 1956

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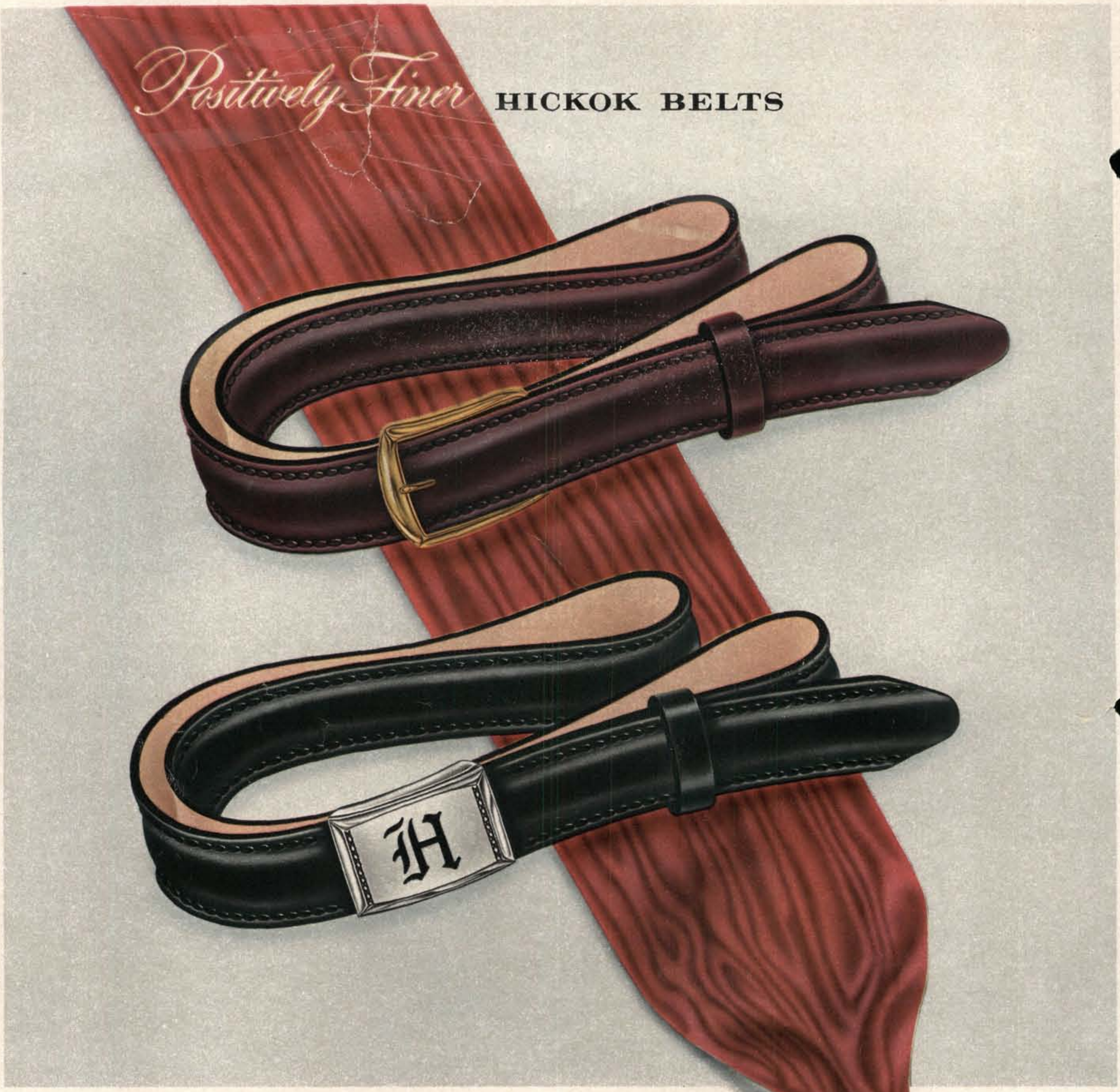
Positively Finer HICKOK BELTS



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3.9¢	*Cost per mile for each member of family*	**1.9¢**

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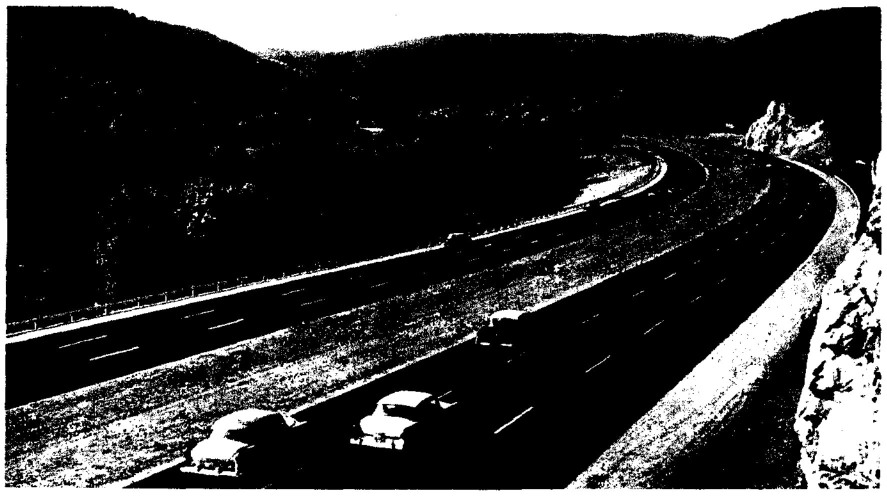

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Picture
OF THE MONTH

The least likely time for it to happen to any girl is on her honeymoon!

In the case of Julie Benton, suddenly the kisses of courtship turn into frenzied terror. Julie runs for her life, and M-G-M takes you on a journey of suspense, romance and heart-stopping thrill that never lets up until the final frame spells out "The End."

Doris Day is superb as "JULIE", the blond bride in flight. She's fast becoming (if she's not already) our most becoming exemplar of the innocence that can throb beneath sophistication or desire. And her portrayal of a woman caught between love affairs excitingly exceeds her memorable performance in "Love Me or Leave Me".

Louis Jourdan and Barry Sullivan are the handsome and opposing males. The former is the bridegroom who makes the marriage-ceremony phrase "Till death do us part" take on a sinister significance. The latter is the man who knows that Julie is not dreaming this nightmare, even though he wishes she were! Another fine characterization is Frank Lovejoy's implacable detective.

A shrill laugh, a phone that rings just *once*, a song of remembered passion, an ocean's pounding surf...these are the sounds that sweep us to the summits of rare suspense.

The rules of entertainment forbid our disclosing more except to declare that you'll be kept guessing and gasping from towering cliff ledges to the edge of your seat . . . from 'Frisco Bay shadows to the moon-bathed sands of Monterey beaches...from the eerie end of a lovers' lane to the loaded end of an automatic.

For the pell-mell pace of this Arwin Production, our thanks to producer Martin Melcher and director-scenarist Andrew L. Stone. Rarely, indeed, have the annals of suspense unveiled so tense and terrifying a set of circumstances as those that answer the question: "What happened to Julie on her honeymoon?"

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CHARACTERS in all fiction stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary.

Go to bed, Stubborn . . .

He's not going to call!

Last night at the Blakes', he danced attendance on you . . . for a while. He didn't have eyes for anyone else . . . for a while. But when you said good-night, you'd already lost him. You didn't know it, and you couldn't know the reason why. People with halitosis (bad breath) never do.

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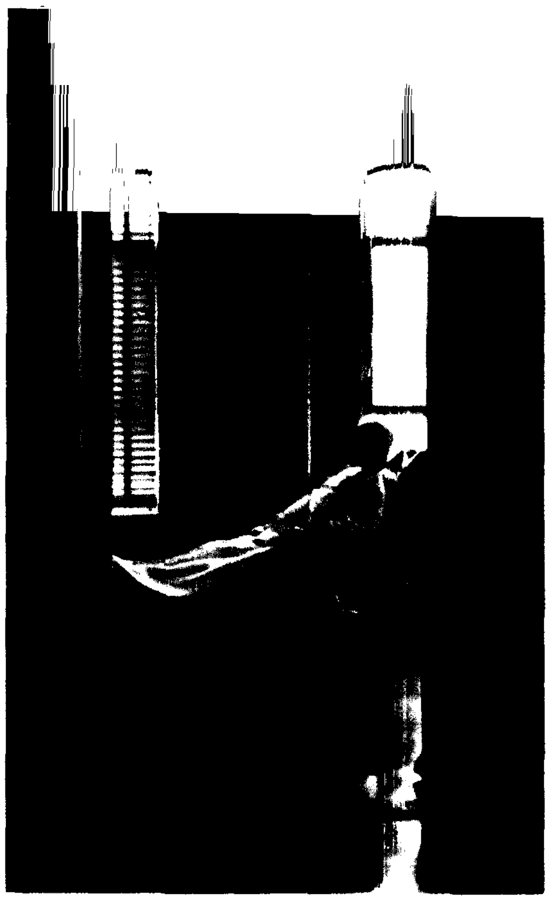
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

. . . stops bad breath 4 times better than any tooth paste

By DON HOGAN

For 11 years, a faint trail has led through forgotten files, across the oceans, into a man's misted memory—and has left this victim of World War II a silent and lonely enigma



CARL BAKAL

"Charles A. Jameson, unverified" sits in silence in a ward of the Public Health Service Hospital in Boston

Who is the living "unknown soldier"?

An old and lonely man, wounded in World War II and suffering from amnesia, has awaited death in silence and unknown for 11 years in a United States government hospital at Boston. On the hospital's rolls his name is carried as *Charles A. Jameson, unverified,* but, figuratively at least, he is a living "unknown soldier." If so, he is the only living unknown war veteran in this country. There is no other record of such a case.

Recently there has been a public, world-wide search to solve the mystery of his identity. And with the interest in him there has come a new spark to the unknown man's eyes. For the first time since he came to the United States Public Health Service Hospital in Boston, he has begun to talk about himself and reveal that he possesses intelligence and knowledge above the average.

Yet the question is still unanswered: Who is he?

It was February 10, 1945, that he was brought to the hospital by ambulance. He was unconscious and moribund, and with him came a ticket on which had been scribbled: *Charles A. Jameson, forty-nine; religion—Catholic; citizenship—American;* and after that was the name of a ship, the Cutty Sark. He was admitted to the hospital without question, particularly since the Public Health Service, among its other duties, is charged with the care of all seamen, no matter of what nationality, who are injured or wounded on board an American ship. And a hospital lives by the rule: save the person; ask questions about his identity later.

For more than a year it was touch and go with the unknown patient. His back was a mass of infected shrapnel wounds, and, evidently through neglect, he had contracted a severe case of the bone disease, osteomyelitis.

The information listed on the ticket which came with him was entered in the record books unchecked, for he was too ill to be questioned; and the hospital staff had enough to do just to keep him alive. The war ended, and the personnel at the hospital changed. But he stayed, and by the end of three years the wounds had healed. The shrapnel had cut so deeply, however, that he would never regain the use of his legs, and worse, he had lost his memory and seemingly the will to talk or even to live.

It had taken so long to cure him that he had become a permanent fixture at the hospital. None of the doctors or nurses who first worked on him and who might have had a genuine personal interest was still there, and the new staff began to treat him as an amnesia patient.

To bring back his memory both sodium amytal and hypnosis were tried. Neither worked. When asked who he was, he would recite: "My name is Charles A. Jameson, forty-nine, Catholic, American, the Cutty Sark." To any other question he would mumble, "I don't know."

The official search for his identity, which was conducted by the hospital and the Red Cross did not take long to exhaust itself. No record had been kept of what ambulance brought him to the hospital, and it was assumed he, like so many others, had been found at sea by a fishing vessel. His fingerprints were taken and checked through every file in Washington, from servicemen to criminals. So was the name Charles A. Jameson, and later several variations of it. Then, too, he should have been easily identified from his description, but he wasn't. He is six feet tall, weighs 200 pounds, his eyes are brown, his hair gray, his complexion ruddy. There is a thin, two-stitch scar on his right cheek, his left index finger is missing from an old injury, and on either arm and on his chest are tattoos.

By the fall of 1949, there appeared to be nothing more that could be checked. No other government agency besides the Public Health Service had grounds to take official interest in the case, and although the hospital continued to carry his name on its books as unverified, it no longer pursued an active search for his identity.

But with the comings and goings of other patients at the hospital there grew up rumors on the Boston docks about the old man. Some said he understood German and, with the scar on his face, might have been a Nazi officer. Others said he had been the captain of a disguised British cruiser which had been sunk by a submarine.

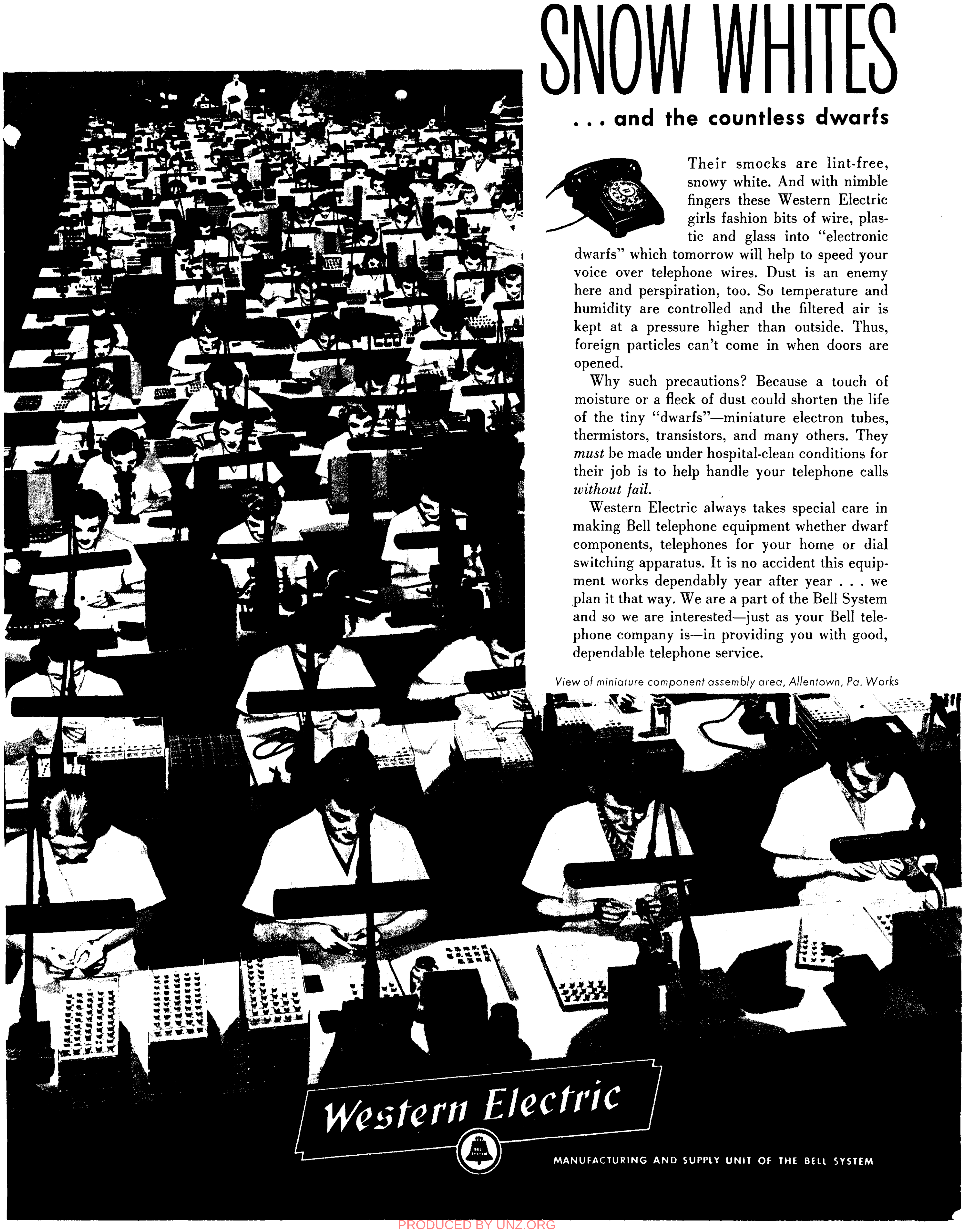
Then, in 1954, the search came alive again. Rumors about "a living unknown soldier" reached a Boston newspaper and a reporter was assigned to find out who the old man was. With the publicity, several government agencies came to life. The United States Immigration and Naturalization Service office at Boston assigned investigator Frank Castelnovo to make a thorough search of its records.

The newspaper reporter decided to get a sample of the old man's handwriting and gave him a slip of paper on which was written a question. The old man looked at it with sudden interest and answered out loud, clearly and distinctly. It turned out that one of the reasons for his silence had been that he could hardly hear. But he had never mentioned this affliction, and the doctors had taken so much time on the major repairs to his body that they had not had time to discover it.

The unknown man took to the written questions like a child with a new game. His memory was very bad, but at least now he could really try. He still couldn't answer direct questions about himself or recent events. But he could show in what vein lay his fund of general knowledge.

After weeks of trying, it came out that what he knows best are the sea and the men and the instruments of war—all of which he talked about in a decidedly British accent.

He scarcely recognized a line of Shakespeare or the other great English writers. Yet he knew all the maneuvers and the deployment of troops at Napoleon's Battle of Austerlitz. He knew nothing of banking, trade or farming, yet from diagrams of funnel markings he was able to name almost all the major steamship companies of the world. From photographs he rec-



SNOW WHITES

. . . and the countless dwarfs

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View of miniature component assembly area, Allentown, Pa. Works

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QUIET POWER FOR KEEPS because–

Pennzoil with Z-7 keeps engines clean

Next oil change, make it Pennzoil with Z-7. Then listen as your car purr-r-rs along! That quiet hum of pure power comes from an engine kept clean and smoothly responsive . . . free of any build-up of carbon or other deposits. This different Pennsylvania motor oil with an all-oil body controls deposits, stops power-stealing knock and ping, keeps full horsepower unlocked—not for just a few miles after an oil change, but for keeps. Get Pennzoil with Z-7, The Tough-Film® oil, now, in the exact seasonal grade for your car!

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"UNKNOWN SOLDIER" continued

ognized the barracks at Gosport, England, a Royal Navy gunnery school, and said he'd been there once for training.

Maxwell Plowman, British vice-consul in Boston, came immediately to see him. He agreed the man's accent was British and said it sounded like London. The consul sent all available information and the old man's description to both the British Maritime Registry and to the Admiralty. But unlike the United States Armed Forces, the British do not fingerprint their servicemen. A three-month search of their records uncovered nothing.

Then, in October, 1954, Immigration Service investigator Castelnovo came up with the manifest of the USNS LeJeune, a navy transport ship which, on February 9, 1945, the day before the unknown patient was admitted to the hospital, arrived in Boston from Southampton, England, with a cargo of wounded men. At the bottom of the manifest, scratched in with a pen on an otherwise typewritten sheet, was "Charles W. Jamison, July 17, 1895, Boston, Mass., Catholic, from the ship Cutty Sark, documents lost. From Southampton to Army hospital."

Almost illegible after that appeared the words, "Four years in Belgium . . . a prisoner of war . . . by the Germans."

The manifest had not been found before nor a record made of the man's entry into the U.S. because 1945 was a peak year for wounded being brought back from Europe, and the Immigration Service had not had time to do anything but file the manifest of many ships arriving in the port, and did so without actually seeing anyone named on it or checking the papers.

The man in the hospital—for the first time since he had been admitted—was asked to write his name. In a wavering hand he put down Charles W. Jamison, changing the middle initial from "A" to "W" and putting an "i" in his last name where there had been assumed to be an "e."

Immediately birth certificates for the entire state of Massachusetts were checked for the year 1895, and then—because doctors at the hospital estimate his present age as sixty-five to seventy—all the way back to 1885. Nothing was found.

A search was made for a merchant ship of any registration by the name of the Cutty Sark. None could be found since 1900.

THEN THERE WAS THE FINAL LINE of information from the manifest, the scribbled words about being a prisoner of war. But Belgium had been liberated from the Nazis many months before the LeJeune sailed from Southampton; and when the patient arrived in Boston, it was obvious from his condition that he had not been long in friendly hands. Where had he been during the months since the POW camps were liberated? All POW camp records were impossible to trace with any hope of accuracy. The Navy checked through the records of the LeJeune. They could find nothing additional.

Neither could the old man remember anything about the LeJeune; but sensing that the search was coming close, he began to take an interest in himself and living, and within weeks, achieved a merry, generous personality.

He spoke brightly of London and walking on the Strand, just so long as he was not pinned down to exactly where he had lived or just who had been with him. To a ribald question about women he looked shocked and answered with Victorian disdain that one doesn't talk that way about the ladies. At another point, he mentioned that he had never been married.

Then, after months of edging closer to questions bearing directly on himself, he came up with some startling information in January, 1955.

"I was wounded on the Hinemoa," he said. "She was a sailing vessel and I was mate. We were carrying nitrates from Chile to England and met with a German cruiser in the Atlantic. We were sunk."

A sailing ship carrying nitrates in World War II sounded fantastic. But in a check of merchant ships, a Hinemoa was found. She was a small steamer of 600 tons which carried freight and passengers around the islands of New Zealand. Her crew lists since commissioning were combed. On none of them was a man who matched the description of the unknown patient. Besides that, the Hinemoa had never been under fire and had never left the islands since her maiden voyage from the shipyards in England.

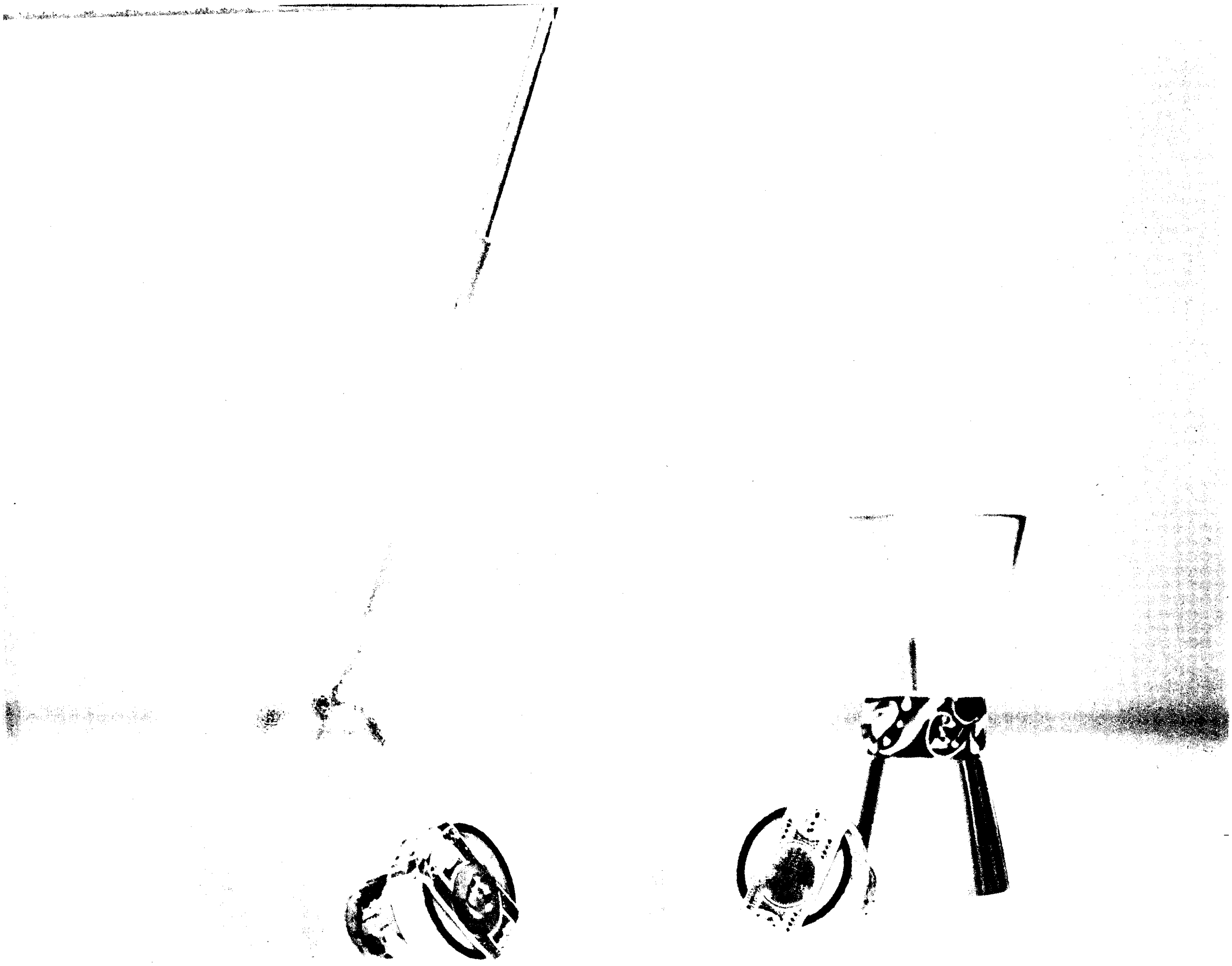
But just when it looked as if the Hinemoa was only another dead end, a second ship by that name turned up—a sailing ship which had been sunk in the English Channel by a surfaced German submarine early in the war.

Old crew lists were scanned without success. Then every man who had been on board during the Hinemoa's last voyage was traced. None of them was the unknown patient.

Recently a Photostat copy of the last crew list arrived in this country and was taken to Boston where it was shown to the old man. He studied the list closely but didn't seem to recognize any of the names. He tried to say something and started a couple of times with the word, "I . . ." Then he gave up and let the old phrase come out: "I don't know."

For a long time he stared out a window. Finally he chuckled to himself, and even though he had never before shown the slightest acquaintance with classical literature, he said, "Sometimes I think I must be like Ulysses when he met the Cyclops—nobody."

And he leaned back again in his wheelchair and stared out the window in quiet but vacant dignity. THE END



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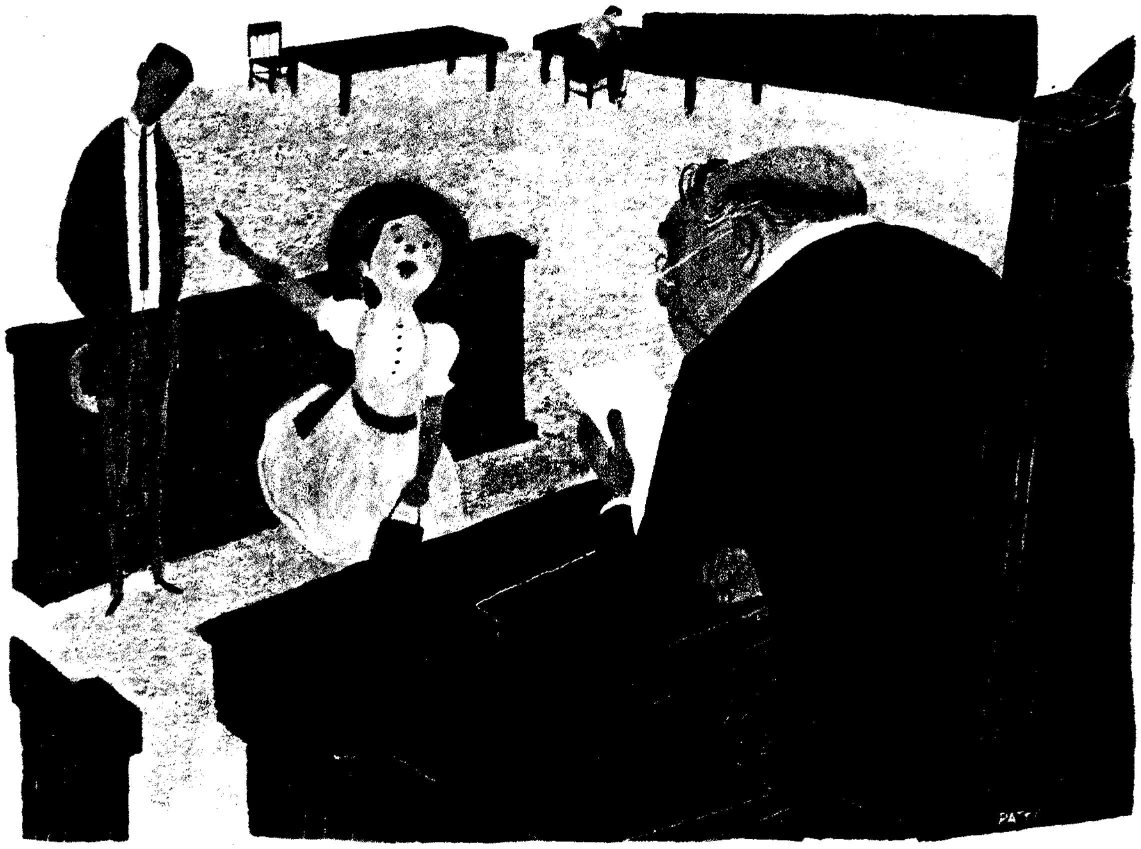

"I talked about it yesterday with my teacher," Anne said, "and she said the laws are made to protect everybody"

Go Fight City Hall

By CHARLES EINSTEIN

GEORGE LAWRENCE and his eight-year-old daughter Anne had a fine time at the Bronx Zoo. They saw the animals, Anne rode on a pony, and bought a pinwheel which, when she stuck it out of the car window on the ride back to their suburban home, went round and round like crazy.

But she did not give her total attention to the pinwheel. Just as they had crossed one intersection, on one of the side streets leading away from the zoo, Anne turned to her father. "Daddy! There's a policeman friend of yours!" she said.

"I have no policemen friends," George Lawrence said hollowly, instinctively braking the car. "What was it?"

"A policeman shouted and waved. Look, back there. *On the sidewalk. He's still waving.*"

"Oh-oh," George said. He pulled the car over to the curb. He waited. The patrolman came around to George's side of the car.

George looked out at him. "Anything wrong, officer?" he said.

"You run red lights often?" the policeman said.

"It was just changing," George said.

"That's what they all say," the policeman said.

Anne said nothing the rest of the way home. This did not bode well.

George told his wife about the ticket that night after Anne had gone to bed. "I have to go before the magistrate," he said. "Next Tuesday."

"What will the fine be?" his wife asked.

George shrugged. "I don't know," he said. "First offense—maybe three dollars."

At that point they heard an all-too-familiar sound. Anne had waked up. She was crying.

Mrs. Lawrence went in to see what was the matter. Shortly, she returned.

"Better go in and talk to her. She says you're going to go to jail for speeding."

George went into Anne's room. Anne was sitting up in bed.

"You got a ticket for speeding, didn't you, Daddy?"

"No," George said, "you never get a ticket for speeding from a foot patrolman." He sat down on the edge of Anne's bed. "You see, honey, only policemen riding in patrol cars give you tickets for speeding, because they have to follow you for a while and watch their own speedometers to make sure you really *are* speeding, and besides, a patrolman on the street wouldn't be able to catch up to you unless he had a car too. So this policeman didn't give me the ticket for speeding, because he was on foot, and—"

"What other kinds of tickets are there?"

"Oh," George said, "parking, and—"

"Were you parking?"

"No. I went through a red light."

"But the light was changing."

"I know it."

"Then why do you have to have a ticket?"

"There is an old expression," George said to her, "called 'go fight city hall.' It is too late to explain this to you tonight. But if you plead not guilty to a thing like this it means you have to go back to court again, and it really isn't worth it."

"So now you're going to go to jail. For something you didn't do."

"Look, Anne," George said, "going to court and going to jail are two different things. In this case all I'll have to do is pay something called a fine."

"Is that what it says on your ticket?"

"I have the ticket in my pocket," George said. He snapped on the light and took out the summons. "Here's what it says. 'A plea of guilty to this charge is equivalent to a conviction after trial. If you are convicted, not only will you be liable to a penalty, but in addition . . .' " His voice trailed off.

"In addition?" Anne said.

"That's just the way tickets are printed," George said. "Believe me, I'm not going to jail."

Anne began to cry again.

Mrs. Lawrence came to the door of the room and said to her husband, "Anne's out of school Tuesday—a teachers' convention or something. Why don't you take her with you? Then she will *know* you're not going to jail."

George took Anne with him to the courthouse in the Bronx, and Anne was visibly impressed. There was a long line of violators, and a bailiff stalked the corridor, intoning, like a circus barker, "Parking to the left. Speeding, running a signal light, and *de*-fective hand brakes to the right. All others straight ahead to Room four-oh-four. Parking to the left. Speeding, running a signal light, and *de*-fective hand—"

THE WAIT TOOK the better part of an hour, and Anne sat there beside her father, never saying a word, listening to the drone of the magistrate and the ring of the cash register close by, where the fines were being paid.

At last, George's name was called, and he took Anne by the hand and advanced to the bench.

"Have your license ready and opened," the court attendant told him. He took George's license and handed it up to the bored-looking magistrate, along with the police copy of the summons. "Running a signal light on Webster Avenue," the attendant said, and looked at George's license. "First offense."

The magistrate nodded. "How do you plead?" he said.

"Not guilty!" It was the voice, not of George Lawrence, but of his daughter Anne, loud and clear.

The magistrate peered through his glasses. Something moved him. Perhaps he was bored. Perhaps word had reached him that one of the reporters from the press room downstairs had dropped into his courtroom for a moment, and this might be a human-interest story that would get the magistrate's name in the papers. "Young lady," the magistrate said to Anne, "who are you?"

"Anne," the little girl said. "Anne Lawrence. This is my daddy. The policeman said he drove the car across the street when the light was red."

"I see," the magistrate said solemnly. "Were you with him?"

"Yes," Anne said. She paused for a moment, thinking, and then added, "Your Honor."

The judge smiled, in spite of himself. "How old are you?" he asked.

"Eight, Your Honor."

"And you say your daddy didn't go through the red light?"

"It was just turning red," Anne said, "and I talked about it yesterday with my teacher Mrs. Grace, and she said the laws are made to protect everybody."

"And so they are," the magistrate said, "and so they are."

"Well, then," Anne said, "there weren't any cars coming from the right or the left on that cross street, and the light was just beginning to change, and if my daddy had stopped our car for that light he would have had to stop in a hurry, and I was in the front seat, and I might have hit my head on the front of the car. And then I would have been hurt, and this way we weren't hurting anybody else, and the laws are made to protect everybody, so if I was hurt it would have been against the laws." She smiled. "Your Honor."

The judge grinned from ear to ear, and George Lawrence felt a sudden exultation. He was going to get off without even a fine. Not only that, the way Anne put it, he was in the right.

Pleased and nodding his head, the judge leaned forward. He wanted to test this eight-year-old some more. "Of course," he said, in what now was mock solemnity, "*that was in a twenty-five-mile-an-*hour zone, and at twenty-five miles an hour you can stop a car without hurting anybody. Or do you have an answer for that, too, young lady?"

"Of course I have an answer," Anne said. "My daddy was doing forty." THE END

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for the smoothest taste in smoking

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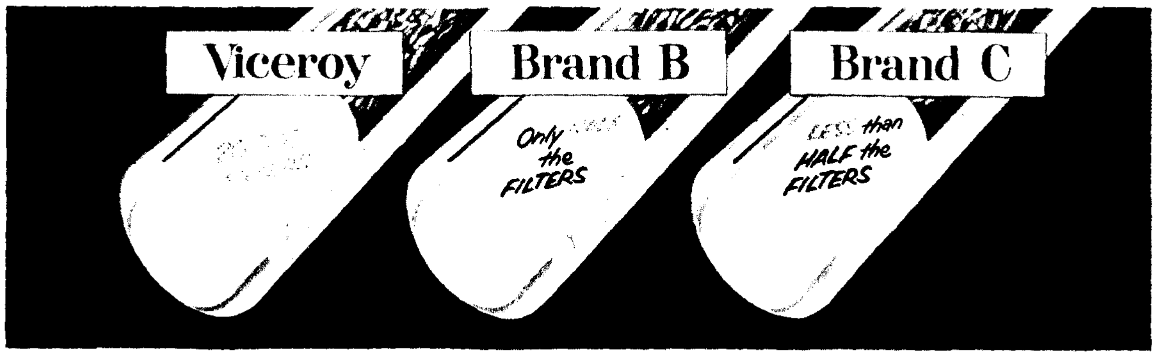
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MINIT-RUB
to rub
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pain away

Not sticky, messy—no strong smell!
New Minit-Rub® relieves deep-down pain without burning skin

Now out of 3 years' scientific research comes a truly *modern* rub—totally different from the sticky, messy, bad-smelling rubs you may have used before. A rub that relieves deep-down aches of rheumatism, arthritis, neuralgia—yet won't burn even a child's skin.

Cool—Stainless! New Minit-Rub is pleasant to use—can't soil clothing. And it acts faster than greasy rubs! As you smooth it on, Minit-Rub *vanishes.* Just as fast, its 3 pain-relieving ingredients—*all prescribed by doctors*—start working to restore comfort.

Minit-Rub promptly "blocks-out" pain impulses from nerves far down in the muscles. Stimulates circulation, too. Thus it breaks up painful congestion and relieves stiffness and soreness even bone-deep!

Next time anyone in your family suffers muscular misery, bring relief this fast, modern, greaseless way. Ask for new Minit-Rub at any drug counter.

MINIT-RUB IS ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Why don't they?

MAKE purses with zip-in linings that can be removed and washed without harming the purse?—*Mrs. Marlene K. Vascik, Perrysburg, Ohio.*

PROVIDE red mailbags for fragile packages so they can be kept separate from the regular mail and handled carefully?—*C. A. Balske, Panama City, Fla.*

MARKET stretchable shoelaces that will fit all sizes of shoes?—*Diana Patrick, South Pasadena, Calif.*

DESIGN the carrying case of a man's plastic raincoat to double as a hat cover?—*Mrs. James E. Pohl, Downers Grove, Ill.*

PACKAGE dog food in small, disposable boxes similar to cereal "bowl-packs," for dogs taken on trips?—*Nancy and Andy Gordon, Adamana, Ariz.*

FURNISH plastic or oilcloth linings inside metal lunch boxes to prevent rusting caused by spilling?—*Mrs. Richard Fox, Fremont, Ohio.*

SELL a liquid local anesthetic, for home use, which can be applied with cotton for easy removal of slivers from children's hands and feet?—*Mrs. Alfred Vandehey, Forest Grove, Ore.*

INSTALL footholds in showers so you have a place to put your leg when washing it and are not so apt to slip?—*Kent Kerbel, Laredo, Tex.*

ATTACH a dial on telephones so you can regulate the volume of the voice of the person to whom you are talking?—*Miss Connie Lynn McCarter, Long Beach, Miss.*

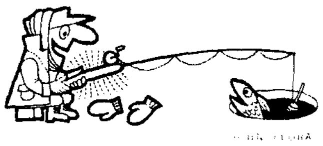
PUT removable waste containers on the backs of movie theater seats for gum, candy and cigarette wrappers, to keep the theater neater?—*John Spofford, New York, N.Y.*

MANUFACTURE retractable cords for floor lamps, table lamps, radios and other electrical appliances so that excess cord is not left lying on the floor?—*Mrs. S. M. Shattuck, Stockbridge, Mass.*

IF YOU'VE A NEED no one seems to have filled, address a post card to Why Don't They?, Collier's, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. Each published idea is worth $5. No contributions are returned or acknowledged. If ideas are duplicated, earliest postmarks get precedence.

Now they've done it!

A comb with teeth that flex and bend to the shape of the head, covering five times more area and massaging the scalp with each stroke, has been introduced. Added feature: teeth are replaceable when they break or wear.



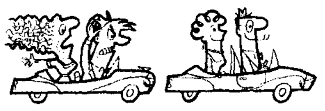
A hot rod for ice fishermen is on the market. Its chemically heated handle, with a regulator for increasing or decreasing the heat flow, is said to keep hands and fingers warm and nimble in coldest weather without need for gloves.

A new white tire sidewall stays white indefinitely instead of yellowing—and develops no disfiguring surface cracks. It contains a small amount of a special synthetic rubber said to resist the causes—sun and ozone.

Have trouble balancing your ladder on stairways and uneven terrain? Slip on a new attachment and it levels the ladder hydraulically, locks it in position for a safe climb.

A self-sticking plastic foam tape skid-proofs rugs, acts as a bumper and non-sliding cushion on trays and lamps, and is also useful for keeping candles straight in their holders, dampening sound and vibration, wrapping breakables for mailing and moving, and for cutting up into washers and discs. The soft, 1/8" thick, 3/4" wide tape, in white and colors, comes in a 9-foot roll in a dispensing box, can be cut off for use as needed.

For convertible owners who'd like to add several months of pleasant top-down driving in fall and spring, there's a draft shield—a second windshield that goes behind the front seat, reducing drafts for rear-seat passengers and backdrafts for those in front. The transparent, heavy-gauge vinylite, framed in white leatherette, stretches between rear side windows, hooks on and off quickly, and can be left on when the top is closed.



Useful new handyman's tool: a surface former and finisher that looks like a hand plane but has a cutting component with 450 separate blades, each acting like a tiny block plane. It bevels edges, rounds corners, and puts a smooth surface on diversely shaped work faster and better than rasp, file, draw knife or spoke shape. The cutters can't clog, won't chip edges on plywood or door end grains, and work equally well on wood, rubber, leather, fiber and composition board, plastics, aluminum and lead.

LAWRENCE GALTON

NAMES AND ADDRESSES of manufacturers or distributors of the items mentioned above will be sent to any reader who requests them. Mail your inquiry, with a self-addressed stamped envelope, to Now They've Done It!, Collier's, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York.

Now! $2,500 of Straight Life Insurance for only $4.10 a Month! (at age 30)

Lower Rates than Any Leading Non-Participating Company in the United States!*

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PATRIOT'S money-saving "direct-to-you" plan now makes it easier for you to own life insurance . . . brings you $2,500 or $5,000 of straight life at remarkably low rates.

Just look at the table below for Patriot's low, low rates! At age 30, for example, you can have $2,500 of straight life insurance for only $4.10 a month—or $5,000 for only $8.20 a month; even less if you pay quarterly, semi-annually or annually. Whatever your age and whichever payment plan you select Patriot's rates are *lower than those of any leading non-participating company in the U. S.*

Straight life is America's most popular form of life insurance. Patriot's straight life policy brings you $2,500 or more of family protection *plus* double insurance in case of accidental death as defined in the policy *plus* generous cash and paid-up values. For instance, a $5,000 policy issued at age 30 would have a 20th year cash value of $1,404.35 . . . or you could stop paying premiums and have a fully paid-up policy for $2,560.00.

And it's so easy, so simple, to obtain your policy under Patriot's unique approval plan. No salesman calls on you. You deal directly with Patriot – an established, progressive company.

No medical examination is normally needed for a $2,500 policy if you are age 50 or under . . . or for a $5,000 policy if age 45 or under. If you are over age 50 or want a larger policy, a simple examination will be given without cost to you, at your convenience.

Here's How You Obtain Your Policy on Patriot's Ten-Day Approval Offer!

Now you can see for yourself – without cost or obligation—exactly what this policy contains, and how it meets your needs.

Here's all you do: simply fill out the application printed on this page, and return it to Patriot. If you're accepted, we'll send your policy promptly on a 10-day no-obligation basis. After you have read it, either return it within ten days or send in your first premium payment.

Surely you owe it to yourself to investigate this unusual offer . . . particularly when you can do so without cost or obligation. Mail the application now and at the same time ask for additional applications for other members of your family!

Based on published rates for similar policies issued by the top 50 such U. S. companies, ranked according to amount of insurance in force.

STRAIGHT LIFE INSURANCE
WITH DOUBLE INDEMNITY TO AGE 65

Rates Per $2,500 Policy (For $5,000 multiply these rates by 2)

Four Convenient Payment Plans — Select the one you prefer

Age nearest birthday	Annual	Semi-Annual	Quarterly	Monthly
14 or under	*	*	*	*
15	$30.25	$15.45	$ 7.90	$ 2.70
16	31.05	15.85	8.10	2.75
17	31.90	16.25	8.30	2.80
18	32.75	16.70	8.50	2.90
19	33.65	17.15	8.75	2.95
20	34.60	17.65	9.00	3.05
21	35.55	18.15	9.25	3.15
22	36.55	18.65	9.50	3.25
23	37.65	19.20	9.75	3.30
24	38.75	19.75	10.05	3.40
25	39.85	20.30	10.35	3.50
26	41.00	20.90	10.65	3.60
27	42.20	21.50	10.95	3.70
28	43.45	22.15	11.30	3.85
29	44.75	22.80	11.65	3.95
30	46.15	23.55	12.00	4.10
31	47.65	24.30	12.40	4.20
32	49.20	25.10	12.80	4.35
33	50.85	25.95	13.25	4.50
34	52.55	26.80	13.70	4.65
35	54.35	27.70	14.15	4.80
36	56.25	28.70	14.65	5.00
37	58.25	29.70	15.15	5.15
38	60.35	30.80	15.70	5.35
39	62.55	31.90	16.25	5.50
40	$64.90	$33.10	$16.85	$ 5.70
41	67.35	34.35	17.50	5.95
42	69.90	35.65	18.20	6.20
43	72.60	37.05	18.90	6.45
44	75.50	38.50	19.65	6.70
45	78.50	40.05	20.40	6.95
46	81.60	41.60	21.20	7.20
47	84.85	43.25	22.05	7.50
48	88.30	45.00	22.95	7.80
49	92.00	46.90	23.90	8.10
50	95.85	48.90	24.90	8.45
51	100.00	51.00	26.00	8.85
52	104.35	53.20	27.15	9.25
53	109.00	55.60	28.35	9.65
54	113.85	58.05	29.60	10.05
55	119.00	60.70	30.95	10.50
56	124.45	63.45	32.35	11.00
57	130.20	66.40	33.85	11.50
58	136.25	69.50	35.40	12.05
59	142.70	72.80	37.10	12.60
60	149.50	76.25	38.90	13.20
61	156.75	79.95	40.75	13.85
62	164.40	83.85	42.75	14.55
63	172.45	87.95	44.85	15.25
64	181.05	92.35	47.05	16.00
65	190.10	96.95	49.40	16.80

*Send for special application and rates for $1,000 of insurance at ages 14 and under.

PATRIOT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

ONE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK

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Facts About Patriot

1. A Legal Reserve Company operating in 46 states (not Kansas or Wisconsin), the District of Columbia and Hawaii.
2. Over $900,000,000 of reinsurance and insurance in force.
3. Capital and surplus over $10,000,000.
4. More than $3,000,000 paid out as death benefits last year.

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NO OBLIGATION — NO SALESMAN CALLS!

Simply fill out the application printed on this page and return it to Patriot. If you are accepted, we'll send you your policy promptly on a 10-day no-obligation basis. After you have read it, either return it within 10 days or send in your first premium payment. In other words, you pay nothing until after you receive your policy and decide to keep it.

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. . . use this coupon when you send in your own application.

SEND ME:........................applications for children up to age 14.

........................applications for ages 15 to 65.

PATRIOT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

ONE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

(Use this application for ages 15-65 only. Please print answers.)

Your Name .... Male ☐ Female ☐
first middle last

Home Address ....
number and street city, zone, state

Employed by...Duties or job title....................

Height ....Weight ....Date of birth ....
ft.-inches pounds month, day, year

Kind of Policy...... **STRAIGHT LIFE** WITH DOUBLE INDEMNITY Amount of Insurance ☐ $2,500 ☐ $5,000

Premium Plan: ☐ *Annual* ☐ *Semi-Annual* ☐ *Quarterly* ☐ *Monthly* Amount of Premium $.............Patriot policies now carried $...........

Name of Beneficiary...How related to you?......................
first middle last

Has any life insurance company ever offered you a policy at higher than standard rates, or refused to insure you? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Have you ever had or been treated for heart trouble or high blood pressure; cancer, diabetes, tuberculosis, epilepsy or nervous disorder; stomach trouble or any ailment of the kidneys, gall bladder or liver? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Have you been examined or treated by a doctor during the past two years? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Please explain fully any "yes" answer. Include date, reason, doctor's name and address.

....

....

....

The above answers are complete and true, and any physician who has examined or treated me is authorized to disclose any information thereby acquired. I agree that the insurance will become effective only when, while I am in good health, a policy is delivered to me and the first premium is paid in full and accepted by the Company. If the policy delivered differs from that applied for, this application shall be for such policy, except that no change shall be made as to amount, classification, plan or benefits, unless agreed to in writing by me.

Date....................19..... Signed:..

10-127 308

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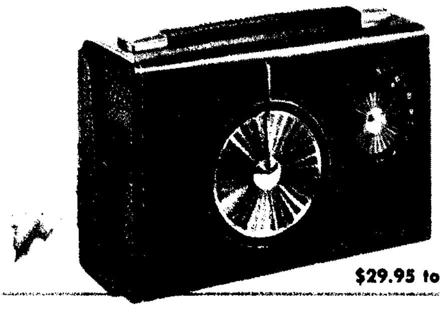

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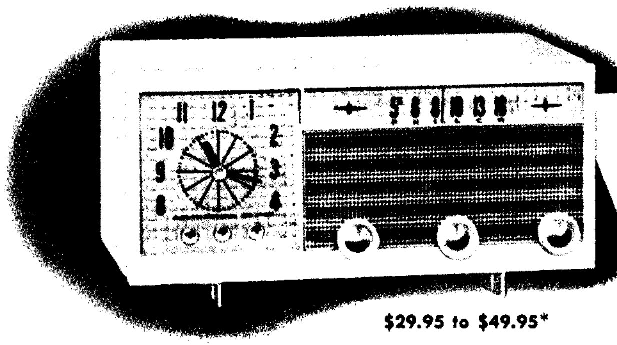
HOLD YOUR OWN BARN DANCE Gather the gang around a rich-voiced Philco Portable Phono. 4-speeders, 3-speeders — some with "carry-about" speaker in lid!

Portable Phonos

As low as $29.95*

RISE AND SHINE TO MUSIC with a Philco "Wide Awake" Clock-Radio. Color styled, peak performing—with *all* the automatic features—plus new, "Lullaway Switch" for super-silent shut-off.



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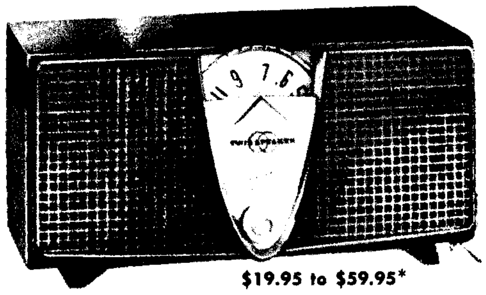
HEAR HISTORY MADE NOV. 6. This is the year of epic events in politics, sports, music and news . . . the year to *radio-ize* your home! See, hear the new Philco "All-American" Radios, color styled for any room, priced for any budget.



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COLLIER'S CREDITS

DICK MILLER

A fine quarterback, according to father

FOOTBALL PLAYER Ronnie Knox has a sister, Patricia, and their stepfather Harvey has been master-minding her career, too.

"She'll be as big a star as Ronnie," Harvey has predicted on occasion. He has also stated, "She knows more football than most high-school coaches."

He wants her to be a Hollywood star, however, not a quarterback. Right now she is under personal contract to Howard Hughes.

Pat had bit parts in two or three movies, but remembers best the role in The Lusty Men, in which she was kicked by Susan Hayward. Jerry Wald, the producer, commented at the time, "On the other side of that kick is a face you'll remember."

★ ★ ★

DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN writes and takes pictures of the Mercedes car with loving care and first-hand knowledge: he owns one. It's a slick, 150 mph black coupé, just like the red job in the background on page 30, and forerunner of the new SLS convertible roadster—never photographed before—that you'll find on page 28.

Earlier this year, while on a vacation and before he came to work for us, he color-photographed the Mercedes-Benz sports car in Sindelfingen, Germany, where they're made.

The Mercedes people liked the pictures and bought them; Duncan liked the cars and bought one.

★ ★ ★

THE BACKGROUND for the story about sports-car clothes is Noranda, the beautiful Oyster Bay, Long Island, estate of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Long, Jr., friends of photographer Ted Croner.

Croner arrived there one drizzly day with three sports cars, two "ordinary" cars, six fashion models, all the clothes to go with this, two assistants, a couple of our editors and a rented hunting outfit. From the kennels came champion Noranda Ragnarok, who is politely shaking hands on page 74. From the stables came Lucky Linda for the scene on page 75. When Mrs. Long saw the hunting outfit, however, she was dismayed at the thought of Linda supporting an incorrectly clad rider. From the neck up, she pointed out, he was a master of the hunt, but from the neck down he was a hodgepodge. He was wearing plain black boots instead of russet-topped boots, no garters, no vest, the wrong gloves, no pin for his stock and no hunting crop!

Mrs. Long rushed the young man upstairs and found him a pin, the right gloves and a crop. But the rest of the inconsistencies couldn't be patched up. Croner solved the whole problem by shooting horse and rider out of focus.

★ ★ ★

THE STORY of the "living unknown soldier" (page 6) was first revealed in the Boston Post two years ago. The next day reporter Don Hogan was assigned to do a follow-up—which he did—and the *next* day his wife was due to have a baby—which she did.

Hogan then went on his vacation, but had become so fascinated with the mystery man that he spent what was to have been a two-weeks-getting-used-to-the-baby vacation alternating between the two hospitals.

"I spent hours with Mr. Jameson every day," Hogan recalls. "He had talked to no one in ten years until I made my fifth or sixth visit. For two years, even though I came to the New York Herald Tribune in 1955, I have kept following the case on my own time until it was built into its present form."

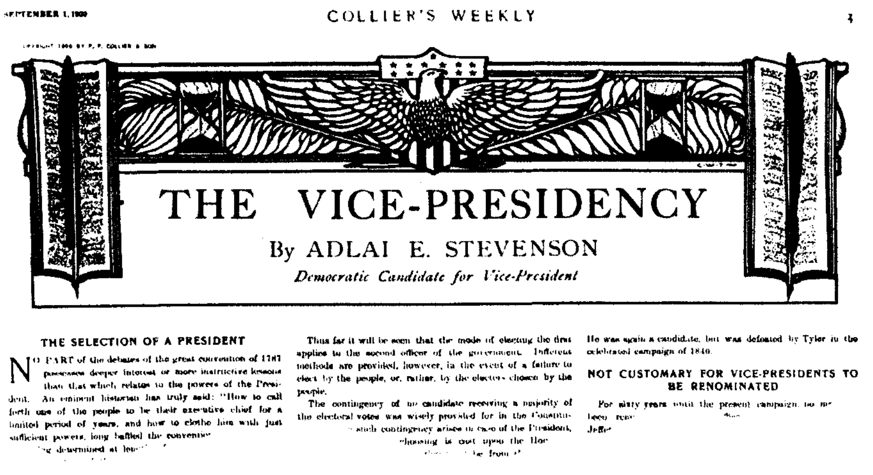
★ ★ ★

ADLAI E. STEVENSON has always been good copy, judging from this evidence below from the September 1, 1900, issue of Collier's. He was running on the ticket with William Jennings Bryan then.

The current Democratic candidate (see page 23), according to writer Martin L. Gross, wryly admits he owes a lot to the other Adlai E. Stevenson.

"He's using a lot of his grandfather's campaign material," Gross tells us, "brought up to date."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.



SEPTEMBER 1, 1900 COLLIER'S WEEKLY 3

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

By ADLAI E. STEVENSON

Democratic Candidate for Vice-President

THE SELECTION OF A PRESIDENT

NO PART of the debates of the great convention of 1787 possesses deeper interest or more instructive lessons than that which relates to the powers of the President. An eminent historian has truly said: "How to call forth one of the people to be their executive chief for a limited period of years, and how to clothe him with just sufficient powers, long baffled the conventio[illegible]

Thus far it will be seen that the mode of electing the first applies to the second officer of the government. Different methods are provided, however, in the event of a failure to elect by the people, or, rather, by the electors chosen by the people.

The contingency of no candidate receiving a majority of the electoral votes was wisely provided for in the Constitu[illegible] such contingency arises in case of the President, [illegible]

He was again a candidate, but was defeated by Tyler in the celebrated campaign of 1840.

NOT CUSTOMARY FOR VICE-PRESIDENTS TO BE RENOMINATED

For sixty years until the present campaign no [illegible]

Collier's story by the first Adlai. His campaign know-how helps his grandson today

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BATTERIES
ACCESSORIES
ATLAS
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ANTI-FREEZE
A
DOES NOT
EVAPORATE

His job is keeping friends for his business

When your neighborhood service station dealer sells you permanent-type anti-freeze, it means far more to him than just a sale. He's interested in keeping you as a friend and year 'round customer for gasoline and *all* the other fine products he sells. That's why he recommends Atlas Perma-Guard Anti-Freeze. He knows there's no surer, safer cold-weather protection anywhere. Get it today—avoid the last-minute rush!

ATLAS PERMA-GUARD* ANTI-FREEZE...Recommended and sold by leading service stations in the United States

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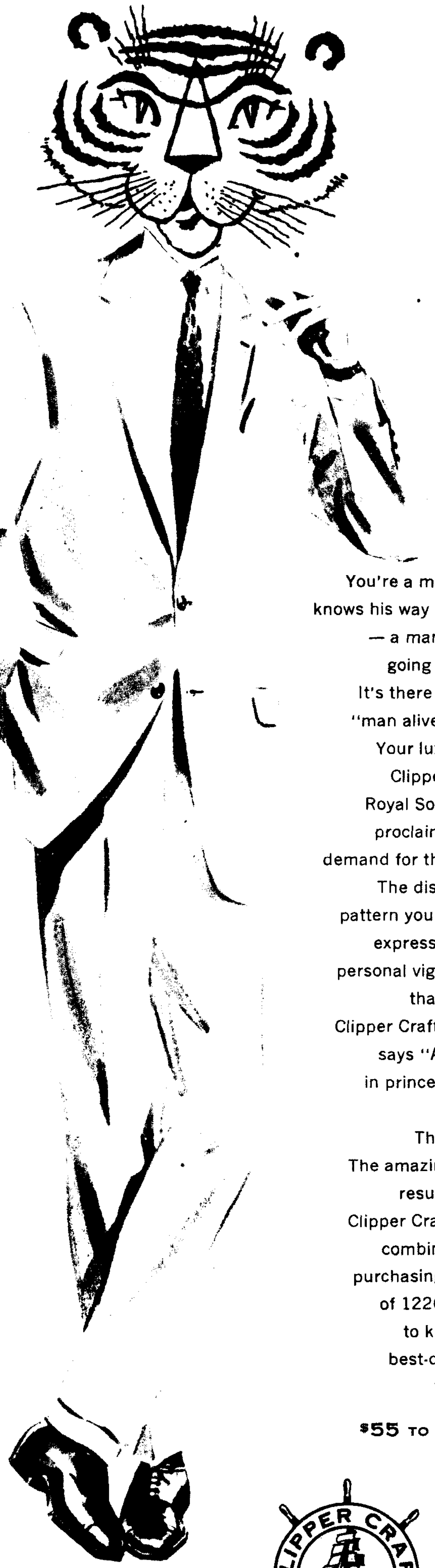
you're a "man alive" in a CLIPPER CRAFT suit



You're a man who
knows his way around
— a man who's
going places.
It's there in your
"man alive" look.
Your luxurious
Clipper Craft
Royal Sovereign
proclaims your
demand for the best.
The distinctive
pattern you choose
expresses your
personal vigor. And
that manly
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says "Action!"
in princely style.

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result of the
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combining the
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to keep you
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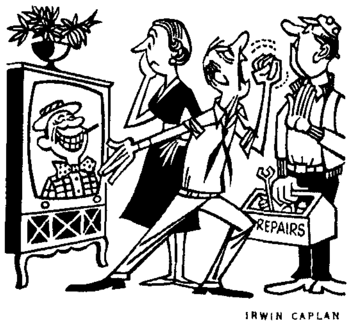
states of mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

He'd had a good-money, slathering job with the Democrats in the Midwest and was now at liberty, he said. What with the upcoming of elections, they had been letting out publicity men, particularly guys who were doing his specialty. We asked him what his specialty was. "Whitewashing dark horses," he sighed.

* * *

Home again in Seattle, is Mr. Joe Plicke. You'll rejoice, we hope, to learn from him that in California he saw the following sign: "TV Sold, Installed and Serviced Here. Not Responsible for Summer Programs."



IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

We see by Jessen's Weekly, Fairbanks, Alaska, that a number of convivial Alaskans are reporting the presence of pink geese. Also green ones and yellow, too. To reassure his fellow citizens, Mr. Jessen made a personal investigation. And as a result, all is fairly serene again in Fairbanks. The United States Wildlife Service has been dyeing the birds in the interest of migration studies. But Fairbankers reporting polka-dotted and striped geese are told gently to go home and to bed.

* * *

The Prohibition party threatens to swallow the vegetarians. Obviously the swallowing could not be reversed, vegetarians being herbivorous. Trouble is that the Prohibitionists have swiped the Vegetarian party's candidate for President—General Herbert C. Holdridge—and nominated him for their Vice-President. Undaunted, the Vegetarians are talking of doing the same for Dr. Enoch A. Holtwick, who is the top guy on the Prohibition ticket. It's no soft job for us political pundits to keep the public properly informed.

* * *

Some unofficial student talk at the University of Connecticut of playing an Elvis Presley record while milking a cow. They want to know which will be more seriously affected, the cow or the milk. Probably nothing will come of the proposed test though. The SPCA threatens action.

* * *

Having brought two Tulsa, Oklahoma, gentlemen together, Mr. Wilbur Overcash said he was surprised that they had never met. "Oh," said one of them, "we've howdied but never shook." Said the other: "Nope. Ain't shook half the folks I've howdied."

* * *

We don't usually go in for obits in this department of Collier's. But there's one in the Polk County, Wisconsin, News, indicating that life can be calm if not beautiful. It's about a Mr. Hans Halvorson, who died recently. Mr. Halvorson passed on peacefully at the age of seventy-five without ever having bought a license of any kind—automobile, fishing, hunting, dog, beer or hamburger stand. Nothing. Not even a marriage license. Not any. Just not interested. R.I.P.

* * *

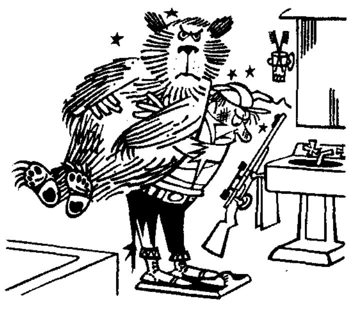
In Salem, Oregon, this gentleman's aunt Sarah has announced her satisfaction with her stock of winter fretting. She's set to worry right through until spring about what became of the disasters predicted by defeated candidates if they shouldn't be elected.

* * *

This paragraph is about the California political candidate who was about to address what he hoped would be a large, enthusiastic assemblage of voters in the San Joaquin Valley. He was immediately informed that the valley tomato crop was unusually enormous. So before going to the great rally, he did some shopping. Bought a catcher's mitt. (Oh well, a paragraph's got to be about something.)

* * *

Before you oil up the old musket and head for Virginia thinking to shoot yourself a load of bear meat for the winter, take heed of a bit of news from Mrs. Arta Nottingham Chappius. The state game commission has just issued a regulation making it illegal to shoot a bear weighing less than 75 pounds "of live weight." Not that this rules out bagging a bear. But before shooting, it appears, you've got to weigh him, and some lazy people might have forgotten to fetch scales along.



* * *

Just got an interesting bit of news from Ogallala, Nebraska, too. "We had a city census taken not long ago," says Mr. George Rosewine. "The Keith County News called it a nose count. The big surprise is that just about everybody in town had one."

ACCEPT THIS

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BEETHOVEN Piano Sonata No 24 in F Sharp, Op. 78
Grant Johannesen, Pianist

BACH Toccata and Fugue in D minor
Alexander Schreiner at the Organ of the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City

DUKAS Sorcerer's Apprentice
Utrecht Symphony, Paul Hupperts, cond.

CHOPIN Fantaisie-Impromptu
R. Goldsand, Pianist

BERLIOZ Roman Carnival
Netherlands Philharmonic, Walter Goehr, cond.

MOZART Symphony No 26 in E Flat
Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra, Otto Ackermann, conducting

BRAHMS Academic Festival Overture
Utrecht Symphony, Paul Hupperts, conducting

WAGNER Meistersinger Prelude, Act 1,
Zurich Tonhalle Orchestra, Otto Ackermann, conducting

VIVALDI Concerto in C for Two Trumpets
H. Sevenstern and F. Hausdoerfer, Trumpeters, Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra, Otto Ackermann, conducting

MUSSORGSKY
Night on Bald Mountain, *Netherlands Philharmonic Orchestra, Walter Goehr, cond.*

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YOU WIN FROM THE START for if you just mail the coupon below now, you are already an *immediate WINNER*—because we will give you all 10 MAJOR WORKS of Music described at the right, on high fidelity long-play records – *ABSOLUTELY FREE! There is no obligation to buy anything or pay anything*—except 25¢ to help cover shipping expenses on these 10 valuable masterpieces!

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You don't have to write any elaborate essays – or solve any tricky puzzles to be a winner. You can win the Grand Prize . . . or any of the hundreds of other Awards . . . by simply filling out the official entry blank that comes with your Free Recordings. You don't need a knowledge of music. You don't have to buy or pay anything. In fact, there has never been a contest easier to enter, or more fun than this!

FREE TRIAL MEMBERSHIP, TOO!

Along with your FREE recordings, we will also give you, immediately—without cost or obligation on your part—a Trial Membership in the Society. This Membership (which may be cancelled at any time) is valuable, because it entitles you to audition – Free of Charge, in your own home—any of the Society's future selections. Each will be described to you *in advance*, and you may reject any recording either *before* or *after* receiving it. You are not required to buy any records, but you may keep those you want, simply by paying only $1.89 per long playing disc containing up to 40 minutes of music—*a saving of 40% off the usual retail price!* Just imagine the fabulous record collection you can build, almost for pennies!

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You incur no obligation to buy anything. Simply mail coupon *at once*. We'll send your FREE recordings of these TEN MAJOR WORKS – and put your name – down as eligible to win a luxury Tour of Europe – or any one of the other valuable prizes! However, to be eligible, your coupon must be in the mail before Oct. 30th. *Mail it today!*

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This Coupon Expires Oct. 30th

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I have a long-play phonograph. Please enter my name as eligible for your musical game and send me the Official Entry Blank. It is understood that in order to win, *I need never buy a record from the Society, unless I wish.*

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I may keep these recordings, whether or not I buy any of the future selections, all of which will be described to me in *advance*. I may reject any recording *before* or *after* receiving it, and cancel my membership at any time. If I decide to keep future selections I shall pay only the Member's low price of $1.89 (plus a few cents for shipping) per long-playing disc. *A saving of 40% off the usual retail price.* I enclose 25¢ to help cover shipping expenses of the 10 masterpieces.

NAME...
(PLEASE PRINT)
ADDRESS..
CITY.......................ZONE....STATE........

LIMIT: One entrant per family.

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LETTERS

War Over Warren

EDITOR: I have just read Collier's Comment (A Slur on a Great American, Aug. 31st). Democracy in action. A great service by Collier's to the U.S.A.
CHESTER SELLITTO,
Staten Island, New York

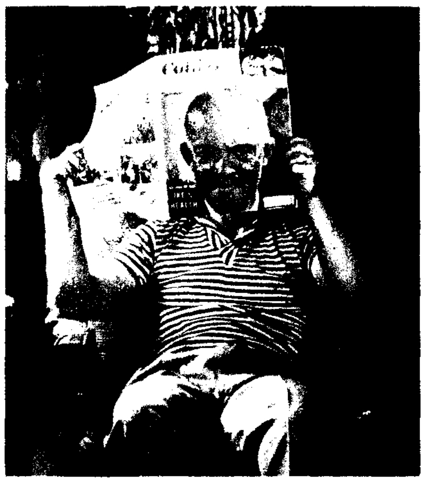
. . . It is good to see you defend not only Judge Warren, but the principles upon which our country is founded. . . .
MORRIS B. CIERLEY,
College of Education,
University of Kentucky,
Lexington, Ky.

. . . Why doesn't somebody investigate Senator McCarthy?
ROGER T. FLETCHER,
Mount Vernon, Ohio

. . . Hurray for Eastland and McCarthy . . . Bring on more slurs, somebody. . . .
EARL DEGREY SHORT, JR.,
Florence, S.C.

. . . Such wishy-washy, blurred thinking as your editorial . . . should never be tolerated by any American interested in the safety of your country. . . .
EILEEN M. HAMMANG,
Allen Park, Mich.

. . . Your high opinion of Earl Warren is not shared by many here in California, even within the Republican party. . . .
C. J. HERMAN, Lafayette, Cal.



Just Like Ike

EDITOR: I thought you might be interested in a picture my brother took of my husband . . . It gave me quite a shock to look at my husband and see Ike smiling. . . .
MRS. ROD MACKENZIE,
San Fernando, Cal.

Shaking an Empire

EDITOR: Congratulations on good old Kenneth Roberts' 900 Men Who Shook an Empire (Aug. 17th). It's a lively, vivid picture of a heartening American victory. . . .
A. F. HAUSMANN, Wallingford, Conn.

. . . Stirred up renewed interest in our study of geneology. Colonel John E. Howard was a great-great-grandfather of mine. . . .
MRS. DAVID N. BACK,
Southwick, Miss.

. . . To settle an argument might I ask . . . if there is an element of truth in the story . . . or it is pure fiction? . . .
WALTER A. SCOTT,
Dunblane, Saskatchewan, Can.

900 Men Who Shook an Empire is a true story of the Battle of Cowpens.

. . . Mr. Roberts may be a painstaking researcher, but . . . he has Cornwallis ". . . sending his army deep into South Carolina, with the intention of *crossing the Dan River into North Carolina* and then overwhelming Virginia." No wonder his Lordship was confused. . . .
CONRAD O. HINSHAW, Nathanael
Greene School, Liberty, N.C.

Mr. Hinshaw is right: The Dan River is on the border between North Carolina and Virginia, not, as Mr. Roberts implied, between South Carolina and North Carolina.

The New Chairs

EDITOR: Congratulations on the loveliness of that story about Gus and Angie (The New Chairs, Aug. 17th). I once knew a couple just like that—store and post office thrown in. . . .
PAULINE K. MITCHELL,
Aladdin, Wyo.

Check Your Hat, Mr. Cooper?

EDITOR: Permit me to congratulate you on your short article Check Your Hat (Aug. 17th). I have always been of the conviction that greater variety be put into men's clothing. . . .

Please inform me as to the address of the Resistol company. . . .
JOSEPH COOPER, 258 Mount Hope
Place, New York, N.Y.

. . . Having a totally bald husband . . . who hates to wear hats is quite a situation. I have been in the latter category for the last 15 years. He finally softened up after reading your story . . . (would you) give me the address of the Resistol company? . . .
SANDRA COOPER, 258 Mount Hope
Place, New York, N.Y.

The address, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, is Resistol Hats, Garland, Texas.

CARE's Program

EDITOR: Having just returned from a brief trip to Gaza, I was thrilled to see David Duncan's excellent pictorial coverage of Gaza (Gaza Strip, Aug. 3d) . . . You might be interested in knowing about CARE's program . . . In addition to the 217,000 Arab refugees, there are some 60,000 "economic" refugees . . . all Gaza strip residents who have lost all means of livelihood. Technically, they do not come within the UNWRA definition of "refugees."

The REGENT 21* Fabulous Color TV in rich, mahogany grained cabinet with graceful tapered legs. 255 sq. in. aluminized Color-Magic picture tube. Powerful new Color TV Chassis. Inclined, easy-to-read tuning dial. Wide range FM sound system with heavy duty 8" PM speaker. Also in modern blonde oak grained finish.

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And so easy to tune! Just two fingertip controls—even a child can operate! Broadway shows in all their multi-colored splendor . . . your favorite TV personalities, so colorfully alive you hardly believe your eyes. Your Admiral Dealer has the key to this enchanting wonder-world. *No need to wait a moment longer!*

† *Prices subject to change without notice. Slightly higher south, west and Canada.*

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Crystal-clear black-and-white pictures . . . with full range of contrast, amazing detail!

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Breathtaking natural color pictures, strikingly alive . . . vividly real. 2 sets in 1!

JUST TWO COLOR CONTROLS

"High-Side" Controls in golden panel at top front of cabinet. Adjust standing up.

CARE, in co-operation with the Egyptian government, feeds all of these . . . In addition, all of the Gaza hospitals . . . receive CARE assistance. . . .

CHARLES SUMNER STONE, JR.,
CARE, Beirut, Lebanon

Was She Shot?

EDITOR: Concerning your excellent (cover) of Kim Novak (Aug. 17th), quipped two of our young clinic patients passing through the waiting room on observing the magazine:

"Oh, she must have had her Salk vaccine." JORMA M. LEINASSAR, M.D.,
Astoria Clinic, Astoria, Ore.

GENE COOK

You and Your Allergy

EDITOR: REGARDING THE INTRACTABLE ASTHMATIC VICTIMS (YOU AND YOUR ALLERGY, AUG. 17TH), THE REMAINING TEN PER CENT WHO STAY COMPLETELY RESISTANT: AS YOU REPORTED IN COLLIER'S FOR APRIL 16, 1954, OUR HOME . . . HAS DEMONSTRATED THAT 95 PER CENT OF THE INTRACTABLE ASTHMATIC CHILDREN CAN BE REHABILITATED.

MRS. FANNIE E. LORBER, President,
Jewish National Home for Asthmatic
Children, Denver, Colo.

Link with Home

EDITOR: Your article GIs' Link with Home (Aug. 17th) was a welcome feature on one of a group of devoted amateur radio hobbyists—people who have served the nation well in many natural disasters.

To describe this operation as "unique" is to do injustice to thousands of his brother "hams." . . .

LT. RICHARD D. WARREN, U.S. Navy,
K6OHV (and AA6OHV)
San Diego, Cal.

. . . I and about 130,000 other "ham" radio operators would like to thank you for your wonderful article about Garrett Dillenback, WZLXP. I hope that all of the people that believe amateur operators are good for nothing but television interference will read the story. . . . DON BRODY,
K6QZZ, Encino, Cal.

The Cover

Archie Lieberman

Adlai, Jr., John Fell Stevenson and their Presidential candidate father (l. to r.) posed for this cover portrait on the family farm near Libertyville, Illinois. "Getting the Stevenson men to dress informally was no problem," says photographer Lieberman. "The day was one of the hottest of the season, with the temperature nudging the boiling point. 'Let's not wear ties, and look natural,' said the sweltering John Fell." Lieberman, who was seeking realism above all, beamed and snapped. The Stevenson boys are just as natural in discussing their famous father in the article on page 23

Europeans Know How, Too

EDITOR: I am very impressed with Those Efficient Europeans by Robert Bendiner (Aug. 31st). It is a very nice way to point out to us that . . . we are not the only people who have brains enough to make life easier than it was for cave men. . . .

THELMA CARNAHAN, Reasnor, Iowa

Magic Fog

EDITOR: Robert O'Brien has done it again! The Magic Fog (Aug. 31st) expressed only too clearly my feelings for Frisco (a liberty to which I believe I am entitled; born in the Mission and raised in the Parkside districts). . . . ". . . Fog is what San Franciscans are homesick for when they are gone too long from the bay . . ." Amen.

JACK WICHELS, Oklahoma City, Okla.

The American Tradition

EDITOR: I wanted to write to tell you just how much I, for one, am enjoying your American Tradition series. Of course, I've always enjoyed sidelights on American history. . . .

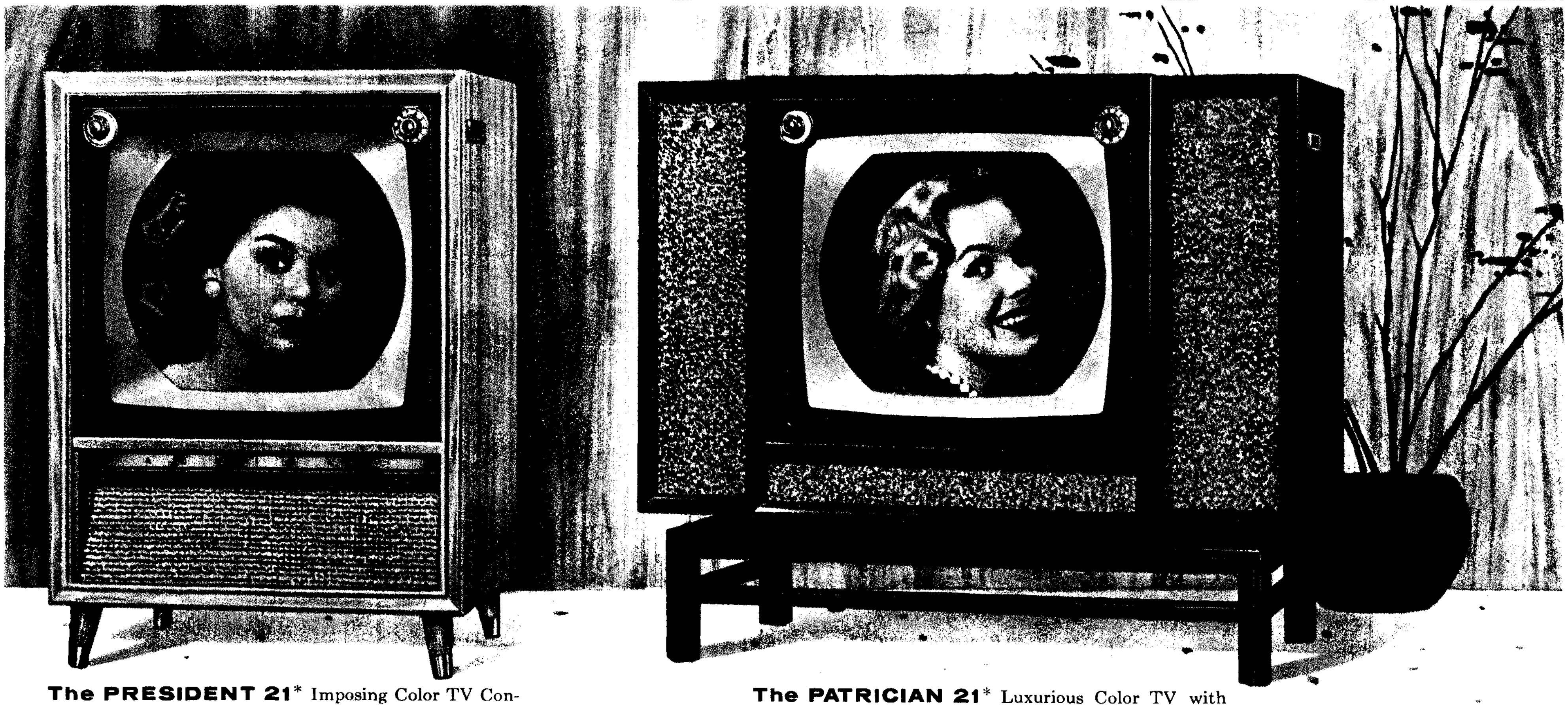
WINIFRED MORGAN, Kansas City, Mo.

Stevenson, For a Change

EDITOR: It seems every time I get the magazine in the mail I see dozens of pictures of Eisenhower, Nixon or some hicky Republican. I would like to request that in the coming months when I get this magazine that there will be a few stories on Adlai Stevenson, Estes Kefauver and other Democrats. . . .

V. A. R., Alvin, Texas

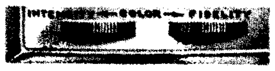
See cover and story on page 23. Also Kefauver Rides Again (May 11th).



The PRESIDENT 21* Imposing Color TV Console with blonde oak grained finish. Has 255 sq. in. aluminized Color-Magic picture tube. "Royal 600" Chassis. Lighted, inclined dial. Twin PM speakers with "staggered range" response for extended bass, greater sound output. Also in traditional mahogany grained finish.

The PATRICIAN 21* Luxurious Color TV with high fidelity sound! Stunning genuine Sierra veneers. Beautiful superbly crafted credenza cabinet. Has 255 sq. in. aluminized Color-Magic tube. Lighted, inclined dial. New "Royal 600" Chassis. Also in genuine blonde oak or mahogany wood veneers.

*Overall diagonal.



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4 matched speakers and amplifier fill your room with rich, full-range sound!

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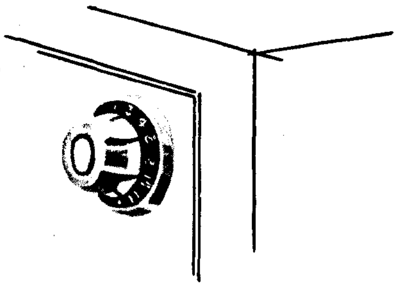

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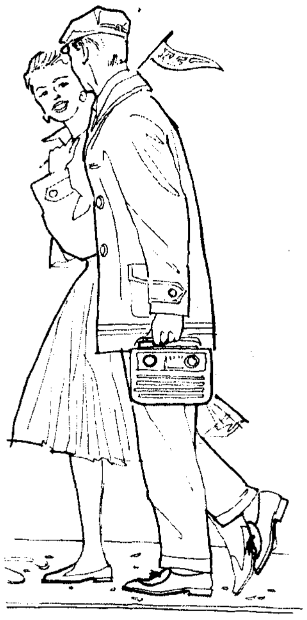
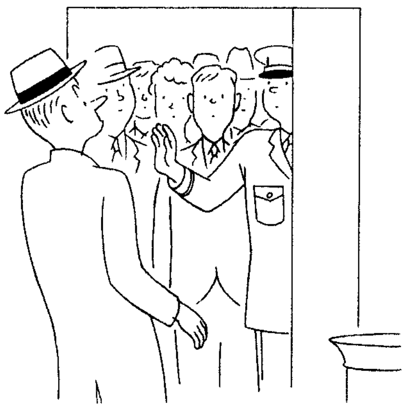
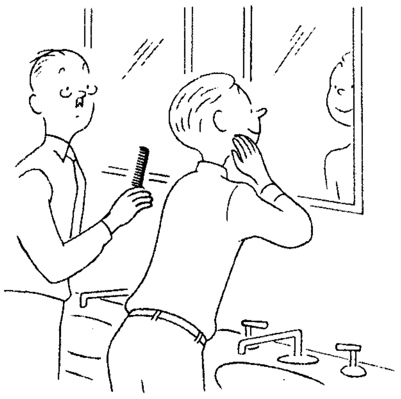


OFFICE FOOTBALL

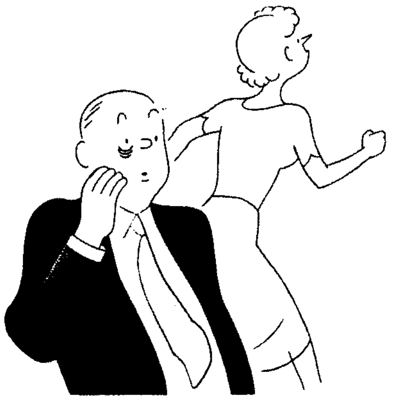
By NED HILTON



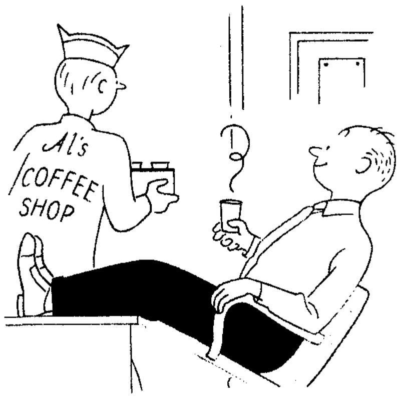
Held for no gain



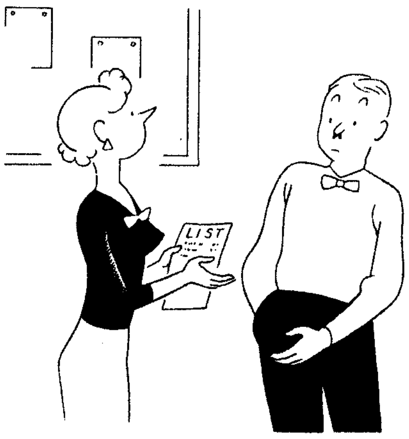
First down



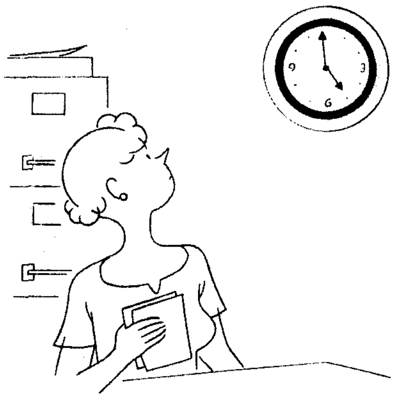
Penalty for holding



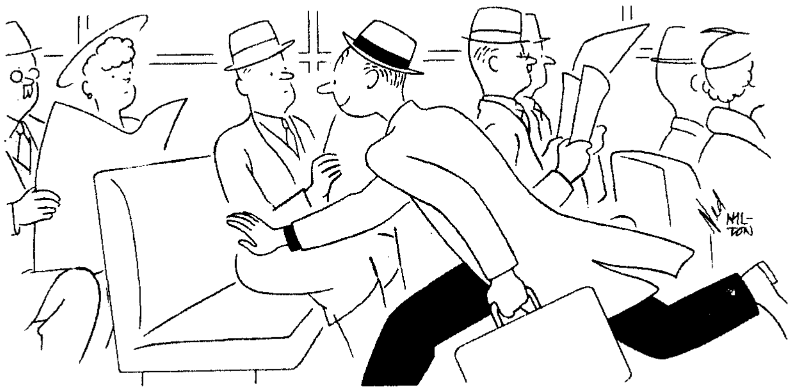
Time out



Last quarter



One minute to go



Touchdown

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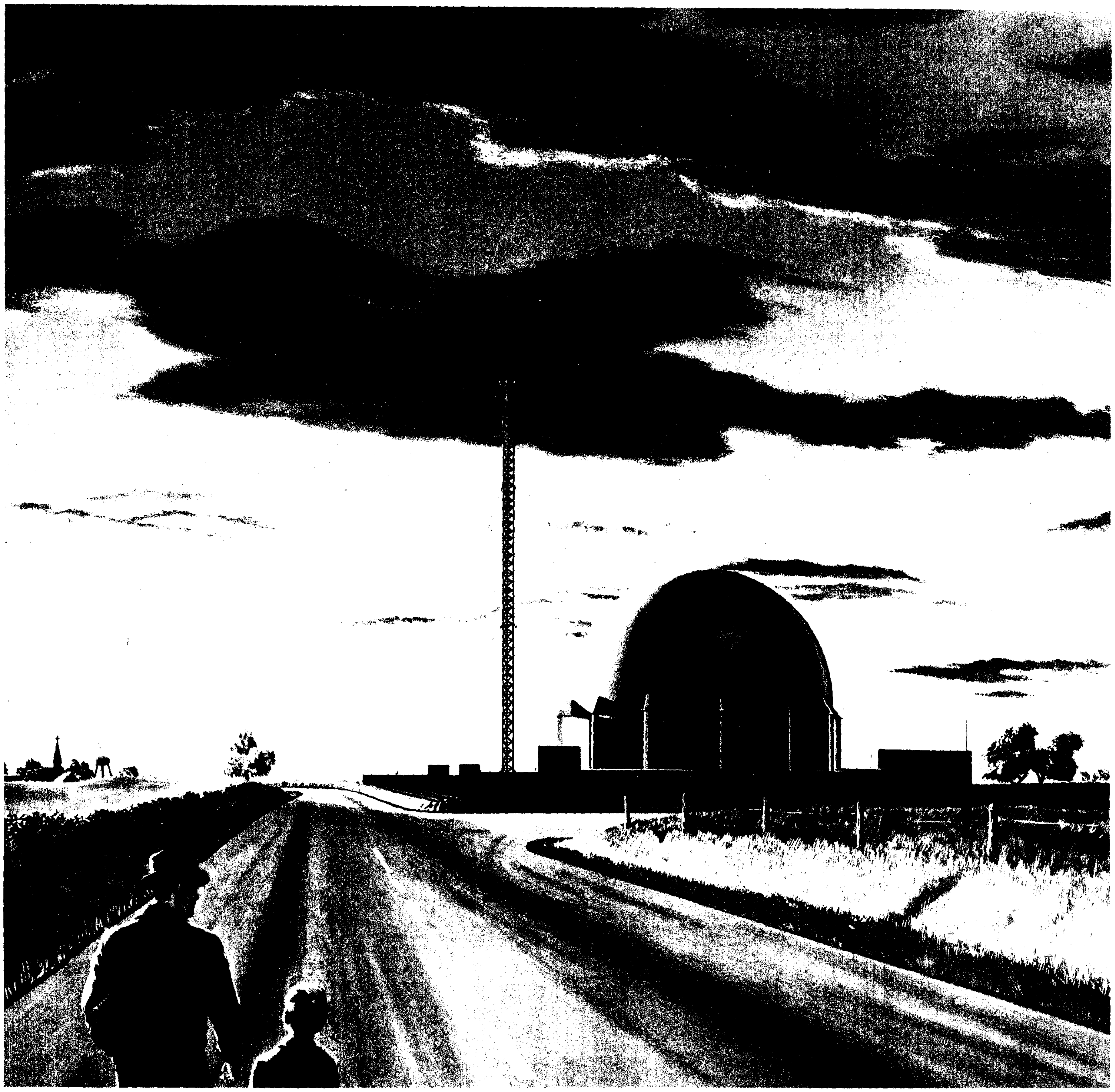


How the atom is putting new shapes on the horizon

In a few years, shapes like these on the horizon may well be trademarks of the atomic age. Trademarks of the atom at peaceful work—producing electricity for the nation's homes, farms, factories and businesses.

Already, America's independent electric companies are participating in building three big commercial atomic-electric power plants. Four more such plants are under way. All told, more than 300 million dollars from the electric companies will be involved, and hundreds of electric company engineers and scientists are pressing research into all aspects of this vast new field.

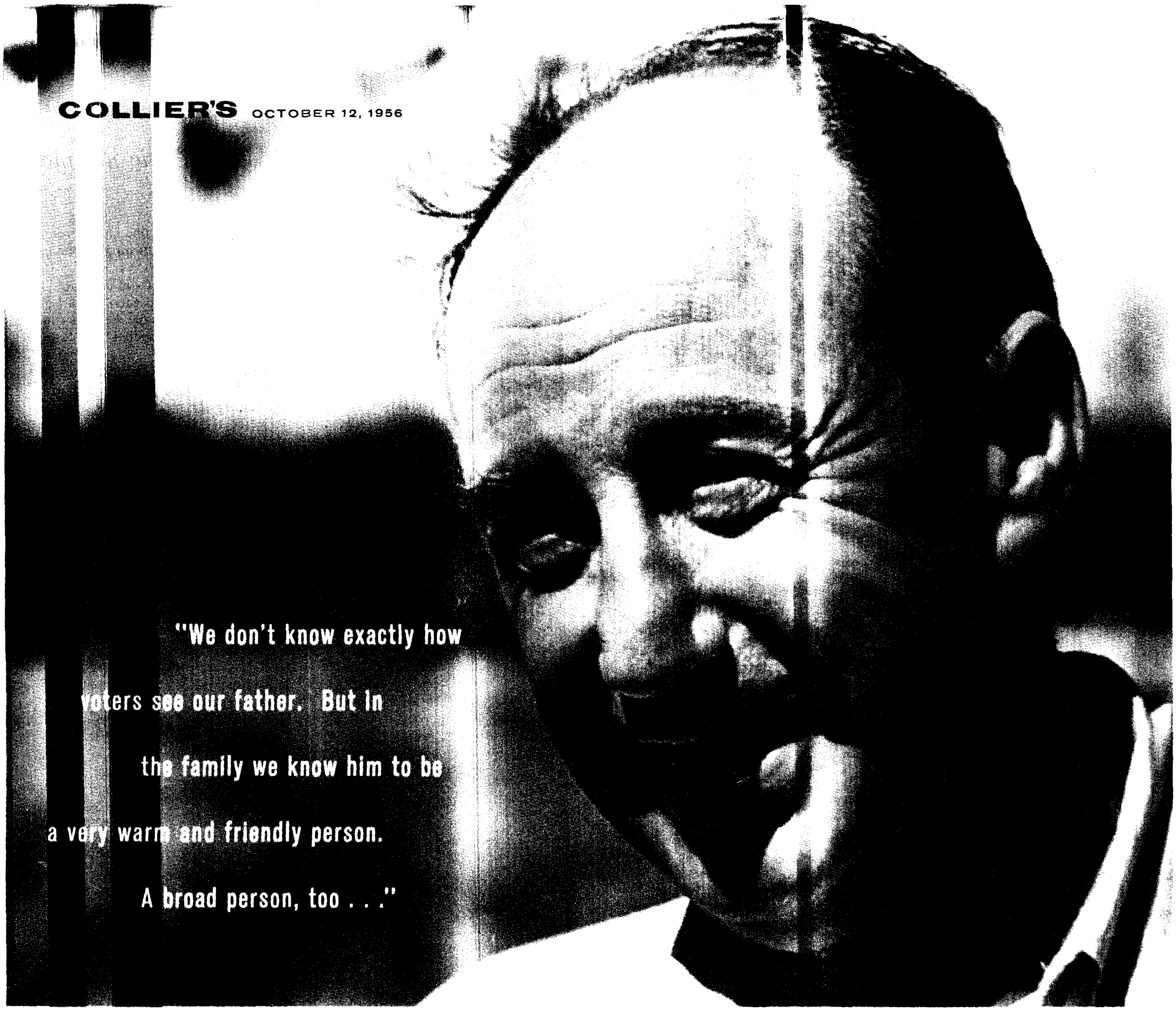
There is much still to be learned about making the atom work efficiently and economically for you. And the experience, ingenuity and inventiveness of the independent electric companies are at work with other industries and with the Atomic Energy Commission to find the answers.

America's electric light and power companies have brought electricity to almost every corner of the U. S. in the span of a single lifetime. You can be sure they will help develop the atom's promise so that this nation will continue to have the best and the most electric service in the world.

AMERICA'S INDEPENDENT ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES*

*Names on request from this magazine

COLLIER'S OCTOBER 12, 1956



"We don't know exactly how voters see our father. But in the family we know him to be a very warm and friendly person. A broad person, too . . ."

ADLAI STEVENSON:

As his sons see him

By MARTIN L. GROSS

Adlai E. Stevenson, Jr., relaxed on the screened porch at the rear of the Stevenson family home and talked about his famous father, away beating the political bushes in his campaign for the Presidency of the United States. The Stevenson home, a charming place on the outskirts of the farm community of Libertyville, Ill., was bustling with some of the activity it had known in the 20 years the three Stevenson boys grew to manhood there. The twenty-five-year-old Stevenson namesake, home on vacation from Harvard Law School, was flanked on the yellow porch furniture by his attractive young wife, Nancy ("My doctor tells me the candidate will become a grandfather about Election Day"). His lanky younger brother, John Fell Stevenson, twenty, sat drinking iced tea. The Stevenson middle son, Borden, twenty-four, joined the conversation by long-distance phone hookup from Hawaii, where until recently he was stationed as an Army private.

I had come to Libertyville for some fresh insights into the real Adlai Stevenson as his three sons see him. They spoke candidly about their father, and when "the old man" returned home for a day of rest and hay pitching, he spoke in turn about his sons and offered a good-natured rebuttal to some of their remarks about him.

How does the popular image of Stevenson the campaigner square away with the Libertyville Stevenson?

"We don't know exactly how voters see our father," Adlai, Jr., said. "But in the family we know him to be a very warm and friendly person. A broad person, too, and that may account for the variety of impressions he makes on different people. I've heard it said, for example, that he's pretty

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ARCHIE LIEBERMAN

Stevenson talked it over with his sons before deciding to seek the 1956 Democratic nomination

highbrow. It's true he can be terribly serious. He'll close his library doors and spend hours in there alone. On the other hand, we Stevensons know he loves a good party and he's usually the life of any affair around our house."

John Fell (he's always called by both names) added: "It might surprise some to think of Dad as the outdoor type. You know when he was my age he spent five summers out West, some of it working on dude ranches and as a cowboy on commercial cattle ranches. He loves to ride and he's taken the three of us on some pretty rugged pack trips. When we were kids he taught us all to shoot duck and pheasant and to trap muskrat along the riverbank. Hunting and fishing are his favorite sports, next to tennis. He still beats us all at tennis; he plays an aggressive game."

"Yes, Dad even used to play a good game of golf," Ad broke in. "He shot in the low 80s; he's still got a silver cup around the house he won in 1941 to prove it. But ever since he's been in politics," he added with a partisan grin, "Dad just hasn't had time to play golf any more."

Candidate Stevenson receives a normal quotient of fatherly respect and he is also assured of his sons' two votes this November (John Fell is still too young). But the Stevenson family atmosphere, the boys stress, is hardly one of Life with Father deference.

"I don't believe we hold Dad in awe. We *all* kid each other whenever we can," said John Fell, a handsome, broad-smiling youth. "Dad loves to rib us. He kids me about my hair—I forget to cut it—and he always joshes Borden about all his girl friends, especially when he dated one of Earl Warren's daughters during the '52 campaign. ('My son Borden is a many-splendored thing,' Stevenson said, amused.) We're not really in Dad's league, but we try to give as good as we get."

The subjects his boys rib Stevenson about range from his dogged efforts to sing ("He croaks like a dying frog," according to Adlai, Jr.) to what Borden calls "his parsimonious purse."

"Some people thought that famous hole-in-the-shoe photograph was a publicity gimmick. It wasn't," Adlai, Jr., declared. "Dad's always been indifferent to clothes. He gets attached to things, like a dirty old brown felt hat he wore for 10 years, and it hurts him to throw them away."

"Just the other day," Nancy Stevenson broke in, "Gov came home with a paper clip holding up the lining of his suit jacket. Someone had stopped him on the street in Chicago and said: 'Governor Stevenson, your lining is hanging down.' He took a paper clip out of his pocket and mended the lining with it. He'd been walking around that way for a week."

Nancy, a pretty twenty-one-year-old graduate of Smith College, is the daughter of a Louisville advertising man.

"Nancy's story reminds me of one," recalled Borden, who has a family reputation about clothes exactly the opposite of his father's. "Two years ago, Dad told me to bring a suit into nearby Lake Forest to get it repaired. This old tailor glanced at it, then looked up at me. 'Unless I'm mistaken, and I doubt that,' he said, 'this is the same suit I worked on for your father 15 years ago.'

"Dad has a chest down in the basement where he embalms all his old clothes. A few years ago when I needed a formal jacket, he told me to go to the chest and help myself. I opened it and there was this almost decomposed piece of black cloth.

"He gets highly indignant when we fail to show proper respect for the family hand-me-downs.

"Seriously, though, I think his attitude toward clothes is a manifestation of his personality. Dad hates anything he thinks is phony or pretentious."

"We have to admit that Dad has reformed considerably," said Adlai, Jr. "Now he's only casual about his clothes around the farm. He likes to wear a rumpled tennis cap plumped on his head and a pair of shorts. When company's around, he occasionally puts on one of the loud sport shirts he's received from well-wishers. He doesn't like them, but he hates to waste *anything.*"

ADLAI STEVENSON'S AVERSION TO WASTE, anything from food to farm machinery, is the core of much of the good-natured family banter. The boys sketched a portrait of a man who believes both in generosity for his children and in the stern principles of thrift he inherited from his downstate Illinois farm upbringing.

"Dad's the most generous father in the world," said John Fell, "but he groans when he has to spend money on anything he thinks is unnecessary, especially when it's for himself."

The boys laugh nostalgically about their feud with Dad over the oil-burner thermostat. "Do you remember how he used to keep the house at 65 degrees in the wintertime?" asked Adlai, Jr. "Borden would protest and John Fell would sneak downstairs at night to push it up to 70. But Dad works late in his library and he'd always be the last one at it. I remember, too, how he used to go around from room to room turning off the lights in the governor's mansion."

"Dad always tells us: 'Don't take more food than you can eat,' " added John Fell. "He not only hates to waste, he loves to eat. There isn't anything he doesn't like, turnips, eggplant, spinach—what he calls 'the good common vegetables.' At college I understand they called him 'Rabbit' for that reason.

"Dad likes to get the most out of things. We had an old tractor here for 10 years that you had to crank by hand—it nearly broke your arm on a cold day. He drove an old Chevvy during the last campaign and now he's still driving a 1953 Oldsmobile. I've been trying to convince him to get a new car, but he says: 'What's wrong with this one? We'll wait and see about it this fall.' I suppose I agree—in theory."

To all this affectionate needling by his sons, Adlai Stevenson had only one comment, common to beleaguered fathers of all political persuasions: "I have tried very hard to teach my sons proper values."

"We may kid him, but Dad's a very generous person at heart. He's always been openhanded with us," Borden stressed, and his brothers concurred.

"Like the car question in college," said John Fell. "He takes a very dim view of college students having their own cars. But when he knew how badly we wanted our own, Dad finally succumbed to the pressure and loaned us his Chevvy to use at Harvard."

"We've always had a checking account in our names in which Dad deposited money. We could buy whatever we needed," Ad explained. "It's a sort of honor system. It's up to us to draw the line at what we could spend. I think it's helped us learn the value of money."

"I suppose I'm the spendthrift of the family," said Borden. "My brothers have accused me of abusing the system on occasion."

"Actually we can't afford excesses," said Adlai, Jr. "Most of Dad's income comes from his one-quarter share of the Bloomington Daily Pantagraph, the newspaper which his mother's family founded, and from his law practice, when he has time to practice. But his expenses of keeping up the house and farm, putting us through college, and his personal costs of campaigning, are high."

IT IS PART OF ADLAI STEVENSON'S POLICY to share major family decisions with his sons, and that included his decision to try for the Presidency a second time. In essence, Stevenson put into the hands of his children this question: Whether their father should answer what he felt to be a call to duty in actively seeking the highest office in the land, with all its drawbacks yet unquestionable prestige and prominence, or whether the Stevensons should once again live as a family of private American citizens with all the obvious advantages of that happy condition?

"I am very much concerned about the effect of my political career on my sons' lives," Stevenson said. "My sons are my principal concern. I talked it over with them at length before I announced my decision to seek the Democratic nomination.

"Adlai, Jr., I would say, felt the sense of public duty—to the nation and my party—very strongly. Borden was at first disposed that I should not run. He looked more at the personal aspect of it—he was concerned about me and the great amount of wear and tear involved in campaigning. John Fell was less outspoken. He was, by and large, willing to accept whatever I thought best as the right thing to do. Let me point out that at no time did any of them ever advance their own selfish interest—'this will be tough on me,' or conversely, 'that would be wonderful; I could then do this or that.' "

"Dad wouldn't have run if he thought it was going to hurt us," said Adlai, Jr. "I recall when we spoke about it. Dad, Nancy and I were on a week's vacation in Jamaica last September. Dad and I were alone in the living room of a friend's house. He brought up the question and asked me what I thought. I told him to go ahead, that I felt he was the best man for the job, and that my life wouldn't be adversely affected."

Stevenson consulted son Borden by mail and phone to Hawaii. "I told Dad that I felt sorry for him, going through the tremendous physical ordeal again of campaigning for President. But he seems to like it. I was with him when he toured New England in 1952. He went to bed at twelve or one, and was up at seven. He's indefatigable."

When his sons responded in the affirmative, Adlai Stevenson was gratified. "I've watched my children carefully," he said. "They have weathered a high degree of public exposure without any perceptible bad results, without becoming spoiled or unconsciously exploiting their position. They are to me the same unaffected sons they have always been."

John Fell and Adlai Stevenson, Jr., were interviewed with their father by the author at the charming family farm in Libertyville, Ill., where all three boys grew up

Like the children of any prominent figure, however, the Stevenson boys naturally reflect on how their lives have been affected by the public spotlight. "Dad's running for President hasn't changed my life at all, except perhaps in little things," John Fell explained. "At school, for example, they used to call me, and my brothers, 'Gov.' Actually, I'm not very interested in politics and sometimes it seems as if the Dad I know and that fellow I see in the newsreels are two different people."

Borden Stevenson saw is somewhat differently. "Of course, being the son of Adlai Stevenson is inescapable. Even here in the Army people are usually standoffish. They wait until I make the first overtures of friendship. But it has never entered my mind to stand in Dad's way."

How does Adlai Stevenson's reputation for witticisms hold up within the family?

"The old man (the boys use the endearing term despite protests from political advisers) has told us that his grandfather, the first Adlai E. Stevenson, the Vice-President, was one of the great raconteurs of his time," said Ad. "I think Dad's pretty good himself. He loves to tell stories, which

WERNER STOY

Middle son Borden Stevenson joined the conversation at the farm via long-distance phone from Hawaii where he was an Army private

"Dad has a temper all right. He really blew his top when the sheep ate his favorite bushes"

he does with great gusto. The ones he finds the funniest are those that poke fun at him.

"He tells one story about Princess Margaret and himself. It seems in 1955 he attended a dinner in Jamaica for Princess Margaret. Dad was seated at her left and all through dinner kept up a spirited conversation with her. Then suddenly Dad noticed he had some gravy on his hands, and while still concentrating on his charming dinner partner, he reached below for his napkin.

"Suddenly Princess Margaret's expression froze. 'Governor Stevenson,' she said, affecting a stern stare, 'will you kindly remove your filthy hands from my scarf?' Dad had missed the napkin. As he tells it: 'Anglo-American relations hung in the balance.' "

Daughter-in-law Nancy chimed in with another of Stevenson's favorite stories on himself: "Gov loves to tell the one about the time he was out sight-seeing in the ruins of Angkor Wat in Cambodia. A buxom, middle-aged American tourist suddenly emerged from out of the ruins and came racing across the field, a camera bouncing about her neck. 'Mr. Stevenson,' she gasped, 'I've only one film left in my camera. I was going to take a picture of a water buffalo, but would you mind posing instead?' "

STEVENSON HAS PET NAMES for his children (Bordie, Tummy for John Fell and Bear for Adlai, Jr.) which he persists in using despite their howls of protest. "He still calls me Bear because I weighed 10½ pounds when I was born," complained Ad. "I've pointed out a thousand times that a baby bear only weighs nine ounces, but it has never made any difference. Just the other day I found out that *he* weighed 11½ pounds. I wish I'd known that years ago."

John Fell is considered delightfully direct and unsophisticated by his father, who has a special repertoire of "John Fell stories." "Dad tells about the time I was interviewed by the press in 1952 and asked what I thought about the St. Lawrence Seaway," John Fell remembered. "I said: 'It's a great idea. Then we could bring the Presidential yacht right to Chicago.' I think I was serious, but Dad found the story hilarious."

Adlai, Jr., recalled when father's cultivated sense of humor effectively brought home a parental point. "It was Christmas and Dad was throwing his annual Christmas party for us and our friends at the governor's mansion in Springfield. The girls were put up in the mansion, and most of the boys stayed at the Abraham Lincoln Hotel. Dad moved into a small, spare room. A handful of us stayed in a little back room we called the Casino because we sometimes played roulette there for pennies.

"Dad had just completed a crackdown on gambling places and, during the party when he came back to get us to dance with the girls, he must have seen our toy roulette wheel. The next thing we knew we were being raided by two fully armed state policemen from the mansion grounds. It was very realistic. I could see my Republican friends shuddering, afraid they would spend Christmas in jail. Dad had a good laugh and that ended our roulette."

Like busy fathers universally, Adlai Stevenson would like to spend more time with his children. "I've been going at this pace since 1941, when I became special assistant to Navy Secretary Knox," said the candidate. "I enjoy their company and I try to spend all my free time with them."

The boys think "the old man" has performed miracles in allotting them attention. "He took us all to Washington with him in 1941," recalled Adlai, Jr., "then took Borden and me to London in 1945 when he was minister to Great Britain and head of the U.S. delegation to the United Nations Preparatory Commission. ('We commuted to Harrow,' said Borden, 'and had to wear those horrible straw hats that kept blowing off.') From 1949 to 1953 we lived at the governor's mansion summers and vacations, and Dad visited us at school two or three times a year."

"When he comes up to Harvard, it's without fanfare," said John Fell, an economics major, class of '58.

"Last time, Gov stayed over in our little apartment in Cambridge," Nancy remembered. "He slept on a cot in the kitchen right up against our noisy refrigerator and seemed to get a kick out of it. Cooked his own breakfast, too."

Most family time together is spent on the Stevenson 72-acre home and farm, which includes rolling meadows, maples, a vegetable garden, sheep, pigs and commercial grass crops. "Dad loves it here," said Ad. "He's always doing something—supervising, or out on the hayrack with me pitching hay. He can't walk around here without picking up twigs or pulling out weeds."

Stevenson, according to his sons, is a travel enthusiast as well as an outdoor man. "A couple of summers ago," John Fell reported, "Dad and I went to Alaska, where he enjoys the hunting and fishing.

"Before he goes, Dad reads up on everything about a place, and then asks all kinds of questions. He loves anything historical. On our Alaskan trip he found a foot-long fossilized mammoth's tooth—that horrible thing on the end table. He gave it to me and I purposely kept hiding it and leaving it in men's rooms. But he'd always say: 'John Fell. You forgot your mammoth tooth.' "

"Dad's always helped us, but he's also tried to teach us to be self-reliant people," Adlai, Jr., pointed out. ("I've never crammed anything down their throats," said Stevenson, Sr.) "But sometimes I feel Dad's disappointed when we're too independent and don't accept his suggestions."

One fatherly ambition that never materialized was Adlai Stevenson's hope that one of his boys would go to Princeton, his Alma Mater. All three boys went to Harvard, and the Harvard-Princeton feud has been another source of family banter.

"He calls us red bellies. I suppose it's an old name for Harvard," says Borden. "We all went to prep school in New England—Adlai and John Fell to Milton and I to Choate, Dad's old school. One reason we preferred Harvard is that most of our schoolmates went there."

The Harvard-Princeton football game annually reopens the feud. "Dad would come up to Harvard or we'd go to Princeton for the game," Ad explained. "He made a big to-do about being fair about it, but we invariably ended up sitting on the Princeton side with him."

Stevenson's background in journalism is the root of another ambition he has for one of his boys. "Dad would like one of us to go into the Bloomington Daily Pantagraph. He ranks journalism with politics as among the noblest professions," Ad reported. "Dad's mother's family founded the paper, which was later split into two major shares—one of which was inherited by the Stevensons and one by our cousins, the Merwins, who incidentally are Republicans. While Dad was in law school, someone with a small block of stock sold to the Merwins, and Dad and Aunt Buffie became minority stockholders. Much to Dad's disappointment, the paper is solidly Republican, although it did support him for governor in 1948.

"From what I've heard Dad was a good newspaperman. He was editor of the Choate paper and managing editor of the Daily Princetonian. For a while he helped edit the Daily Pantagraph and did a series of articles on the famous Scopes trial in Tennessee. Later he was foreign correspondent for the Daily Pantagraph and the Hearst International News Service."

Had history been somewhat altered, Ad believes, Stevenson might today be a magazine publisher instead of the Democratic candidate for President. "Dad once told me that while he was on the Princetonian, Henry Luce and Briton Hadden, the co-founders of Time, were at Yale. Dad knew Hadden, and after Hadden graduated he came down to Princeton and asked Dad to invest his earnings from the Princetonian in Time, then just an embryo project, and perhaps come in himself. Dad said 'No.' He had put the money into a car invention, which incidentally never panned out."

STEVENSON HAS NATURALLY HOPED for family political unity. Borden said: "I'm a Democrat, but Dad has never attempted to influence me. I sometimes think he avoids the subject at home." John Fell is the family "Independent for Stevenson." "I'm not too interested in politics," he said, "but I'm for Dad 100 per cent. I'm an Independent because I'd hate to vote for the wrong man just because of a party label."

"That's no problem," said Adlai, Jr., laughing. "Just vote a straight Democratic ticket." Adlai, Jr., gives every appearance of following in his father's political shoes. He is a vociferous Democrat with what his father describes as a "feeling for the underdog."

"Dad has always hoped one of us would go into politics," his namesake went on. "Some day after I finish law school I'd like to go into politics as a Democrat in Illinois, just as Dad, his father and grandfather did. Dad's been helpful. He enjoys having me meet his associates. Last year, for example, when the governors came to Libertyville to speak to him about running for President, I sat in on a few of the conferences."

"I'm glad Adlai hopes to enter politics," said Stevenson. "My father never said the same thing to me—he saw it as an ungrateful life. It can be tough and cruel, but it has infinite rewards and satisfactions."

The Stevenson family ancestry of farmers and pioneers dating back before Lincoln's time in Illinois is a strong factor in the candidate's approach to public service, his boys believe. "Dad has a lot of roots in the prairie," said Adlai, Jr. "The family—grandfather Adlai E. Stevenson, who was Vice-President under Cleveland; his father, who was Secretary of State of Illinois; and his great-grandfather, Jesse Fell—did a lot for Illinois. Dad inherited a sense of public service. I don't think he'd feel right doing anything else."

"Dad never talked too much about his family—except Jesse Fell," said Borden. "We knew, however, that our great-grandfather Adlai had been

Left above, Stevenson and his three sons at the 1949 Princeton-Harvard football game, a rivalry which splits the family. Left below, a 1952 vacation outing. Dad is considered a crack shot. Above, Nancy Stevenson, her husband Adlai, Jr., and John Fell join the Democratic nominee on the rostrum at the 1956 convention

Vice-President. I remember that in grade school, I used to be disgusted because his name was never mentioned."

Adlai, Jr., tried to explain Jesse Fell's special place in his father's life: "John Fell is named for him. Jesse Fell was a close friend of Lincoln's. He planted trees all over central Illinois and founded six towns before settling down in Bloomington, where Dad was brought up. He suggested the original idea for the Lincoln-Douglas debates and for Lincoln's three-page autobiography, which Lincoln wrote and gave to him."

The Democratic candidate's interest in Lincoln has been frequently evident in his campaigns. "Lincoln was probably the most important figure in my young life," Stevenson said. "It hasn't been that important with the boys. But they got quite a dose of it while I was governor."

"Oh, I remember that very well," laughed John Fell. "Whenever a visitor came to the mansion, Dad would say: 'I'm sure you want to see the Lincoln shrine at New Salem. Boys, take the gentleman there.' We must have conducted the tour hundreds of times."

Stevenson once told Adlai, Jr., that when he stayed in Lincoln's room at the White House in 1952, he was so moved he could hardly sleep.

"Dad does have a strong sense of history, but he's never cluttered his life, or ours, with too much tradition."

The three boys and father Stevenson helped build their family relationship—described by Adlai, Jr., as "one of mutual respect"—in the years of growing up on the Stevenson farm.

"We've had a lot of fun here," John Fell broke in. "The place never had a name, except Dad's suggestion of 'Belly Acres.' I remember we had a horse and a yellow surrey and a sleigh in the winter. The Des Plaines, a small river, borders on our property and we'd ice skate there and take picnics in the summertime. I had a pony named Guinevere. Most animals around here have been named after King Arthur's Court; Dad's dog, a Dalmatian, is named Artie after the king himself."

STEVENSON, AS HIS SONS PORTRAY HIM, ruled his brood with an admixture of good nature and sternness. Adlai, Jr., tried to equate the line between the two. "He thought it was amusing when Bordie and I took vegetables from the garden and sold them by the roadside. He thought it was enterprising. ("Dad didn't mind if we fought either," Borden adds. "He considered it a healthy pastime for children.") But when I decided to go into the maple syrup business and slashed all our maple trees, he felt quite differently. He has a look when he's angry that really used to scare me."

"Dad has a temper all right," Ad confessed. "He really blew his top when he came home the other day. Dad had arranged to have timothy grass cut and delivered to a farmer, but the wrong crop was cut. Then someone let the sheep out and they ate up his favorite bushes in front of the house. Dad got real angry. He gives everything he has to his work and he expects the same from people who work with him."

"Dad's not an easy fellow to take advantage of—and we seldom want to," said John Fell. But Adlai, Sr., recalled otherwise. "I remember one way they got around me. They didn't like eggs for breakfast, and weeks later we'd find huge quantities of decomposed eggs in the jars on the shelf of the dining room. They would put them in there as soon as I walked out of the room."

The Stevenson family life on the farm was abruptly disrupted by World War II. "Dad went off to the government almost a year before Pearl Harbor as Knox's special assistant. He had one government position before that, with the Agricultural Adjustment Administration during F.D.R.'s first term," Adlai, Jr., recalled. "Early in 1941 we all moved to Washington where we lived for two years. The rest of the war Dad was away a great deal on official business. After that, Dad was with the Strategic Bombing Survey and headed an economic mission to Italy. In 1945 came the U.N. assignment in London. Then he was away again a lot in 1946-'47 when President Truman appointed him a delegate to the United Nations."

In 1948, Stevenson, who had never before hinted that he aspired to political office, suddenly threw his old brown felt into the Illinois gubernatorial ring.

"It surprised us," Adlai, Jr., admitted. "There was never much talk of practical politics around the house. In fact, Mother is more of an artistic person and the idea of a member of our family being involved in a political campaign was probably distasteful to her. One thing that I think helped Dad make up his mind was a survey that troubled him. It showed that most American parents preferred that their children not go into politics. Dad thought it was very unfortunate that such a noble profession as politics could have sunk so low in public esteem."

The excitement of the first Stevenson campaign even found its way to placid John Fell, then twelve years old. "Dad came home with a car full of campaign stuff and I took a liberal portion. I rounded up some friends —mostly from Republican families—and we invaded Lake Forest. We nailed up Dad's picture on poles and talked shopkeepers into taking batches of pamphlets. We made a general mess of that place." ("My son John Fell," said Stevenson, "got more vigorous that campaign than he ever has since.")

Adlai Stevenson moved into the governor's mansion in January, 1949. Later that year, Mrs. Ellen Borden Stevenson obtained a divorce. Since then the three boys have divided vacations with their parents.

"Dad expected to be elected governor. He's always been an optimistic person," Adlai, Jr., said. But when Adlai Stevenson's optimism proved unjustified in his '52 Presidential try, his sons recall that he accepted the outcome with good grace. "I was in the governor's mansion with him election night," said Borden. "Even after he conceded, he was serving everyone refreshments and doing his best to cheer them up."

"I called Dad from Democratic headquarters at the Mayflower in Washington and told him how disappointed I was," Ad remembered. "He said: 'Now, Bear, I don't want you to worry.' At a time like that he was worried about how *I* felt."

WHAT KIND OF PRESIDENT do they feel their father would make if elected this November?

"I feel the same way about it Borden does," John Fell answered. "You ought to ask him what he said during the last campaign."

"Yes, I recall," said Borden. "I was at Harvard, and when I heard that President Truman was speaking in Boston I went to the meeting. Governor Dever saw me and said: 'We have one of the Stevenson boys here. Why don't we have a word from him?' I walked up to the platform and made the only speech of my life: 'If my father makes half as good a President as he does a father, then he'll be the greatest President the United States ever had.'

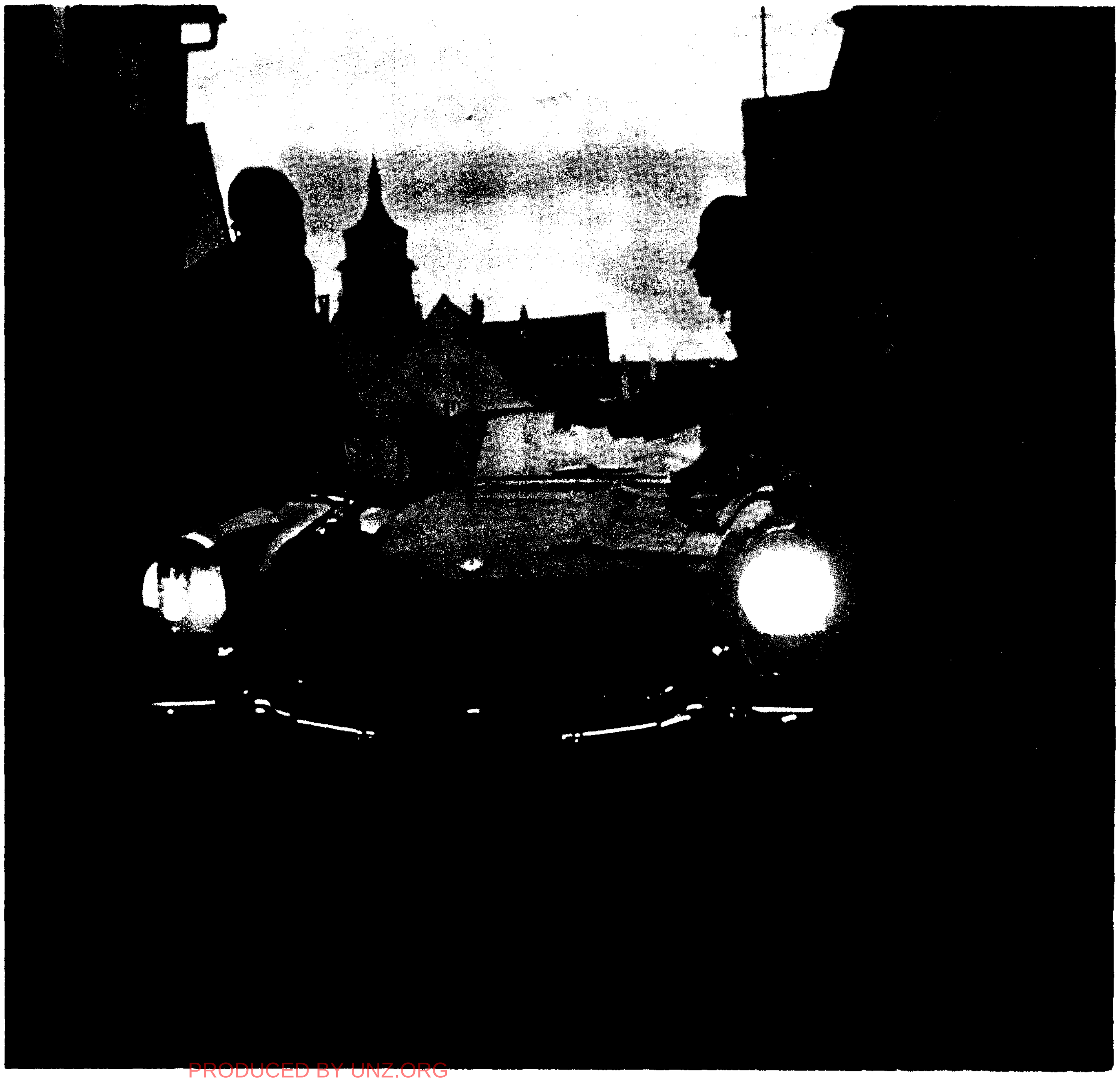
"Of course, it was the apropos thing for me to say, but I happen to think it's true." THE END

The SECRET SLS

Here's an exclusive picture report on one of the hottest European sports cars ever built

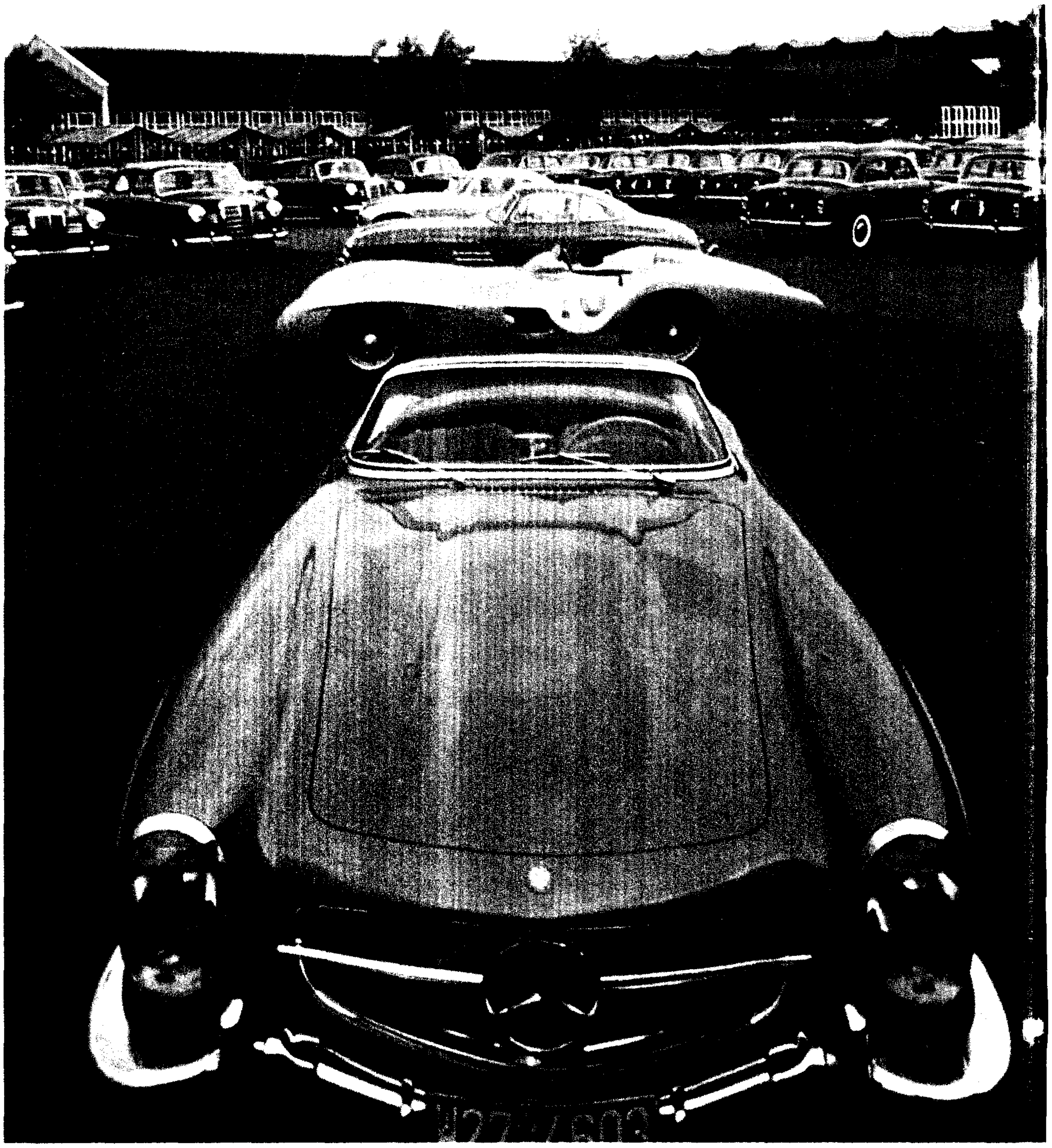
A PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY BY DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN

During these early weeks of autumn, many a serene harvest evening in Sindelfingen, Germany, is being harshly shattered just before sundown. Leather-helmeted test drivers from the sprawling Daimler-Benz automobile works have been roaring out through factory gates crouched low over the wheel of a silver-blue underslung blur of chrome and steel. They are road-checking their top-secret car, a Mercedes-Benz 300 SLS, which, when formally unveiled, will excite sports car enthusiasts everywhere. Other trials were run high in the Italian Alps, over Stelvio, the loftiest pass in Europe, as Mercedes race drivers torpedoed the SLS around endless mountain switchbacks. Though much technical data is still cloaked in secrecy, factory officials have released enough details with these exclusive Collier's photos to give a clear idea of what that streaking shape actually is when standing still . . . a giant two-seater convertible roadster combining features of Mercedes' revolutionary gullwing-doored 300 SL coupé and the streamlined racer in which Juan Fangio of Argentina beat the world in the Grand Prix circuit, the World Series of professional racing. The SLS (Super Light Special) clears the ground by barely a hand and stands but 33 inches high at the door cowling—lower than the ears of the police dogs assigned to guard it. Designed by racing experts for sportsmen to whom the final product is the only consideration, the 300 SLS is unlikely to become the second car in every man's garage. It is meant to be the crown jewel among all sports cars . . . with price to match: $8,000 to $10,000.



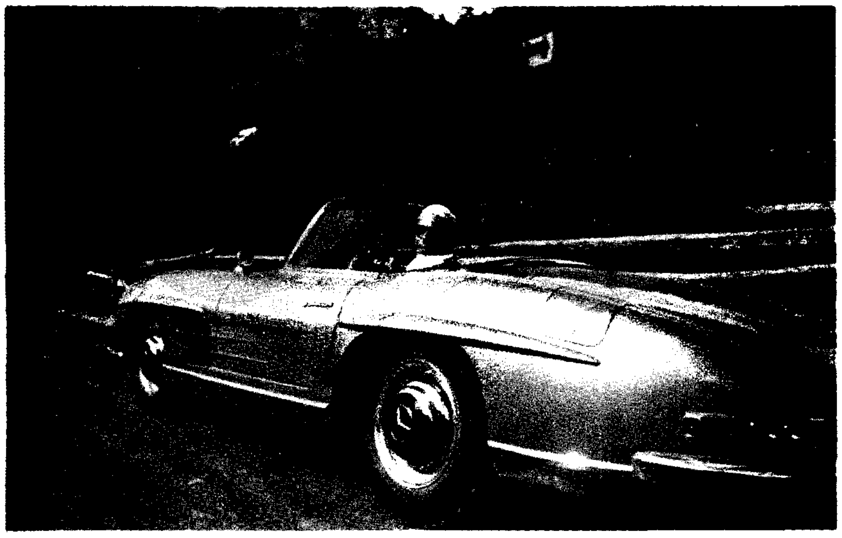
The new pride of Mercedes-Benz is currently being put through final stringent checks—including road tests on every conceivable kind of surface and under a variety of conditions. Above, a Mercedes test driver roars out of a hairpin curve high above sea level, on an Alpine road in the Stelvio Pass separating Italy and Switzerland. Right, a brief pause during tests on the cobbled streets of Weil der Stadt, Germany. At right is Erwin Hitzelberger, foreman of Mercedes' secret design shop

SLS



The SLS (foreground) poses with some of its ancestors. No. 18, right behind it, is the racer in which Juan Fangio beat the world's best in 1955. Next is the 300 SL coupé, a sports car. Last, winner of the '52 Mexican race. Background: production models

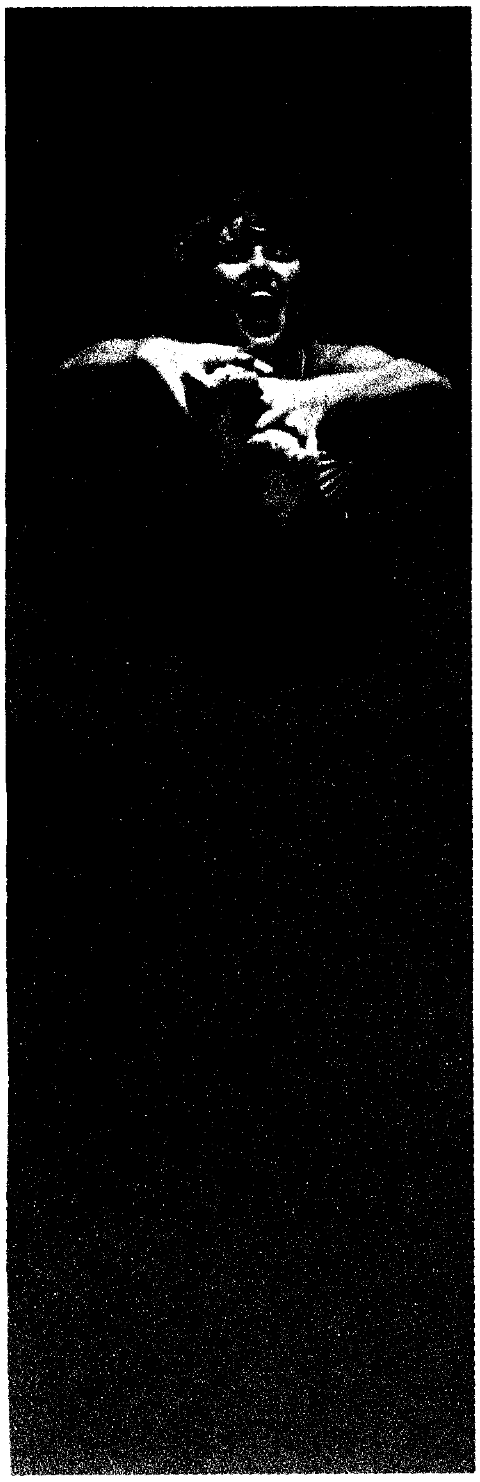
Some of the new car's developers. Above (l. to r.), Rudolf Uhlenhaut, Mercedes passenger car development chief; Karl Wilfert, design stylist; Erwin Hitzelberger. Right, in Mercedes secret design theater, never before photographed: company president Dr. Fritz Konecke; Wilfert; Dr. Fritz Nallinger, the firm's chief engineer



Designer Wilfert at the wheel during gravel-road tests in Italy. Note gills in front fender, to cool powerful 240-horsepower engine. The car will do 150 miles an hour

The SLS's evolution began with the wild 2,000-mile 1952 Mexican road race. Mercedes drivers won that melee in an eye-stopping eggshell on wheels wrapped around a unique tubular steel frame, with the engine set almost on its side, to lower the racer's center of gravity. Later, in the shark-nosed commercial version, the 300 SL, carburetors were discarded for fuel injection, a radical change comparable to aviation's jump to jets. Next, factory engineers magically forced that weird frame lower—so low a cat would have trouble crawling under it—then sheathed it with the thrusting lines of Fangio's mighty racer . . . and the first 300 SLS shot out into the dusk

There is only one SLS, kept under heavy guard pending regular production sometime in '57. This German shepherd sentry objected to photographer Duncan's approach



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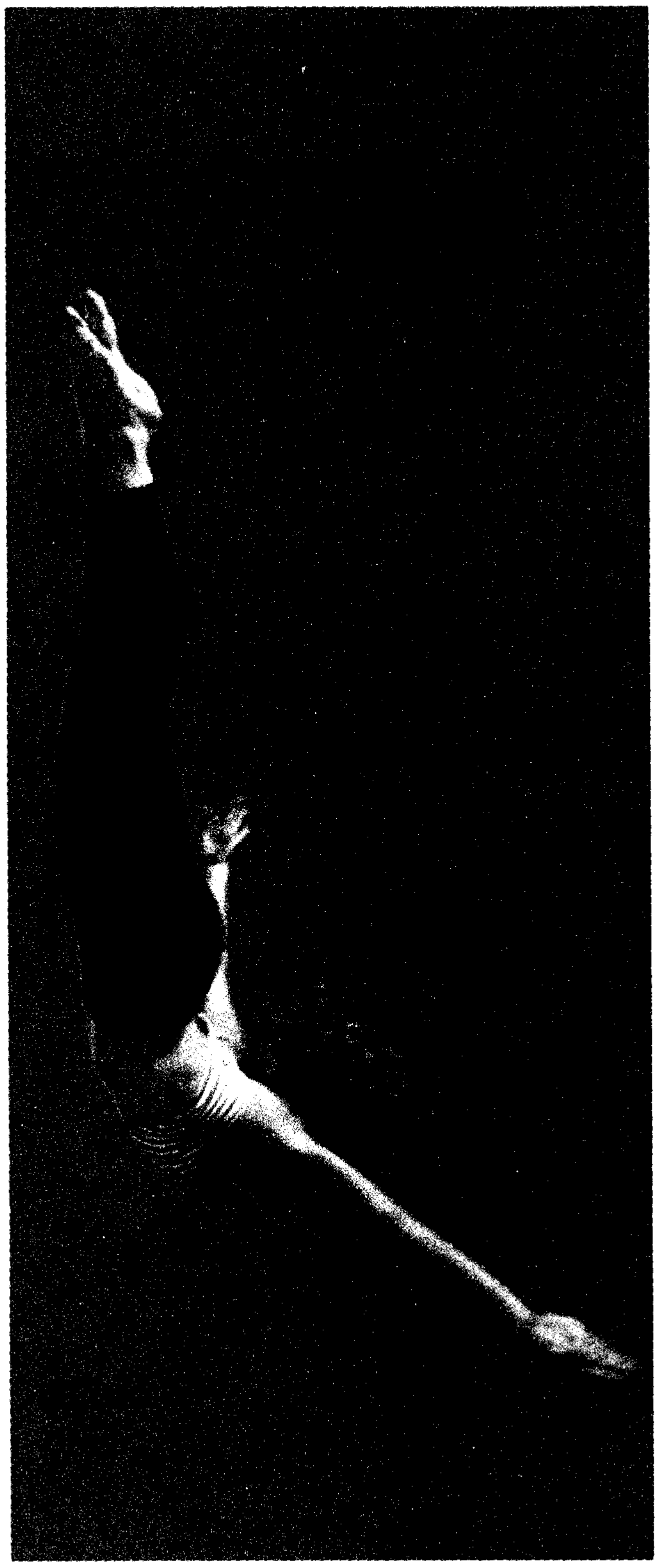

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PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY SUTTON AND DE LONG

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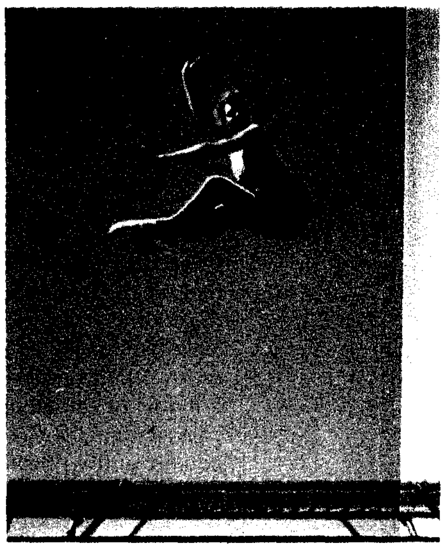
While scientists ponder how best to fly through space, nineteen-year-old Paulette Nelson, of Los Angeles, soars through the air and these pages like a carefree guided missile. The lovely Miss Nelson is one of the nation's most spectacular performers on the trampolin, a tricky and dangerous piece of equipment used mostly by divers and acrobats for training purposes. Using the taut, nylon webbing (r.) as a springboard, she bounces high in the air, twisting and turning like a glider in free flight before coming down. Although Paulette first became interested in the trampolin as a child to help her ballet studies, she now earns her living as a professional trampolinist while studying dramatics on the side. But there is a goodly share of drama in the high-flying act she puts on in night club and TV appearances. She does jackknives, splits, swan dives, amazing twisting somersaults. A mistake could mean serious injury. Perfection, on the other hand, provides a series of rare and wonderful views of grace—we mean Paulette.



By RONNIE KNOX *with Melvin Durslag*

COLLEGE FOOTBALL IS PRO FOOTBALL

It's all business, says the big name in the West Coast furor. Only the salary proved "peanuts"

Ronnie Knox, one of college football's most publicized players last season, recently quit the team at UCLA to sign a professional contract with Hamilton in the Canadian league. Prior to this decision, Knox had managed to play football at five schools in six years: Beverly Hills High School, Inglewood High, Santa Monica High, the University of California and UCLA. As a high-school senior, he threw a record 27 touchdown passes, was rated the outstanding T-quarterback prospect in the state and got offers from colleges all over the nation. His controversial stepfather, Harvey, worked as a paid recruiter for a California alumni group while Ronnie was playing freshman ball at Berkeley and had an active role in the switch to UCLA. Ronnie was UCLA's star triple-threat tailback last year. Although out with injuries part of the season, he still completed 36 of 63 passes, averaged almost four yards per carry rushing the ball, and more than 40 yards as the team's punter. When the 21-year-old senior decided to go to Canada after the football scandal in the Pacific Coast Conference, coach Red Sanders of UCLA observed, "Ronnie Knox was the best tailback I ever coached."

Since the day last August that I signed to play professional football in Canada, I have been taking it on the chin from a lot of people who felt I had no right to jump ship at UCLA, especially in this hour of crisis when the team is being punished sharply by the Pacific Coast Conference. I have been denounced as a gridiron vagabond, with no school spirit and no sense of loyalty. I suppose I am guilty on all counts. I don't pretend to have been a model of the Olympic ideal and I'm far from proud now of many of my past actions. But I charge the phony college football system with being equally guilty. I found college football pro football—only the salaries were much smaller.

There is one thing I want to get clear. I didn't walk out on UCLA. I walked out on college football. I did this of my own accord after carefully reviewing the things that I saw and experienced during the past three years. I discovered that everything I had dreamed about college football turned out to be a myth. And the system itself forced me to lie and taught me to connive.

Football coaches turned out to be cold merchandisers who handled athletes like inventory. Too many educators I saw proved hypocrites averting their eyes from rules violations. Players were trapped and exploited in a professional-type setup—treated like trained bears taught to perform before large crowds.

During the same week I chose to quit college football, several other boys from UCLA and the University of Southern California (which is also being punished by the Coast Conference) made up their minds to stay. Alumni and coaches convinced them that they were part of a rich athletic tradition and owed it to their schools to remain. One star back even issued a prepared statement to the press which said, in part: "If I'd made any other decision, I'd find it very hard to live with myself."

I respect their feelings, but obviously I don't feel the same. I would find it hard living with myself if I made any decision but to leave. Walking out in protest of the system is my most honorable act since becoming involved in big-time college football.

I am not really bitter. I love the game of football better than anything I know. But frankly I get more fun playing it in the park, three or four on a side, than I did playing it in college.

Still, with all my disillusionment, I probably would have played now in my senior year at UCLA if the school authorities, during the recent scandals, had not deliberately let me appear guilty of receiving under-the-table money without giving me an opportunity to prove my innocence. Ironically, when I did conspire to break the rules at the University of California, where I previously played football, I was investigated thoroughly by the Conference commissioner and cleared. At UCLA, I played by the rules and if all the facts ever become known, it will be proved that I never took a penny of undercover payment.

My life in football has been pretty stormy. My dad, Harvey, has made a lot of headlines for the Knoxes. He has been painted as a Svengali who is ruining my life trying to manipulate my athletic career. While Harvey admittedly is hot-tempered and may not be the most tactful fellow by a long shot, the truth is that most of his talking expresses my sentiments. He has rarely made any announcements to the press about me without our first having discussed them fully.

A kid in football these days is besieged by pressures which can make a normal person a little crazy. I was only a sophomore in Beverly Hills High School when I had my first taste of big-time college football pressure. I

A year ago, the author (center) was passing UCLA toward Rose Bowl. Now, he's quit college football in disgust; the team is barred from Bowl for three seasons

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Knox had free tutoring and no-work jobs. In return, he had to "eat, drink and inhale football"

managed to throw two touchdown passes in the first five minutes of my first game. I was immediately invited by a Notre Dame alumni group in Los Angeles to a social affair that was held in the basement of a church. There were about 200 people present. I was kind of embarrassed when I was introduced as "Notre Dame's quarterback for 1954."

During the next two years of high-school competition, I had wonderful dreams of being a college football player and maybe even an All-American. Dad and I practiced football day and night. The game had been so enjoyable in high school that I could hardly wait to play it in college. The Knox plan at this moment was threefold. First, like every football-playing kid, I wanted to become a star. Second, I wanted to get a decent education. And third, since we were broke, I wanted a free ride through college, but nothing more. Our simple tastes were soon to change.

My last year in high school was a pretty good one. I made All-State and broke a few passing records. In the eyes of the colleges, I guess I was known as a "blue-chip" prospect. At least, they came after me that way. Harvey and I suddenly became celebrities. We found ourselves feasting on thick steaks, choice prime ribs and juicy lobsters in the finest restaurants instead of eating stew at home. After listening to the first eight or ten recruiters talk, we began to feel naïve, thinking only in terms of a free scholarship.

We raised our sights—especially after an alumnus from Illinois drove up to the house one day in a new Chevrolet. My mother, Marge, was home alone. The man said to her, "If your son goes to Illinois, that car out in front is his."

Harvey and I decided to make a trip to Stanford and talk over the football situation there. We knew Stanford wouldn't match some of our other propositions, but the school is considered a fashionable place and we thought perhaps I should be attending an institution with class.

The coach at Stanford, Chuck Taylor, offered us a scholarship and a hashing job that would cover my room and board. An alumnus guaranteed me $35 a month to show up for a few minutes each Saturday morning at a private club near Palo Alto. Another grad promised a summer job as a junior executive at his radio station. Taylor assured me, in parting, "You don't have to worry about flunking out here. We have one tutor for every five players."

OF THE 27 UNIVERSITIES from all over the nation that approached us, the University of California at Berkeley made the most interesting offer. It contained four big features. To begin with, Harvey was hired by the Southern Seas, a Cal alumni recruiting group in Los Angeles, as a talent scout at $400 a month. Second, my high-school coach, Jim Sutherland, was hired as an assistant to California's head coach, Pappy Waldorf. Third, I was promised a job as a sports writer on a Berkeley newspaper while I was attending school. Finally, when I made the varsity in my sophomore year, cash would start coming in in $500 bundles. The San Francisco Grid Club was to guarantee me $500 a year for my football tickets, worth approximately $75. Then the Southern Seas would slip me an additional $500 a year for pocket money. Lastly, the Southern Seas was to provide the Knox family with $500 a year for transportation expenses to Berkeley to see me play.

Though I never stayed around long enough to start collecting my five hundreds, perhaps a hint of the future came during a Rugby game I attended at Berkeley while I was still in high school. I ran into an All-City fullback from Los Angeles named Otis Stroud, who was then going to Cal. Stroud said to me, in the presence of the California recruiter who was my host: "Get everything you can now, Ronnie, because once you're enrolled, you've had it."

Still I entered the university enthusiastically in the fall of 1953, happy with my "deal" and eager to play freshman football. I soon had my first sobering experience. The Pacific Coast Conference commissioner, Victor O. Schmidt, was to visit the campus to interrogate some of the new recruits. I was promptly summoned by a member of the athletic department and coached on how to answer questions. If the commissioner asked if I were getting help from alumni, I was to reply, no. Any inducements to get me to come to Cal? No. Above all, I was not to volunteer any information unnecessarily.

When Commissioner Schmidt started questioning me, I wondered idly why he didn't begin by asking, "Has anybody coached you about your answers?" I felt I had to lie as I had been instructed because if I told the truth I would be made ineligible. I was now trapped in the mess for keeps.

I suffered my next setback when the newspaper job I was promised had to be canceled because we discovered a conference rule that prohibited an athlete from earning money writing sports. So, to pay for my room and board, I was given a campus job at $75 a month, and an additional job at $50 a month to act as a representative for a pants company. From what I gathered, I would get the $50 for telling people I wore a certain brand of work pants exclusively. My total income, $125 a month, barely covered my living expenses.

My campus job involved maintenance work at the stadium. When I reported the first day, I found the other athletes asleep on the benches. I joined them. After a while, I quit showing up altogether. I decided I could sleep more comfortably in my room.

College football already was beginning to look less glamorous and I found myself growing cynical. Late in the season, a sophomoric alumnus invited me to the "Big Game" between Cal and Stanford. As we walked into the stadium, he took a deep breath and said rapturously: "Ah, smell that air!"

I answered, "What air?"

He replied, "Can't you smell it? That Big Game fever is in the air."

At the moment, I thought the guy was a little nuts, but as I reflect now, I conclude that big-time college football has a meaning to outsiders that it no longer has to the players. It's like the day at UCLA last year when I followed my custom—and one observed by most of the other players—of ducking a big pregame football rally on campus. While in town, I spotted Chuck Hollaway, our right halfback.

"Hey, Chuck!" I yelled. "Why aren't you up there at that rally?"

He smiled and answered sardonically, "That stuff is for students."

AFTER THE FOOTBALL SEASON had ended at Berkeley and I entered my second semester as a freshman, I made my regular visit to the cashier's office to pick up my salary for campus "work." We were paid twice a month; each check, after taxes, amounted to about $35. But the check I got this day was for $18. I had been docked for not showing up at the stadium. During the football season the school was willing to ignore the fact that we weren't working for our money. Now that football was over, things were suddenly becoming honest.

By this time, I was short of funds, anyway, and writing to Harvey for fast twenties. I was also unhappy and homesick. When I came home during the summer I told Harvey I didn't want to go back to Cal, even at the loss of a year of eligibility under the transfer rule and Harvey's job with the Southern Seas.

"We'll be blowing an easy four hundred a month, kid," he said, "but if you're not happy up there, the hell with it."

When California alumni blasted me in the papers for leaving, Harvey got mad and exposed the whole Southern Seas recruiting machine, even producing Photostats of his salary checks. So by the time we sat down with Red Sanders to discuss the possibility of my entering UCLA, you can see we were pretty "hot." Sanders told us frankly that there were no special deals at UCLA. Every player got the same amount—a campus job at $75 a month and $40 a month under the counter from a booster group in Westwood.

By now, Harvey and I had no qualms about taking the $40 a month; we would have taken the stadium, the concessions and a cut of the gate receipts if we could. But we knew we were being watched closely and would probably be investigated at every turn. We told Sanders we wanted nothing that could get us into trouble with the conference.

We took the campus job at $75 a month and in lieu of the $40 deal, Sanders arranged a part-time job in the film-cutting department at Allied Artists Studio where I was to work honestly for $1.87 an hour. I averaged about $25 a week at the studio during the school year and $75 a week during the summer. I was plainly in better shape financially than most of the other boys on the squad who had to struggle to make ends meet on their $115 a month.

On our campus jobs at UCLA, players worked no harder than they did at Cal—only at UCLA we were never docked.

Since the transfer rule made me ineligible during my sophomore year at UCLA in 1954, I was assigned to the junior varsity, or goof squad, which has the miserable job of scrimmaging the varsity. I had always heard that the goof squad constituted the core of college football. Here were the boys who offered themselves as sacrificial lambs purely for love of the game. I found this, too, to be a myth. About 90 per cent of the boys I played with on the goof squad admitted truthfully that they took that terrible beating from the varsity each day largely because their reward was a soft campus job which they otherwise couldn't have had.

I have nothing personal against coach Red Sanders, whom I consider an outstanding man in his field. He typifies the successful big-time college coach today. He has adjusted himself perfectly to the system and, under intense pressure, produces what is demanded of him—winning teams. To do this, he must be efficient and impersonal and must run things with a militant hand.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

WIDE WORLD

DICK MILLER

Top left: Ronnie found UCLA's Red Sanders a perfectly adjusted coach—efficient, impersonal, able to turn out winners under intense pressure. Below: he signs with club president, Jake Gaudaur to play professionally in Canada. Ronnie calls decision his most honorable act since landing in big-time football. Above: he's been closely guided by stepfather Harvey, who once got $400 a month to recruit players for U of Cal

Football was all business at UCLA. Every man was taught his job. Practice started on the dot. There were no fight talks involving alma mater, no emotional stimulants. On the night before a game in Los Angeles, we were herded into a hotel to assure us proper rest and proper food for a maximum effort the next day. We were treated like pros in every respect but one—we were paid like amateurs.

If a man were injured, he was dropped from the traveling squad. The school didn't want sight-seers; just men who could play. I broke my leg last year in our next-to-last game against Washington. Members of the athletic department and alumni showed grave concern. They treated me as if I were their own son. About ten times a day, I was asked how my leg was getting along and would I make the Rose Bowl game with Michigan State? The injury healed and I finally played. That was January 2d. Not once between then and spring practice did anyone inquire about my leg.

If a player fell behind in his studies at UCLA he was given a tutor at the athletic department's expense to help keep him eligible. Tutors were paid at the rate of $2.50 an hour. In big-time college football, you don't merely play the game. You eat it, drink it and inhale it. With exception of a few boys, like our quarterback, Bruce Ballard, and guard Tom Thaxter, who were brilliant premed students, most of the players needed help with their studies. One month, my tutoring bill ran $75. In high school, without tutoring, I made mostly B's.

We also had our farm system at UCLA. Boys who didn't have the grades to get into our university out of high school were sent to junior colleges for a year and given $40 a month under the table, thus committing them to UCLA.

ALL OF THE ILLEGAL MONEY was furnished by alumni and boosters under the guise of "helping boys get an education." In a way, it did, but most of these donors aren't quite as philanthropic as they would have you believe. I found a few well-meaning ones who are genuinely interested in the boys' welfare. But there are those, too, who cunningly use the contacts within the organization to advance themselves in business. I know one guy who has sold many insurance policies to fellow alumni while working hand in hand to "help the kids."

Then there are would-be big shots who want to be around the coach and players to impress their friends, and the perennial juveniles who get a feeling of masculinity being on the football scene. The latter buy raffle tickets at the weekly meetings of the alumni groups, hoping to win the most treasured prize of all—a place on the bench (the worst seat in the stadium) so they can smell the sweat and resin.

Alumni have been largely responsible for perpetuating the myth that big-time football builds character and inspires leadership. How can a game build character when an athlete like me must commit perjury at the outset to stay eligible? You can't build character, besides, without first having something to believe in. A big-time college football player is handled like a piece of machinery on the field. He will occasionally become emotional in a game, even weep afterward if he loses. But when his brain clears, he will still feel that he is only a robot in the system. Conditioned like a pro, he isn't part of the school spirit, either. He is simply an individual with a peculiar talent who is brought in by the colleges at a very nominal fee to furnish entertainment for the masses.

In this professional-type arrangement, UCLA felt morally obligated at least to provide its players with enough money for room and board, even though the rules of the conference forbade it. I guess it was inevitable that my school should get into trouble—and it did last spring and summer, along with USC, Washington and California.

UCLA WAS BANNED from the Rose Bowl for three years and set back $93,000 in fines and penalties. The Conference demanded a list of the athletes who received money under the table. UCLA refused to produce the list, but announced, instead, it was declaring its entire team ineligible. The Conference reduced the penalty to loss of one year of eligibility for sophomores and juniors, and loss of five games of eligibility for seniors. UCLA was told it could still clear the innocent by turning in the list.

Harvey and I telephoned UCLA officials several times and demanded they announce publicly that I was not guilty of any violations. By late August, UCLA had taken no action nor given any assurance they would clear me. With the Canadian season set to open I had to make a decision. Should I be a martyr just to play five games at UCLA, or should I take a $15,000 offer from Hamilton for a little more than three months of pro ball?

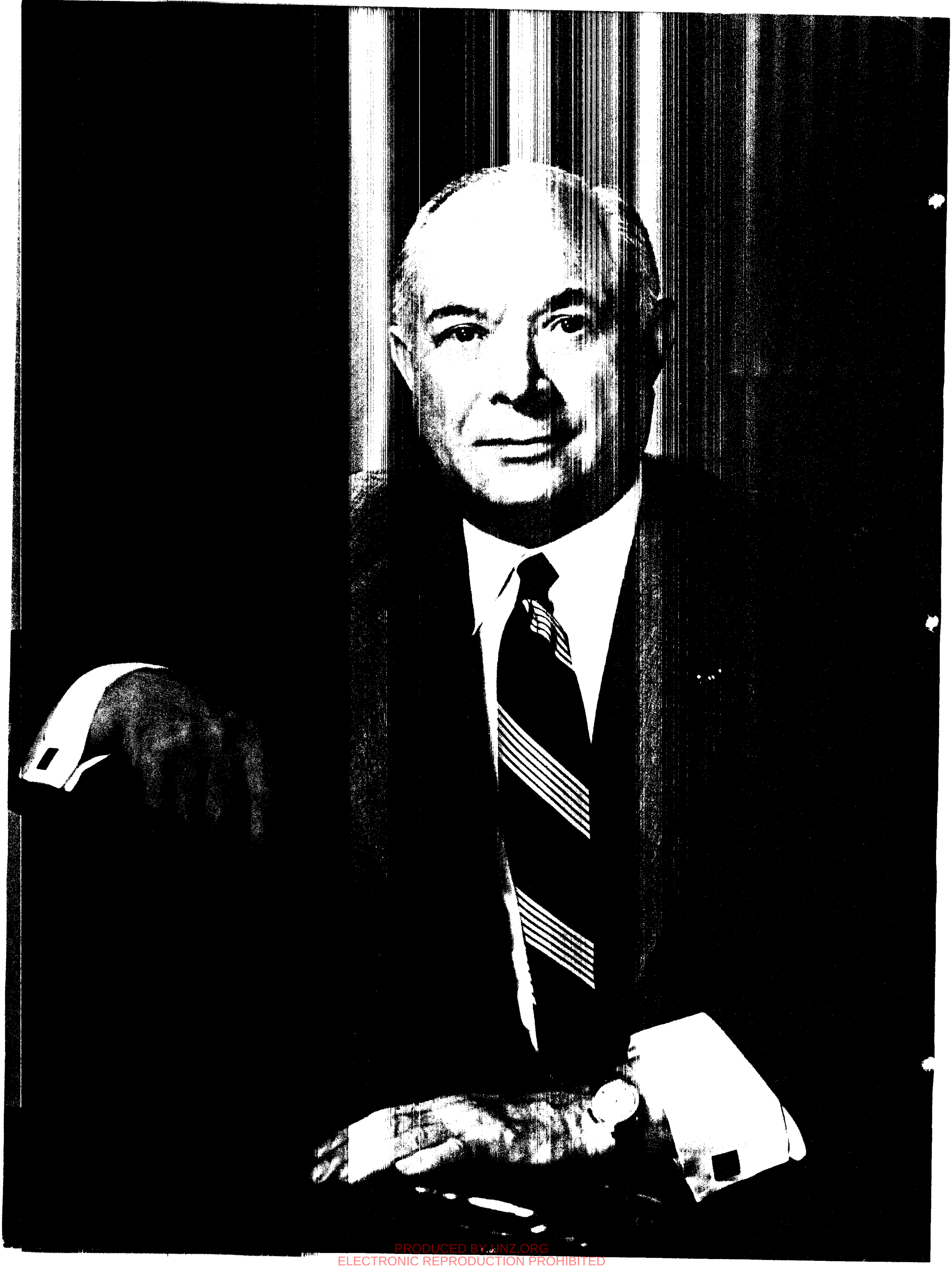
I suppose that if I felt I ever had been considered more than just a trained bear by college football, I would have wanted to play even half a season more for UCLA. But, let's face it—I *was* just a trained bear. I had been treated like a professional in college and paid only peanuts. I decided I might as well be honest and turn pro legally.

As I said earlier, I haven't walked out on UCLA at all. It's a wonderful school and I plan to return there as a student and finish my education. I am majoring in English literature. I am also under contract to the M-G-M studio and hope to make my future in acting, not pro football.

The way I have botched things, I guess I'm in no position to be giving advice, but I will say this to high-school football players thinking about college: Make up your mind now what you want out of football, a professional career or fun. If you're pro-minded, pick out a big-time football college that's winning and promote the best deal you can for yourself. If you're not pro-minded, go to a small college or the Ivy League and enjoy the game.

I'm not saying what my choice would be if I had it to do over, but I'll tell you this . . .

Harvey recently invested in an insurance policy for the college education of my baby brother, Montgomery, twenty-one months old. I told Harvey I would chip in an equal amount under one condition—that Montgomery goes to Harvard. THE END



By THOMAS WHITESIDE

David Sarnoff's Fifty Fabulous Years

His career, now at the half-century mark, reflects the great advances of our electronic age

FEW people have lived as intimately with the growth of the radio-television age as David Sarnoff, or grasped its practical opportunities as firmly. From his start in radio just fifty years ago, in September, 1906, when, as an immigrant boy of 15, he managed to get hired as a $5.50-a-week messenger for the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, to his present-day leadership of the huge Radio Corporation of America, his headlong career—which Guglielmo Marconi called "amazing"—has been a story of pluck, luck and perseverance that out-Horatios all Horatio Alger. As a tale of success, it parallels the story of the fabulous rise of the electronic communications industry itself during the past half century.

In 1906, radio, or to use the term then current, wireless, could hardly be called an industry. To most people who knew something about communications, something even, of Lee de Forest's brilliant new invention of the three-element vacuum tube known as the Audion—a device which was to form the very heart of radio—wireless was an interesting but tiny and as yet unprofitable service that seemed to offer little challenge to conventional telegraphy.

From those crude beginnings Sarnoff, whose principal contribution to the electronic era has been to help make radio and television instruments of general use, has seen the science of wireless become a controlling influence not only upon the technology, but upon the social patterns of an atomic age. Today, as chairman of the board of the billion-dollar-a-year Radio Corporation, Brigadier General Sarnoff (he acquired his present military title during World War II) heads up the biggest single radio communications empire in the world.

The diversity of RCA's interests is almost staggering. With its swarms of subsidiaries—including the National Broadcasting Company, RCA Victor, RCA Laboratories and RCA Communications, Inc.—it is at once in show business, in news gathering, advertising, manufacturing, electronic research, radio patent-licensing and commercial communications as well as in broadcasting. Altogether, it employs nearly 80,000 people.

In the radio and television broadcasting field alone RCA provides and staffs the studios from which its programs are to be broadcast, it provides the facilities necessary for carrying them through its network to 204 affiliated television and 191 affiliated radio stations, it makes much of the equipment by which the programs are finally broadcast and it makes a great proportion of the television or radio sets on which the programs are received.

In the world of recorded music, it signs up artists, records their work, manufactures and sells the records, and sells the phonographs on which they can be played. In the field of commercial radio communications, RCA Communications, with its 84 radiotelegraph circuits through which messages can be sent to any part of the world, last year alone handled some 7,300,000 radiograms and about 188,000,000 words. Its Leased Channel service provides direct radio-teletype communication services for airlines, stockbrokers, commodity merchants and international mercantile interests.

Then too, RCA owns 18 manufacturing plants that produce every conceivable kind of radio or related equipment, ranging from radio and television sets to kitchen stoves, from phonographs to electron microscopes, from tiny transistors to the huge Bizmac electronic computer used by the Army. It owns or controls about 10,000 patents and licensing rights that give it an estimated annual income of $25,000,000. In addition to its network facilities, it owns outright and operates five high-power radio and six television stations.

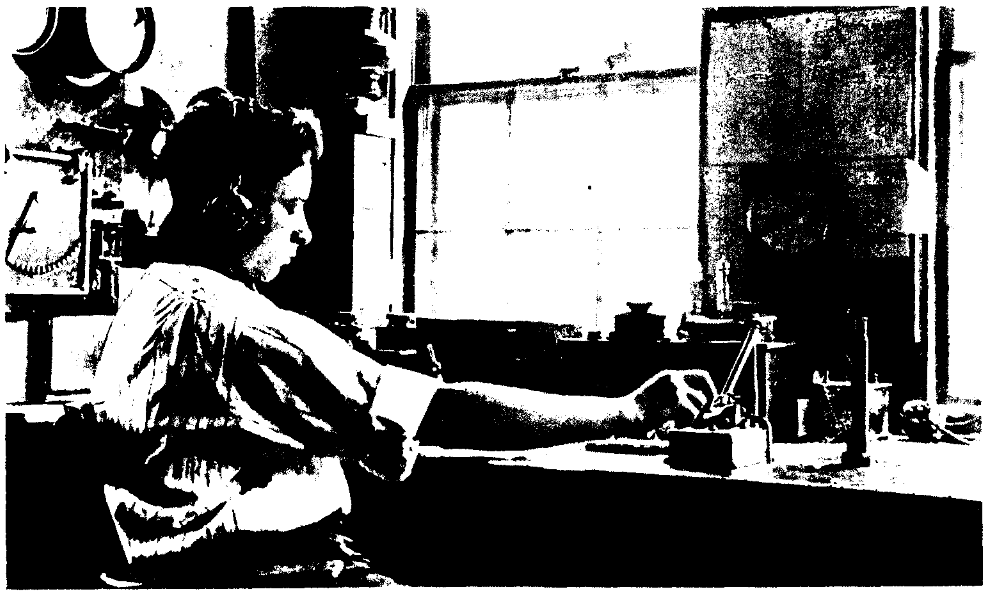
Altogether, RCA is a massive organization literally founded on blank space—space through which it hauls not tangible things like coal or iron but the insubstantial freight of words, symbols, sounds and images. The power inherent in this ghostly traffic makes RCA one of the most potent influences pervading the everyday life of Americans.

By the same token Sarnoff, as commander in chief of RCA, is one of the most powerful men in the country.

* * *

SARNOFF IS CERTAINLY AS WELL FITTED, by appearance and deportment, to the role of the American communications tycoon as any actor cast by NBC television for one of its nighttime business dramas. At sixty-five he is a short, stocky man with a ruddy, tough, alert face, sharp blue eyes that can fairly transfix subordinates, a buoyant bearing and an air of authority that only a few people—General Douglas MacArthur, say—habitually convey. Sarnoff, as a matter of fact, quite clearly likes to be called "General," and everybody at RCA—even his eldest son Robert, who at thirty-eight is president of NBC—so addresses him during the course of the business day. This commanding air is sometimes tempered by a certain baronial charm; the effect of these two interplaying forces upon those RCA executives privileged enough to confer personally with Sarnoff tends to range from the galvanic to the mesmeric. Occasionally it is almost paralyzing. For a man whose career has been the subject of so many millions of words propagated by his own organization, Sarnoff is the subject of remarkably few current anecdotes within RCA. Approached for the little personal reminiscences that most people around important men are usually eager to retail,

Sarnoff the Youth: Shortly after he emigrated to the United States young David worked as a newspaper delivery boy (right). One of his first jobs in the actual field of radio was as wireless operator for the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co. of America at its isolated station at Siasconset, Nantucket Island (below), at $60 per month



Sarnoff the Man: One of the key figures in his career was Guglielmo Marconi, with whom he appears at left. Above, Sarnoff's role in the war effort earned him the star of a brigadier general. Below, he relaxes with his wife, the former Lizette Hermant, in a rare leisure moment at New York home

The discovery that space is a source of wealth holds "marvelous possibilities," Sarnoff says

RCA executives either develop a sudden amnesia or take flight in highly generalized eulogy. The response of one vice-president, when asked recently for a critical estimate of Sarnoff, is typical enough. He thought the question over for a few minutes and said gravely, "A great American, with a heart as great as all outdoors." As for the lower echelons at RCA, they know nothing of Sarnoff beyond the photographs, speeches and highly stereotyped image of the rags-to-riches industrial genius that RCA's publicity machine is constantly grinding out. The cult of personality may be there; the personality itself, so far as most RCA employees are concerned, is more elusive.

The public-relations men with whom Sarnoff is surrounded occasionally brood over this problem. Some time ago one of them is said to have suggested to Sarnoff that it really would be a good thing if the press could only have more of what are known, in the peculiar geometry of public relations, as "human-interest angles," and that the task of the publicity men would be easier if Sarnoff had, say, a nickname by which his intimates knew him. "I don't see that you're talking anything that makes sense to me," Sarnoff is supposed to have replied brusquely. "*Everybody* calls me 'General.' "

After spending more than half his life in positions of important command, Sarnoff is by habit, by temperament and, as he sees it, by necessity, a figure far remote from the clatter of everyday affairs within his sprawling dominions. Sarnoff is not a man to spend the time of day taking television comedians out to lunch. He has other matters to attend to.

SEATED AT HIS HANDSOME, highly polished, leather-topped desk in the great, elegantly furnished office that forms the very heart of the RCA empire, Sarnoff, immaculately dressed in his conservative dark business suit, delivers high-level judgments in an atmosphere of long, olive-green cigars occasionally waved with dignified, deliberate gestures against a background of limed-oak paneling and tall fluted columns. His voice can be by turns brisk, harsh, warmly enthusiastic and coldly furious. At one minute he can talk, in vigorous and incisive language, and with an air of competence that cannot fail to impress a listener, of electronically controlled guided missiles traveling at 16,000 miles an hour, or of research developments in electronic lighting that may obsolete the electric-light bulb. A few minutes later, with jaw slightly dropped he will be slowly exhaling, along with cigar smoke, a series of homilies on the Youth of America.

In running RCA or anything else connected with his life, Sarnoff, it is clear, has a passion for economical organization. He has no time for waste motion or trivial matters. "I don't want to do what someone else can do," is the way he puts this. Sarnoff probably dictates no more than half a dozen letters during an average day. He never lets papers pile up. When he finishes with one, which he does quickly, he sends it away and then begins the next; so it is with people and ideas.

Everything in Sarnoff's life is done by plan, everything in its proper sequence. A meticulously synchronized reception greets whoever has an appointment with him. When a visitor to the 53d floor of the RCA Building has gone through the ritual of being marched under escort from the outer reaches of the general's suite through deeply carpeted corridors and an impressive succession of inner offices—even the antechambers of Sarnoff's office have their antechambers—he is ushered in to see Sarnoff at almost the very second that the interview was arranged to begin. The general is all attention; when he has heard and said what he wants to, he closes the interview with firm and unmistakable finality and then, in the manner of a man tearing off a page from a desk calendar, he turns to the next piece of business.

Sarnoff simply cannot abide disorder. "I don't make my mind a wastepaper basket," he said one afternoon recently, while discoursing on the evils of slovenly thinking. "Another thing, I don't like to see a lot of agitation around. I want to have things done in a calm, businesslike way. The other night I saw some movie drama or other that had to do with business; you should have seen the businessmen in it—picking up this phone, picking up that phone"—Sarnoff contemptuously mimicked the action by swinging one hand, and then the other, to an ear—"till the place looked like a madhouse. Why, I think if I had an executive like that working for me up here, I'd fire him." It is perhaps lucky for some NBC television producers and directors whose frenetic deportment even experienced actors would find difficulty in imitating, that they are well beyond Sarnoff's eye.

The executives around Sarnoff are a decorous enough lot. Gray flannel suits might be all right on a secondary or tertiary level at NBC, but in the

"It was just another day... until the telephone rang!"

"It was Mother, calling from out of town. Just the sound of her voice made me feel wonderful. And we had such a good visit!"

Ever notice how much brighter an ordinary day becomes when you talk with someone special? Distance doesn't matter, because the telephone brings you close. Why not call right now? It's easy to do. And it costs so little.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

Cleveland to Pittsburgh	45¢
Baltimore to Norfolk	55¢
Buffalo to Detroit	65¢
Dallas to Kansas City	90¢
Los Angeles to Chicago	$1.75

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the 10% federal excise tax.

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

upper echelons at RCA dark blue or brown seems to be pretty much the rule. Sarnoff, a fastidious dresser himself, makes it clear that he expects his subordinates to dress well too. "There's no reason why people can't keep themselves neat," he complained recently to an interviewer. "If I see some fellow come in here with a disheveled look, and wearing sloppy clothes, I don't want any part of him. If a fellow has sloppy clothes, the chances are he has a sloppy mind." Einstein might never have made the grade at RCA.

* * *

THE CIRCUMSTANCES of Sarnoff's rise from poverty to his present prominence in American life are dramatic enough for any success story.

The eldest of three children, he was born in 1891 in Uzlian, a small bleak village of 200 people, mostly Jews, in the Russian province of Minsk. His father was a desperately poor itinerant trader who went among the *moujiks* bartering shoes, clothing, produce and, occasionally, livestock; his mother was the descendant of a long line of rabbis.

When David was five, the elder Sarnoff set out alone for America, there to try to earn enough money to bring the rest of his family on later, and not long after he left for New York, David was consigned temporarily to the care of his granduncle, a rabbi who ministered to a parish of twelve families in the tiny settlement of Korme, 1,000 miles away.

There, in this forlorn outpost, David, the only child in the village, stayed for four and a half years. He never had a playmate in the settlement; from the time he mastered the Hebrew alphabet, most of his waking hours were taken up with Talmudic studies which began at seven in the morning and lasted, with intermissions for meals, until eight at night. This strange, lonely period of his life ended when David was nine and a half. His father finally had earned enough money in America to bring his family over to join him. David rejoined his mother and two brothers and the family entrained for Libau, Latvia, where they embarked on the first boat David had ever seen. Their baggage included a big straw hamper of food especially prepared according to strict orthodox rules by David's mother—matzoth, cakes, pickled meats and so on. David's mother had made clear to him that the family would under no circumstances touch the regular steerage food. At Liverpool, boarding another boat that was to take them to Montreal, he saw to his horror that the hamper had been lowered into the hold. He recalls that he suddenly had visions of the family starving for the whole voyage and that he took a great leap to the bottom of the hold. Almost miraculously, he landed on a big, soft bundle at the bottom, grabbed his hamper and, holding on to it for dear life, was eventually hauled up by a rope tied around his middle.

"You'll get along all right in America," a sailor who spoke Russian told him when he had reached the deck again.

In New York the Sarnoffs moved into a small tenement flat in the East Side ghetto. A couple of days after his arrival David found a part-time job as a butcher's delivery boy for $1.50 a week. A few weeks later he started up a route for delivering the Jewish Morning Journal.

Then his father, who had been taking on jobs as a house painter, became too ill to work, and at ten David, who could speak no English, had to become the family's chief support at the same time that he was entering school. Somehow he managed it—rising at four, delivering and selling papers until schooltime, working at odd jobs in the late afternoon and evening and winding up with his homework.

It was a terrible burden for a young boy, but Sarnoff bore it with the same resolution that has always characterized him. "At ten most kids are shooting marbles. David never had time for marbles. All he had was work. He never had a youth," Irving Sarnoff, a brother who is executive vice-president of Bruno-New York, Inc., a regional organization that distributes RCA and other products, remarked recently. "When David stepped into Father's shoes to become the head of the family at ten, he assumed a sense of responsibility that never has left him. He's been a stickler ever since for responsibility being assumed and discharged, and he has no tolerance or patience for the man who won't assume it."

"Mr. Bauer gave them to me; they had another girl"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

Borrowing some money from neighbors, David bought a newsstand at 46th Street and Tenth Avenue, in the Hell's Kitchen area, and expanded his newspaper-selling activities; when someone discovered that he had a good soprano voice, he took to singing in a synagogue for $1.50 a week, and as time went by supplemented that extra income by singing at weddings. When, at fifteen, just before he was to perform during the High Holidays—and earn what to him was a good deal of extra money—his voice broke, he suffered a financial setback that to him was almost catastrophic.

Not long afterward his father died. Sarnoff set about looking for full-time employment. He found it, in the spring of 1906, in the form of a $5-a-week job as a messenger for the little Postal Telegraph and Commercial Cable Company office in the old New York Herald Building. By continuing to get up at four he also kept up his morning newspaper routes.

No sooner had he gone to work as a messenger than David decided on advancing himself to the position of telegraph operator. With his first week's pay check he bought a dummy telegraph key for two dollars and a book of instructions and codes. Each night, after finishing with his two jobs, he sat up in his room and practiced on the key until, according to Irving, "the noise would nearly drive Mother out of her mind." Within six months David felt himself proficient enough with Morse code to apply for a telegraph operator's job at the Manhattan office of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America. The manager who interviewed him, George S. de Sousa, now in retirement, remembers looking the applicant over with some amusement. "He asked if I could use a man. I said we could use a boy—an office boy. He took the job," Mr. de Sousa recalls.

Compared to such Leviathans in the field of communications as the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, however impressive-sounding its name, was a pretty small outfit specializing in marine communications. With its four land stations—at Sea Gate, Coney Island, at Sagaponack, Long Island, at Siasconset, Nantucket Island and South Wellfleet, Massachusetts—it had only four ships to communicate with, and was losing money at a fair rate.

To Sarnoff such matters were academic. Wireless telegraphy was an exciting new business and he decided that his future lay in it. He began to read a good deal of technical literature and to spend many of his spare hours and weekends doing odd jobs—coiling wires and so on—in the little laboratory American Marconi maintained on Front Street. And when Marconi himself came to New York, Sarnoff was delighted at the opportunity of running occasional errands for him.

Meanwhile, he so persevered with his telegraph key that within six months he managed to get himself assigned as an assistant wireless operator at the Marconi coastal station at Siasconset, on Nantucket Island, at $60 a month.

He stayed there one year to become a full-fledged operator, and after another year or so as operator-manager at the Sea Gate station at Coney Island, he put in a couple of seagoing stints as an operator first aboard the S.S. Beothic, a sealer bound for the arctic ice fields, and then aboard the S.S. Harvard, plying between New York and Boston.

Back on land again, Sarnoff soon took on an assignment momentous both for him and for the future of wireless. He was made manager of an experimental wireless station installed by John Wanamaker on the roof of his New York department store.

On the night of April 14, 1912, as Sarnoff was sitting at his instruments in the Wanamaker station, he picked up the shocking message:

S.S. TITANIC RAN INTO ICEBERG. SINKING FAST.

Young Sarnoff immediately notified the proper authorities and the press, and for the next 72 hours, with only very short breaks, he sat at his instruments, continuously straining to make out the dots and dashes coming in from the Carpathia and from other ships which were picking up survivors. Accurately to receive messages for such a long period, in those days of weak signals, primitive circuits and howling atmospheric interference, required remarkable skill and endurance, but Sarnoff stuck to it until he had copied down the last name from the list of 706 Titanic survivors (1,517 other people had gone down with the ship). Then he had a Turkish bath and a 12-hour sleep.

THE HEAVY PUBLICIZING of the crucial part that wireless had played in the Titanic rescue operations aroused the press, public and Congress to the importance of this new means of communications. A law was enacted requiring the placement of wireless equipment and operators on all ocean-going vessels carrying more than 50 passengers.

The newly recognized importance of radio, as people now began to call the system of radiating wireless signals from a transmitting tower, soon transformed American Marconi. Before long, it acquired two other companies and was operating 64 stations.

Sarnoff felt the effects of the company's expansion. American Marconi, enlarging its training program, assigned him as instructor of operator trainees, and it also appointed him inspector of Marconi equipment installed on passenger ships under the new radio laws.

From that point on Sarnoff began swiftly to rise in his company, which now dominated the U.S. wireless industry. By 1917, he had become American Marconi's commercial manager.

It was an important job with an important company—a company that was proving itself too important, indeed, for its own good. Despite the native-sounding title of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, actual control of the organization was firmly centered in London, the communications center of the world—a fact so irksome to the U.S. Administration at a time of world crisis that when war came the government unhesitatingly took over control of most of American Marconi's facilities for the duration.

Even apart from difficulties caused by the dominant position of the Marconi interests, the American wireless industry had been having its troubles. Westinghouse, General Electric, American Telephone & Telegraph, United Fruit—all these big companies had basic radio patents, but none had enough to make complete transmitting or receiving systems without infringing on the patents of others. The industry was in an uproar of extravagant claims, counterclaims and savage litigation. (In 1912 Lee de Forest himself was put on trial on a charge of fraudulently selling stock for his wireless system "chiefly directed by a strange device like an incandescent lamp, which he called an Audion, and which device was proved to be worthless." The man responsible for one of the most universally applicable inventions since the wheel barely escaped jail, and in addition was given a lecture on the advisability of "getting a common garden variety of job and sticking to it.")

GOVERNMENT CONTROL put the industry on a relatively even keel during World War I, but with the return of peace the wireless business threatened once more to fall into chaos.

One of the men in the U.S. administration most interested in preventing this was Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy. The Navy had a big stake in radio, and it made no secret of the fact that it wanted peacetime government control of coastal and international radio. This, however, Congress would not allow, and some naval officers then plumped for the creation of a private American monopoly of radio communications to and from the U.S. In 1919, when Marconi interests began negotiating with the General Electric Company for exclusive rights to the Alexanderson alternator, then the best long-range radio transmitter in existence, Navy officials became alarmed at this renewed foreign threat to the independence of American communications. With F.D.R.'s consent, Navy emissaries tried to head off the sale and to persuade Owen D. Young, vice-president of GE, that the time had come for the creation of a super-company.

The result was the formation in 1919, under the chairmanship of Young and the majority ownership of GE (within the next two years Westinghouse and A.T. & T. also acquired leading interests in the company), of the Radio Corporation of America, which promptly bought out American Marconi.

Among American Marconi's assets to be transferred to RCA was Sarnoff, who now became RCA's commercial manager. One of his first acts at RCA was to revive a pet radio project of his that he had pressed upon his superiors at American Marconi in 1915.

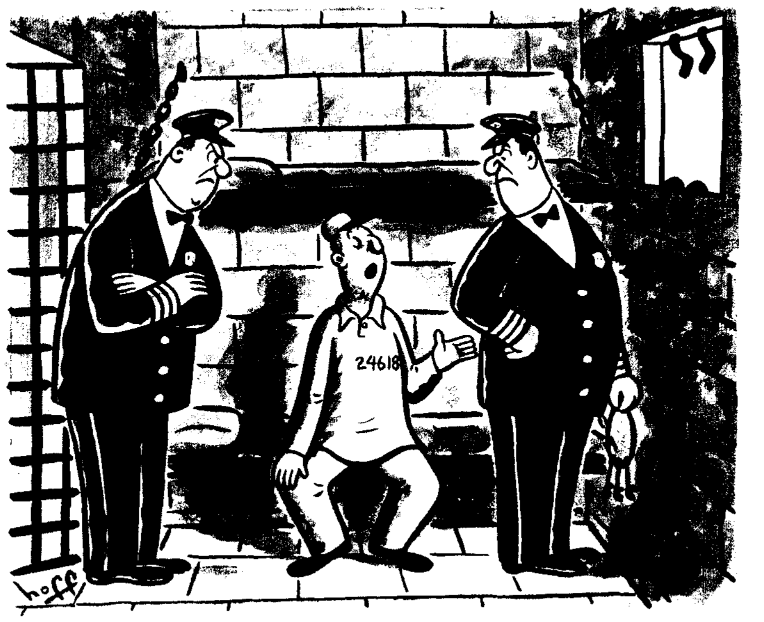
The proposal was for the development and production of what he called a "Radio Music Box."

"I have in mind," he had written, "a plan of development which would make radio a 'household utility' in the same sense as the piano or phonograph. The idea is to bring music into the house by wireless. The problem of transmitting music has already been solved in principle . . . the 'Radio Music Box' can be supplied with amplifying tubes and a loud-speaker telephone, all of which can be placed on a table in the parlor or living room, the switch set accordingly and the transmitted music received."

He had gone on to expound on some of the possible uses of the Radio Music Box: lectures could be received right in the home, events of national importance could be simultaneously announced and received, and even baseball scores could be transmitted from a playing field. The costs of producing and transmitting such programs, he proposed, could easily be borne by a portion of the profits accruing from the sale of Radio Music Boxes.

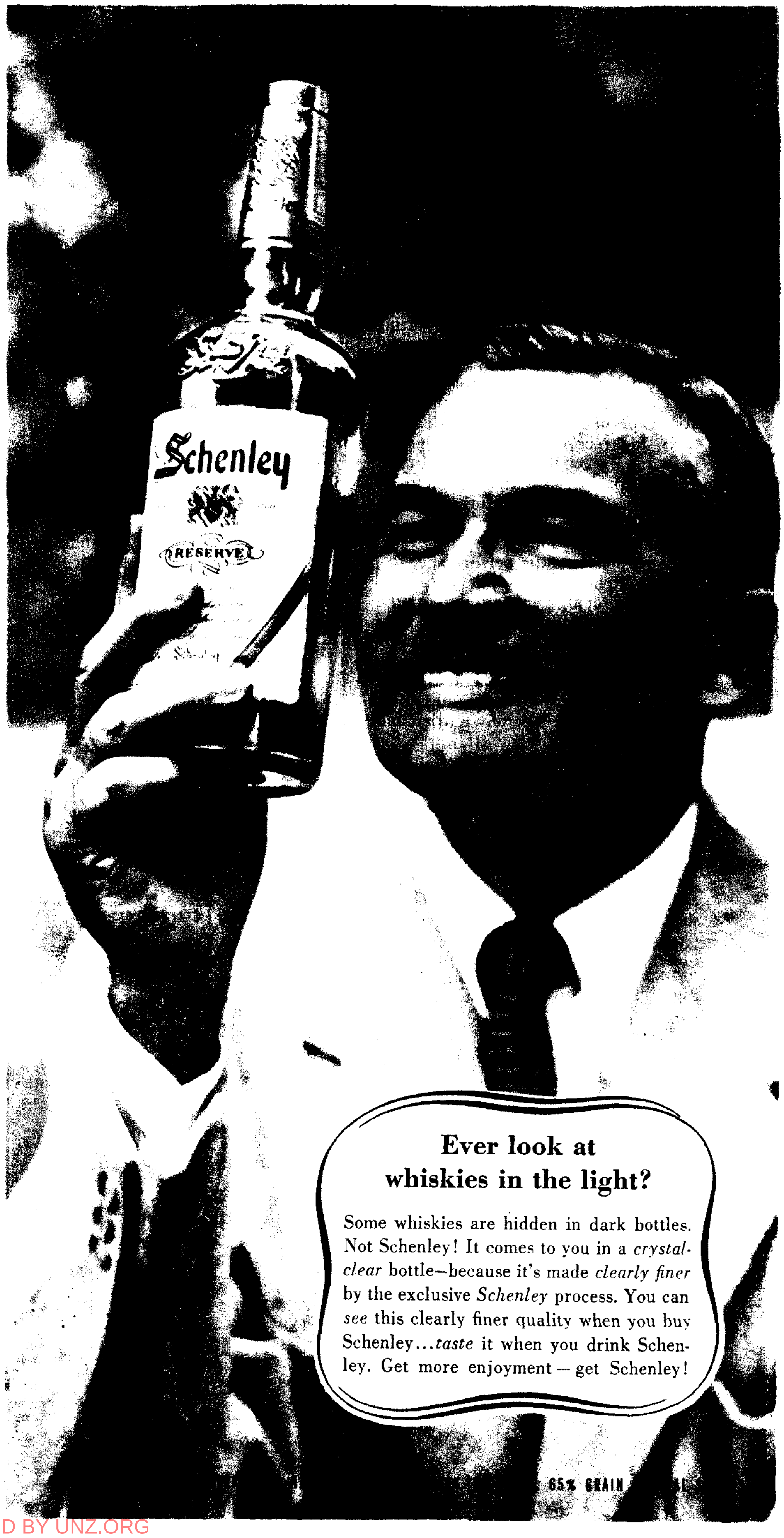
Sarnoff's 1915 memo, which was to become perhaps the best-known single document in the history of radio, had gone formally unanswered by his chiefs at American Marconi; according to Sarnoff "they considered it a harebrained scheme." Now, in 1920, when he resubmitted the idea to RCA, the board of directors allowed him $2,000 to develop a radio broadcasting receiver.

In all justice to the work of other pioneers in radio, it might be pointed out that neither the idea nor the practice of telephoning by radio on the wide-open party line that came to be called broadcasting was as original or as revolutionary in 1920 as Sarnoff's more fervent admirers often have made them appear. As far back as 1906, Reginald A. Fessenden, using a high frequency alternator and a system that utilized a telephone mouthpiece and re-



"I don't know anything about it—
we were not on speaking terms"

COLLIER'S SIDNEY HOFF



Clearly finer in the bottle...

Clearly finer to your taste!

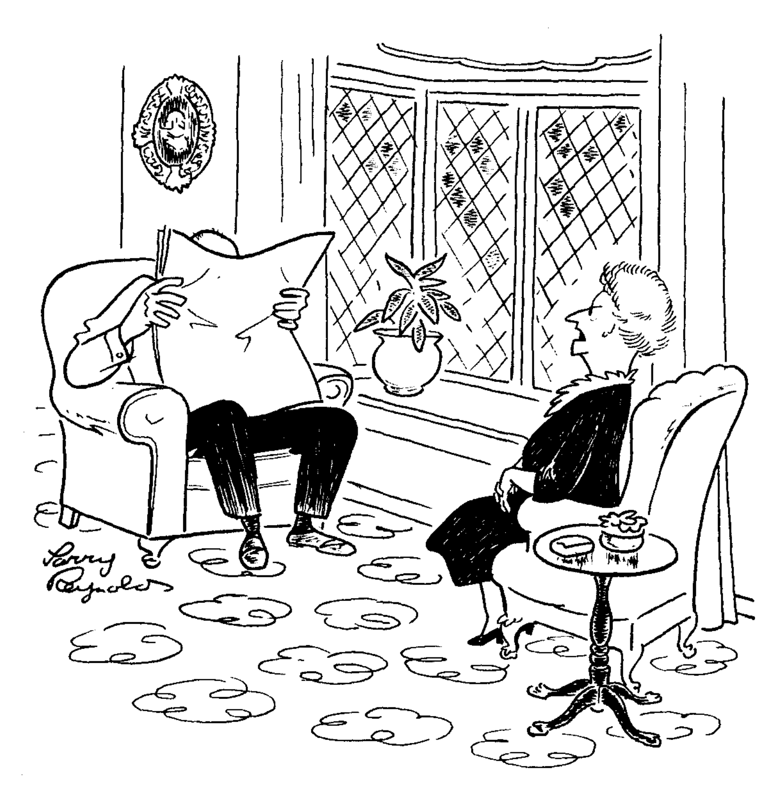
Schenley

Elegance

Ever look at whiskies in the light?

Some whiskies are hidden in dark bottles. Not Schenley! It comes to you in a *crystal-clear* bottle—because it's made *clearly finer* by the exclusive *Schenley* process. You can *see* this clearly finer quality when you buy Schenley...*taste* it when you drink Schenley. Get more enjoyment – get Schenley!

65% GRAIN



"I know you're listening. Your knuckles are white"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

ceiver, had succeeded in transmitting by wireless from Brant Rock, Massachusetts, musical sounds that were picked up by ships' operators far out at sea. In 1907, Lee de Forest had begun experimental radio broadcasting talks and recorded musical programs from his Parker Building laboratory in New York City; by 1910 he actually broadcast the voice of Enrico Caruso directly from the stage of the New York Metropolitan Opera House during a regular operatic performance.

That De Forest and others both foretold and prepared the ground for the broadcasting industry five years before Sarnoff wrote his Radio Music Box memo does not in any way depreciate Sarnoff's boldness and imaginativeness in urging at so early a stage mass production of such a generally untried and crude home instrument. It was a big gamble for a young executive, if not for RCA.

A FEW MONTHS AFTER Sarnoff's superiors approved the placement of RCA's first production order with GE for Radio Music Boxes, Dr. Frank Conrad, an engineer with Westinghouse, seriously began broadcasting in the modern sense when he began operation of Station KDKA, in East Pittsburgh. At the same time Westinghouse began selling simple crystal sets with which people in the Pittsburgh area could listen to KDKA's programs. When, in November, 1920, Westinghouse took the sensational step of broadcasting the Harding-Cox Presidential election returns, radio's future as a household utility—and as a going industry—began to look promising indeed.

By that time RCA was selling crystal sets, too; its first battery-and-tube operated sets, called Radiolas, began to be produced by GE in 1921. On July 2, 1921, Sarnoff put RCA's first program on the air when, having borrowed a portable Navy transmitter, he arranged a remote broadcast from the ringside of the Dempsey-Carpentier world-championship fight at Jersey City.

Within a year, radio became a national craze. Stations sprang up everywhere. Every newspaper with a quick eye for circulation carried do-it-yourself supplements for amateur radio-set builders, and listeners the country over were fiddling away at their dials and exclaiming at radio's wonders ("Just like in the next room!").

Philosophical reflections on the probable future social effects of radio were being voiced everywhere. Owen D. Young, displaying, in 1922, the kind of hopes that many of today's communications prophets now hold out for television, told the press that "radio . . . will be the greatest potential educator and spreader of culture ever dreamed of . . . the most democratic, the most easily assimilated, the most universal and cheapest form of publication man has imagined."

Rum runners began using radio; so did the cops; and only a few months after Young's rhapsodies on the future of the new medium, the first radio commercial was born in the form of a talk on WEAF by a real-estate man named Blackwell, who spoke for fifteen minutes on Nathaniel Hawthorne's ideals of the healthy country life, and how similar ideals could be attained by living in the Queensboro Corporation's high-grade apartment dwellings in Jackson Heights, New York City.

Sarnoff had optimistically predicted, first in 1915 and again in 1920, that the sales of Radio Music Boxes could gross $75,000,000 in the first three years of production. As it happened, the radio boom knocked even these audacious estimates awry.

Between 1920 and 1922 alone the American public spent possibly as much as $100,000,000 for radio sets, tubes, headphones and batteries. By 1924, when a huge audience, many of its members listening in on the newfangled superheterodyne sets with the popular gooseneck speakers, heard William Jennings Bryan, speaking from the Democratic National Convention at Madison Square Garden, describe broadcasting as "a gift of Providence," the number of home receivers in the country had reached the staggering figure of 3,000,000.

As rapidly as radio advanced, so did Sarnoff. Predictions and proposals continued to pour out from him. In 1920 and again in 1922 he expressed "a hunch" about the feasibility of using short waves for long-distance communication—a method now considered basic to modern transoceanic radio.

Also in 1922, in answer to those who expressed anxiety that radio would do away with the phonograph, he declared that radio would be its making if the two home instruments could only be combined economically in one cabinet; thus he anticipated the development of the modern radio-phonograph industry.

In 1923, he predicted that "everything which moves or floats will be equipped with a radio instrument; the airplane, the railroad, steamship, motorboat, automobile and other vehicles"—a fantastic enough notion then. And with even greater prescience, he expressed a firm belief, in the same year of 1923, that "television, which is the technical name for seeing as well as hearing by radio, will come to pass in due course."

IN 1926, SARNOFF SAW the realization of another dream—formation of a central broadcasting organization through which RCA could feed programs to a number of interconnected radio stations in much the same way as newspaper wire services syndicated news to their clients. The new RCA organization was, of course, the National Broadcasting Company which, with its Red Network, constituted the first radio chain in the country.

RCA was swelling to formidable size, but to Sarnoff, now a vice-president and its general manager, it still had to contend with a serious obstacle to continued prosperity. Basically a sales agency for GE and Westinghouse, the company had no manufacturing facilities of its own, and as competition in the radio business increased it became clear to Sarnoff that RCA had better get some if it wanted to keep its leadership in the field.

He began a series of shrewd manipulations, without cash, to buy out other companies in return for RCA stock and other considerations. Buying and developing the Photophone, an early device for making talking movies, or "squawkies," as they were called, Sarnoff traded rights to the device so

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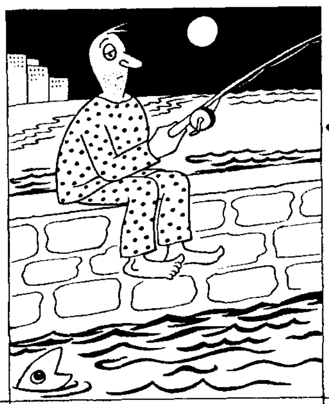
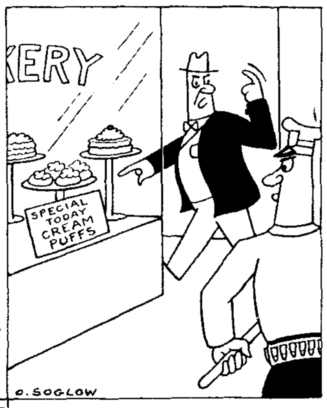
It's the Law!

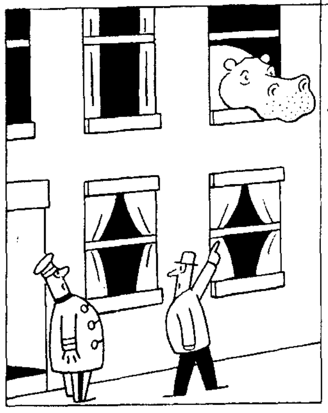
by Dick Hyman



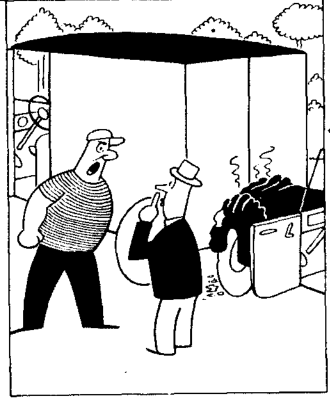
Fishing on the breakwater in pajamas is illegal in Chicago.

Cream puffs have been declared illegal in Marion, Ohio.





A Los Angeles, California, law prohibits a person from having a hippopotamus in his possession.



Oregon state law prohibits the use of profanity upon or near a public highway.

an American feature

Has your state or town some curious law or ordinance? If so, send it care of It's the Law! to Collier's, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York. For each contribution accepted and published, the editors will forward a payment of $5. No contribution can be returned.

New Zippo Slim-Lighters! Left, silver-filled Ribbon design. $11.50, plus Fed. tax. Right, richly beautiful new Star design, 10-kt. gold-filled. $20, plus Fed. tax.

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A slim new gift for the ladies! . . . A terrific new gift for the men!

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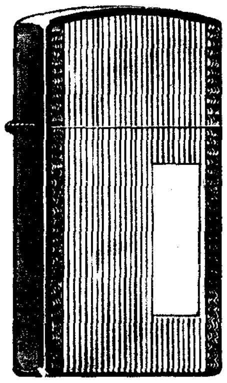
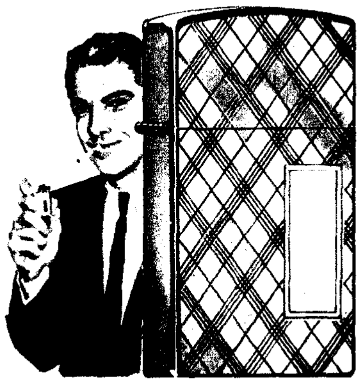
Slim-Lighter is created for those who prefer a slim, lightweight lighter with all the famous Zippo qualities of easy, simple action . . . faithful service . . . and sure, easy lights. It's a new Zippo thoroughbred that carries the famous Zippo guarantee—if anything *ever* goes wrong with your Slim-Lighter—for *any* reason—we fix it free!

You'll find a beautiful Zippo Slim-Lighter for the most important gift occasions . . . for every purse . . . for every taste. *Even those who cherish a Zippo will want a* Slim-Lighter, *too!* Be among the first to own or give one. At jewelry, tobacco, drug and department stores.

For your wife or girl! Exquisite new Feather design SLIM-LIGHTER. Silver-filled. $11.50, plus Fed. tax.



For Dad! Zippo's his favorite! SLIM-LIGHTER will please him mightily! 10-kt. gold-filled. $20, plus Fed. tax



New and gleaming! SLIM-LIGHTER in high-polish chrome, richly decorated. Criss-Cross pattern. $6.

Gift of gifts! SLIM-LIGHTER in graceful Scroll design. 10-kt. gold-filled. A lifetime of lights! $20, plus Fed. tax.

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advantageously that RCA became a leader in the motion-picture industry through majority ownership of Radio-Keith-Orpheum (RKO). And then he pulled off one of the biggest deals of his career: RCA bought out the old Victor Talking Machine Company. It thus not only made itself the biggest record producer in the country but acquired manufacturing and additional distributing facilities that it had been seeking.

Shortly after, the radio boom of the '20s reached its dizzy pinnacle; stocks went wild, some from $2.50 to $549 a share, and in 1929 RCA, the company that had reluctantly allowed Sarnoff $2,000 for an experimental Radio Music Box nine years earlier, grossed $176,500,000. RCA was now the owner of subsidiary corporations enormous in themselves; a force looming over virtually every branch of the communications industry—broadcasting, radio telegraphy and telephony, radiophoto transmission, records and movies. In some sections of the press, there were renewals of old attacks upon the "radio trust." In 1932, three years after the market crash, which hit RCA hard, government antitrust action forced GE and Westinghouse to relinquish their RCA holdings. At practically any other time this divorcement would have been no tragedy at all to Sarnoff, who was now president of RCA and who had been working for years toward making it an independent giant, but at the bottom of the depression the blow was a terrible one. RCA was left with nearly $18,000,000 worth of debts, and it took all of Sarnoff's negotiating skill to keep the company from falling apart. With drastic economies and last-ditch moves like the sale of RKO control, he managed to get RCA back into shape in time to greet a new network radio boom.

SOCIOLOGISTS of the future may take time out to weigh the contributions of network radio to American culture in the thirties. If they do, they will undoubtedly find at one end of the scale Arturo Toscanini, for whose broadcasts Sarnoff had the magnificent NBC Orchestra especially formed, and at the other, perhaps, Frank and Anne Hummert, the innovators and perpetuators of the soap opera. The day of the network sponsor, and the sponsor's wife, had arrived, and NBC, which in the early days had made at least some attempts to create balanced programing, now leased out the airwaves, piecemeal, to whatever soap manufacturers, cigarette tycoons and cat-food kings appeared to bid for them. Except for certain censorial functions which it exercised remorselessly over performers' scripts, it let the manufacturers, the ad men and the high priests of the audience-rating business take over. Broadcasting, conceived as a noble new means of education, became to many of its earlier champions a raucous alley filled with the barks of peddlers hawking their wares. "What have you gentlemen done with my child?" Lee de Forest, the father of radio, cried out in anguish a decade later, as the National Association of Broadcasters assembled in Chicago in 1946 to talk business. The answer to this interesting question came back in the form of a cacophony of commercials pouring forth from the radios of the land.

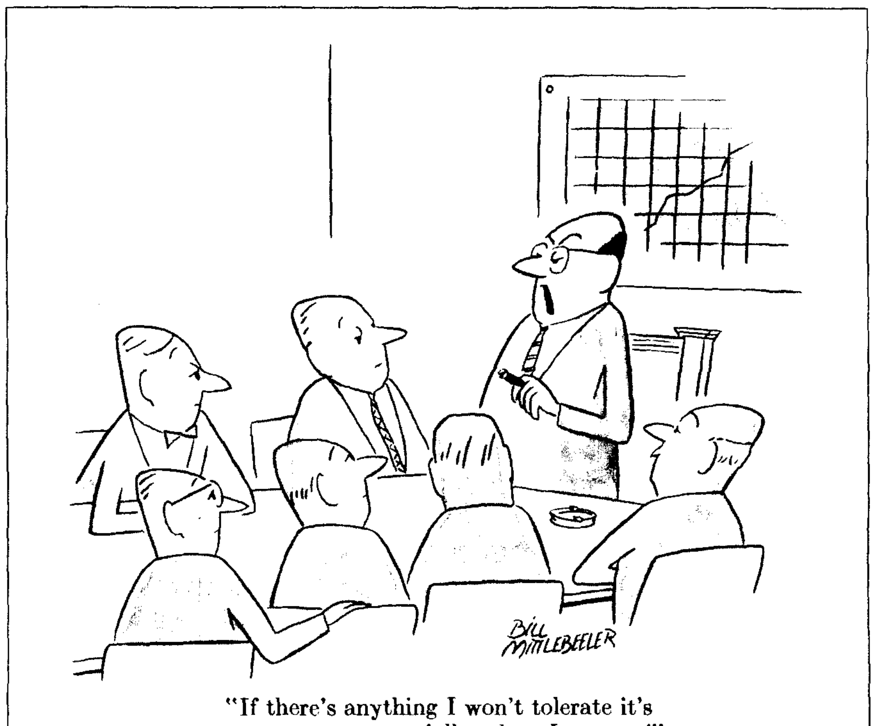
About the same time NBC officials, on Sarnoff's orders, cut the late Fred Allen off the air when it discovered that he intended to make a joke about NBC vice-presidents.

* * *

WHATEVER MAY have been the frailties of RCA in the field of network radio, there is no doubt that in the area of recorded music its contribution has been lustrous.

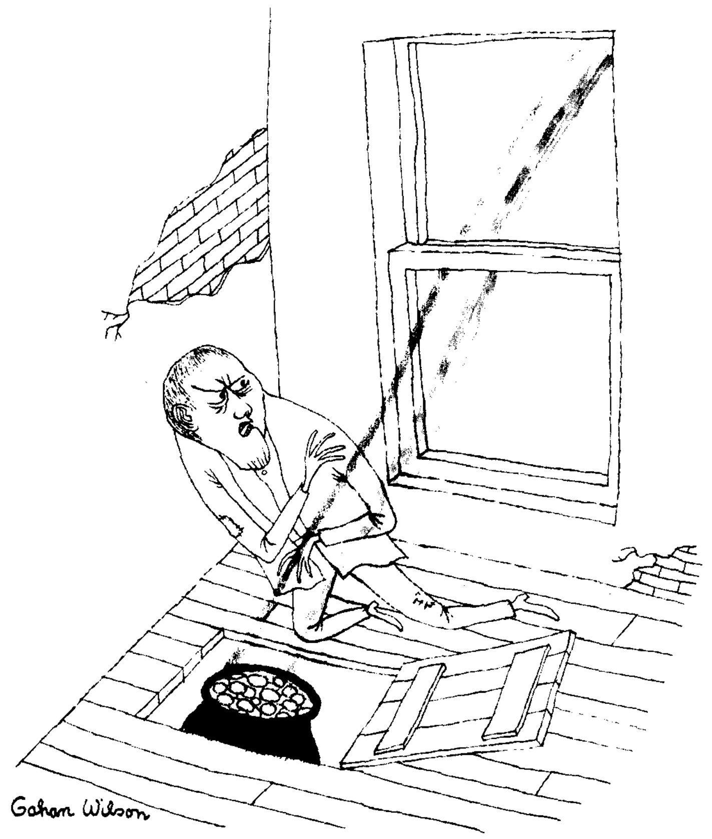
In two and a half decades RCA Victor has sold something like 1,000,000,000 records, and together with its major competitors, Columbia, Decca, Capitol Records and, more recently, with a number of smaller, imaginatively run companies, it has so enhanced appreciation of music that even apart from the purchase of records, which in these days of high-fidelity sound reproduction and long-playing discs totaled in 1955 alone something like $225,000,000, more money is spent every year on attending musical concerts than on attending major-league baseball. In such a fact lies one of the electronic industry's true glories.

Like every other great technical advance in electronics, the development



"If there's anything I won't tolerate it's a yes man, especially when I say no!"

COLLIER'S BILL MITTLEBEELER



"Shoo! Go away! Shoo!"

COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON

of high-fidelity sound reproduction was made possible only by massive programs of research carried on for many years. Research has always been Sarnoff's great specialty, and he never hesitated to pour money into it, even in the pit of the depression and in the face of opposition from within his own company. "When times get bad, research and exploitation become doubly important," he says.

Sarnoff's greatest triumph to date is probably the leadership he has taken in backing basic research and development of television. As far back as 1923, when the great Russian-born engineer Dr. Vladimir Zworykin, then working for Westinghouse, applied for a patent on the iconoscope, the retina of the modern television camera eye, Sarnoff was already speaking publicly of a future in which "every broadcast receiver for home use will be equipped with a television adjunct by which the instrument will make it possible for those at home to see as well as hear what is going on at the broadcast station."

In 1929, when Zworykin came to work for RCA, most experimental television used mechanical image-scanning systems; Sarnoff, however, felt that the best future for television lay in an all-electronic system, and he told Zworykin to go ahead and develop a practical one. "He asked me how much money I needed," Zworykin recalls. "I pulled a figure out of the air—$100,000. He said 'Okay.' Years later, when the general had spent $20,000,000 of RCA's money on television, and we were still experimenting away, he said he was just beginning to realize what a good salesman I was."

But it was Sarnoff who was the best salesman of television; no technical obstacles, no experts' doubts, no grumblings about the vast sums being poured into television research without any visible hope of return, could affect his determination to make television a practical reality. "I have learned to have more faith in the scientist than he has himself," Sarnoff has said.

His faith seemed on the verge of justification when, on April 30, 1939, during the opening ceremonies of the New York World's Fair, he stood before a television camera and, in the first U.S. television broadcast, uttered the words, "Now we add sight to sound."

But with the war, RCA found itself developing and producing, instead of home television receivers, military devices such as radar, shoran, loran, the infrared telescopic gunsight known as the "sniperscope" and the proximity fuse. Sarnoff himself went into service as a colonel, acting as consultant on the organization of Allied communications in the European Theater, and came out a brigadier general.

WHEN THE WAR was over RCA got down again to the peacetime problems of television, and soon led the field in the great boom of black-and-white television. The introduction of commercial color television, too, was to be a development in which Sarnoff and RCA landed on top.

Sarnoff's fight for the kind of color system he wanted was a tough one. In 1950, it looked as though RCA had suffered a major defeat when the Federal Communications Commission, after long hearings and demonstrations of rival color television systems devised by RCA and the Columbia Broadcasting System, gave approval to the CBS system, a partly mechanical affair involving the use of whirling filters. Sarnoff had been placing all his bets on an RCA system that he considered had the double virtues of being all-electronic, and, unlike the CBS system, "compatible," that is, so designed that its color programs could be received in black and white on noncolor sets without special attachments. The principal drawback to the RCA system was, however, that the colors it rendered on the screen were of inferior quality.

The news of the FCC color decision

WINCHESTER TRADEMARK MODEL 94

JACK KRIENDLER MISSION SADDLE

PRICE $74.85

the most popular hunting rifle ever built — bar none!

We believe that no repeating rifle system ever made will appeal to the eye and understanding of the rifleman as this will, and that use will continue to warrant first impressions.

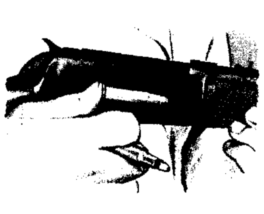
—FROM THE NOVEMBER, 1894 WINCHESTER FIREARMS CATALOG

Over 2,000,000 Model 94's have gone to the remotest corners of the earth and earned the respect and admiration of men of action everywhere. A deer and bear hunter's favorite, the Model 94 has the rugged reliability that stands up wherever big game is taken.

Get your Model 94 with easy time payments! Only $7.85 down, and up to 12 months to pay, puts America's favorite deer rifle in your hands!

Prices subject to change without notice

WINCHESTER FIREARMS TIME PAYMENT PLAN



1. FAST EASY LOADING

No fumbling when you reload the 94! Just shove fresh cartridges through the gate and you're all set for fast action. Tubular magazine holds six cartridges. With one in the chamber, the Model 94 is a seven shot repeater.

2. DEER HUNTER'S FAVORITE

More deer have fallen to the 94 in the past 60 years than to any other rifle. In 30-30 caliber, it is the deer hunter's choice, while the 32 Winchester Special is the favorite of many who hunt deer and bear.

3. PERFECT SADDLE OR TIMBER RIFLE

Noted for light weight, dependability and ease of handling, this rugged, fast-operating rifle is popular throughout the West as a saddle gun and in the East as an ideal timber rifle. Guides prefer it because it is light to carry and handle in thick brush.

WINCHESTER-WESTERN DIVISION—OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION—NEW HAVEN 4, CONNECTICUT

must have been a bitter blow to Sarnoff, but he barely showed it. "We've lost a battle but we'll win the war," he told the press, and he called on RCA scientists from the David Sarnoff Research Center of Princeton, New Jersey, to gird themselves for the big fight. Thereafter, he drove his researchers relentlessly. They worked 18 hours a day, seven days a week on experiments and improvements of their color system; finally in December, 1953, they put on a public demonstration of the RCA system that won the FCC toward accepting industry-wide standards of color television based largely—but not wholly—upon principles advocated all along by RCA.

"Oh, he shot it all right. What he doesn't mention is that it was hanging right where it is now when he shot it"

COLLIER'S STAN HUNT

By the end of this year, when RCA expects to have installed 200,000 of its new 21-inch, $495, compatible color sets in American homes, the company will have spent something like $70,000,000 on color television research, in addition to the $50,000,000 it has already put into black-and-white television research. There does not seem much doubt that for RCA, which expects the industry to be producing 12,500,000 color sets by 1961, the expenditure is going to be the best investment the corporation ever made.

With the postwar electronic age, RCA has of course increased its power and range enormously—so enormously indeed, as to arouse in certain government agencies a curiosity about the company's operations that has not been displayed since the shotgun divorce of GE and Westinghouse from the company in 1932. RCA already is under suit by the Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice. The government charges that RCA, for purposes of achieving and maintaining a monopoly of the radio-television patent-licensing business, has amassed ownership of, or licensing rights to approximately 10,000 patents in the radio-television field, that it has harassed and oppressed actual and potential radio-television manufacturers with litigation suits which put the latter in the almost impossibly difficult situation of defending themselves against the claims embodied in 10,000 patents, and that RCA also has been engaging in block-booking practices in carrying out its licensing policies.

RCA denies everything, and says that, far from being monopolistically minded, it has even turned over production information on color television to other manufacturers. The suit has not yet been brought to trial, but already there are signs of other troubles ahead for RCA. Both Congress and the administration have been looking into charges of monopolistic practices in the network industry. Sarnoff himself is particularly incensed at cries of "monopoly." "We've got more competitors than a dog has fleas," he says contemptuously. Nevertheless, the feeling persists in the radio-television business that RCA, as a dominant force in the industry, is in for a period of troublesome relations with the federal government.

* * *

ONE FORMER RCA executive has said of Sarnoff that he is "an absolute prince with a quite realistic sense of the limitations of his power." The description is not inapt. In manipulating the controls at RCA, Sarnoff is as cautious as he is bold. However radical RCA's technological advances may be, it remains essentially a very conservative organization. Sarnoff knows, and too well, that in an age when the electronic means of mass communication have become among the most powerful influences in our society, a company as big as RCA must watch its activities with a fairly prudent eye.

The general is as careful as a cardinal where matters of public controversy are concerned. He is constantly on the alert to steer his organization clear of political trouble, particularly in election years. Since Sarnoff takes pains to be in the good standing of all kinds of religious and ethnic groups, and has perhaps as good relations with Democratic as with Republican forces,

RCA VICTOR—FIRST CHOICE IN TELEVISION

(A) 36 sq. in.* ***"Personal."*** VHF only. $125. (B) 108 sq. in.* **Wayfarer.** $149.95. **Sportster.** $129.95. (C) 140 sq. in.* **Thrifton.** $159.95. (D) 261 sq. in.* **Adair.** $189.95. (E) 261 sq. in.* **Dixon.**

Now at your RCA Victor dealer's—smallest, smartest TV ever built—new family-size portables—new swivel sets—new rollarounds—new multi-speaker models!

Your kind of TV is waiting for you right now at your RCA Victor dealer's!

New sizes—shapes—styles! TV smaller than some portable radios! New portables, table models, consoles, lowboys. Subdued woods to exotic two-tones. Five screen sizes. And *all* models with the quality that keeps RCA Victor out front as America's "First Choice in TV."

New convenience! Choose from TV you carry, roll or swivel. And this year, every RCA Victor TV set brings you . . .

New "High-Sharp-and-Easy" tuning. Flick the dial and the picture's tuned in *right!*

New "Living Image" picture—marvelously crisp, clear, detailed—in all RCA Victor models from $129.95.

New 3-speaker Panoramic Sound—developed by the world's finest sound engineers! Adds amazing realism to everything from singer to symphony! In many Deluxe TV models. Famous Balanced Fidelity Sound in most other sets.

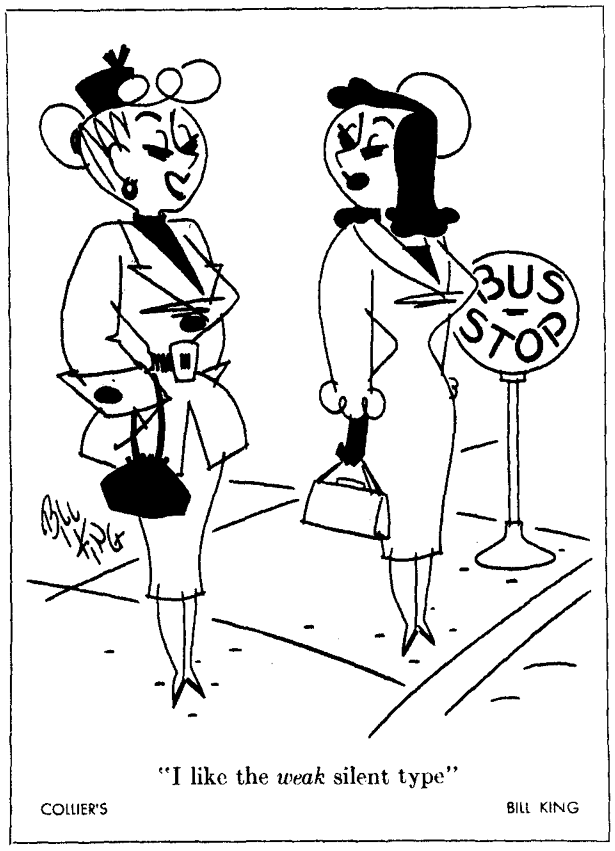
Better reserve the TV of your choice at your RCA Victor dealer's this week! Easy payment plan arranged.

At your service. RCA Victor Factory Service Contract is available in most areas but only to RCA Victor owners. NEW! Maintenance contract on "*Personal*" or portable TV only $14.95.

RCA VICTOR SALUTES NATIONAL TELEVISION WEEK SEPT. 23-29
Celebrating the finest home entertainment in sight

RCA VICTOR
Tmks.® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA "HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

EVERY YEAR MORE PEOPLE BUY RCA VICTOR THAN ANY OTHER TELEVISION



"I like the *weak* silent type"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

he generally succeeds in keeping RCA from making enemies. When he does have particularly delicate problems to solve in the realm of public policy, Sarnoff can always turn, as he sometimes does, to a number of influential personal friends who are always glad to give him the benefit of their thoughts—people like Bernard Baruch, Herbert Bayard Swope and Francis Cardinal Spellman, who, together with certain other prominent folk, are informally referred to at RCA as "Sarnoff's kitchen cabinet." The usual upshot of such discussions is generally anticipated all the way down the chain of RCA command in the watchword "play it safe."

While William S. Paley, Sarnoff's opposite number at CBS, steadily has backed such controversial television programs as Edward R. Murrow's See It Now, often against the violent opposition of various pressure groups, Sarnoff never allows himself to be involved in such affrays. But if he stays aloof from controversy, he also avoids the temptation to impose his private tastes, which incline toward classical music and educational talks, on the kind of programs his network puts out. He follows the programs and the audience ratings, and raises a good deal of dust when NBC falls behind in the wars of the ratings, but for the most part, his attention is focused on the physical means of communication themselves and the revenue they produce rather than on the contents of the programs carried by those means. "The end product is to deliver the message to the human mind," he says.

Is Sarnoff satisfied with the content of those messages? With the quality of the programs? "What do people say about the quality of books, movies, magazines?" the general demands, by way of reply. "What magazine tries to serve all the people, as a television network does? A lot of people would rather listen to swing than to Toscanini. Those are the facts of life. Of course we have a certain responsibility for creating programs, but basically we're the delivery boys."

As head of the delivery boys, Sarnoff, as time goes on and the power of his organization continues to grow, tends to become more and more of an institutional figure not only in the communications industry but on the national scene. Ever since 1929, when he sailed for Paris with Owen D. Young to assist him in getting adopted the Young Plan for the settlement of German reparations, he has been involved in official commissions of one kind or another, which have ranged in recent years from chairmanship of the Citizens' Advisory Commission on Manpower Utilization in the Armed Services to the preparation of a program for a political offensive against world Communism which he submitted to President Eisenhower last year. As for his role in civic, cultural, scientific, educational and interfaith affairs, he is a director, honorary or otherwise, of dozens of groups concerned with such matters; he is an indefatigable speaker at important banquets of all kinds, and a perennial recipient of honorary degrees and other significant awards. Sarnoff collects honor plaques, testimonial scrolls and similar trophies as African game hunters collect antelope heads, but with only a fraction of the effort. He has a large and highly efficient publicity apparatus at RCA, and retains the services of Carl Byoir & Associates, Inc., a public-relations firm devoted to what has been sometimes euphemistically termed "the engineering of consent." Sarnoff's public-relations people vehemently deny any connection between their particular branch of engineering and the general's ever-expanding collection of academic scrollwork. "It's the universities that need the publicity more than he does," one of them defensively says. "Hell, we have to stand with a baseball bat to ward off outfits that want to give him the citations."

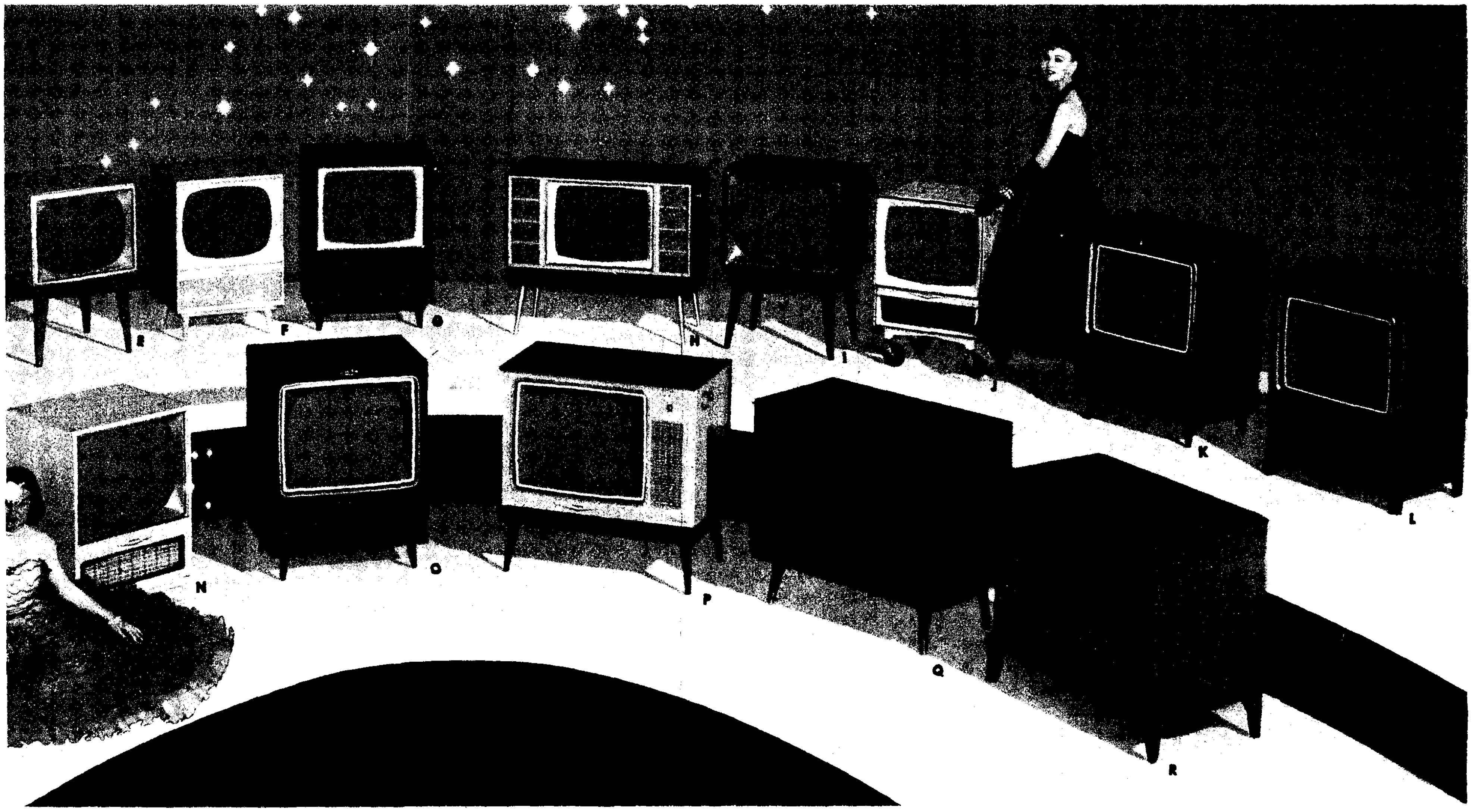
AT RCA, where executives habitually convene to do him yet more honor—there seem to be bronze plaques bearing bas-reliefs of his image on each executive floor of the company's offices in Rockefeller Center—Sarnoff is a remote and an almost legendary figure to most of his employees. Occasionally it has seemed to RCA people who have never laid eyes on Sarnoff in person, but who have had the image of him impressed into their consciousness year in and year out by RCA's ministry of information, that there might well exist no such real person at all, that the picture of Sarnoff, as presented to them, may be just some convenient synthetic corporate portrait, like the Betty Crocker picture on the cake mix.

But however remote or even unreal a figure he may seem to most of his employees, there is nothing of the figurehead about Sarnoff where work is

ANNOUNCES NEW *TV ORIGINALS* FROM $125

$219.95. **(F)** 261 sq. in.* **Eaton.** $249.95. **(G)** 261 sq. in.* **Enfield.** $299.95. **(H)** 261 sq. in.* **Raeburn.** $339.95. **(I)** 329 sq. in.* **Allen.** $259.95. **Deluxe models: (J)** 261 sq. in.* **Ardmore.** $269.95. **(K)** 261 sq. in.* **Whitman.** $349.95. **(L)** 261 sq. in.* **Somerton.** $369.50. **(M)** 261 sq. in.* **Ranstead.** $369.50. **(N)** 329 sq. in.* **Glenolden.** $299.95. **(O)** 329 sq. in.* **Ellsworth.** $369.50. **(P)** 329 sq. in.* **Endicott.** $395.00. **(Q)** 329 sq. in.* **Brantley.** $475. **(R)** 329 sq. in.* **Farrington.** $500. Stands optional, extra.

*Square inches of viewable picture:	36	108	140	261	329
Picture tube, overall diagonal:	8"	14"	17" (approx.)	21"	24"



concerned. No employee of RCA is driven harder than the general drives himself. He indulges in no hobbies, no golf, no games. His appetite for his work is insatiable. Even after a full day of making important decisions, and returning after midnight to his six-floor 24-room house in the East Seventies in Manhattan where he lives with his wife, the former Lizette Hermant, he will sometimes say, "Well, I guess I'll go upstairs to the office now and get some work done," and it is nothing unusual for him to stay there half the night.

THE PANELED fourth-floor office, which is one of his favorite rooms, is jammed with cases of ribbons and medals ("the hardware you collect in the course of a lifetime," Sarnoff explains casually), citations, plaques, trophies, inscribed portraits from Eisenhower, Truman and Churchill, row upon row of handsomely gold-tooled leather volumes containing Sarnoff's personal press clippings and copies of speeches he has made, and a shelf containing 41 volumes of a giant, and as yet unfinished history of his life and times on which Sarnoff keeps an official biographer at work.

The library is of course well equipped with radio and television, as are most of the other rooms in his house. (His equipment includes an experimental model of a portable radio operated by solar energy.) Wherever he may be, Sarnoff likes to keep in touch not only with the top executives but with the end product itself of his mass communications empire. Thus, the private barbershop that Sarnoff maintains on the top floor of his home has a radio and telephone right by the barber chair; so has a second barbershop, attached to his Radio City office, which he can enter merely by opening a concealed door in the oak paneling of his office and stepping through the gap in the imposing woodwork. His air-conditioned, chauffeur-driven Cadillac is equipped with a radio-telephone set through which he can keep in contact with his principal aides or with any point in the world.

SARNOFF HAS a television set in his office, of course, and when he has lunch in the private dining room a floor below, which he reaches by private stairway, he can also keep a patriarchal eye on NBC's television output—even program rehearsals piped in from NBC television studios—merely by pulling out from beneath a leaf of his dining table a drawer containing knobs, switches and a telephonelike dial, and pressing a button.

The first discernible result of this is a faint whirring sound. Next, on a wall opposite Sarnoff's customary place, a large oil painting dimly but sentimentally representing a number of gowned strollers and some shaggy cattle by a waterfall glides down behind its big, ornamental gilt frame and out of sight, exposing in its stead a giant-size television screen. Sarnoff then dials a number of his choice, and the appropriate program magically appears on the screen. It is a very impressive device, which Sarnoff occasionally allows favored visitors to operate. One man tried it recently, and dialing a number at random he brought in on the screen an old film of Lassie.

Considering his exalted position, Sarnoff is by no means as wealthy as one might expect. While he is as comfortably off as any man can be with his salary of two hundred thousand dollars a year, he is not the millionaire he could have become, many times over, during his long career.

For all the poverty of his youth, the mere acquisition of money has never been for him an obsessive goal. During the twenties, when his inside knowledge of the industry could have made it easy for him to make a killing in the radio pools during the stock-market boom, he had the reputation of staying clear of such manipulations and, during the same years, when he was annually earning a mere $25,000 or so in radio, he even turned down an outside job offer that would have guaranteed him a million dollars a year for five years.

SARNOFF ALWAYS HAS had a well-developed sense of destiny, and now, passing the upper reaches of middle age, he is clearly concerned with making his dent in history. The question of what kind of dent it is going to be is a difficult one to answer. Sarnoff is not an inventor. The day of the individual radio inventor, working alone or with only a few

"We'd get better results, Miss Turner, if you'd stop cheering for a home run"

COLLIER'S CHARLES STRAUSS

STARTING THIS FALL

COLOR EVERY NIGHT! SEE IT ON NEW RCA

See both Color and black-and-white programs on the same set—yours at a price once paid for black-and-white TV alone!

Yours for as little as $495—Big Color TV by RCA Victor! Here is cabinetry that rivals fine furniture—performance and dependability that measure up to RCA Victor's highest standards.

Spectacular "Living Color" picture—in the most natural tones you've ever seen! 21-inch screen (overall diameter)—*big!*

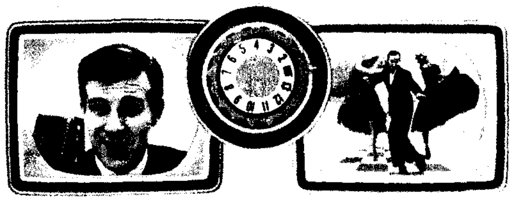
Spectacular Sound: In four models, famous Balanced Fidelity Sound. And in six Deluxe Big Color sets . . . realistic, 3-speaker Panoramic Sound!

Spectacular "Color-Quick" tuning in VHF and UHF too. Just two Color knobs to adjust. So easy, a child can do it!

SYMBOL OF RCA VICTOR COMPATIBLE COLOR TV

Spectacular increase in Color shows. NBC-TV alone is scheduling spectacular *Color every night starting this fall!*

Phone or visit your RCA Victor dealer. Ask about an exciting free home trial—and convenient payment plans!



Like having 2 sets in 1

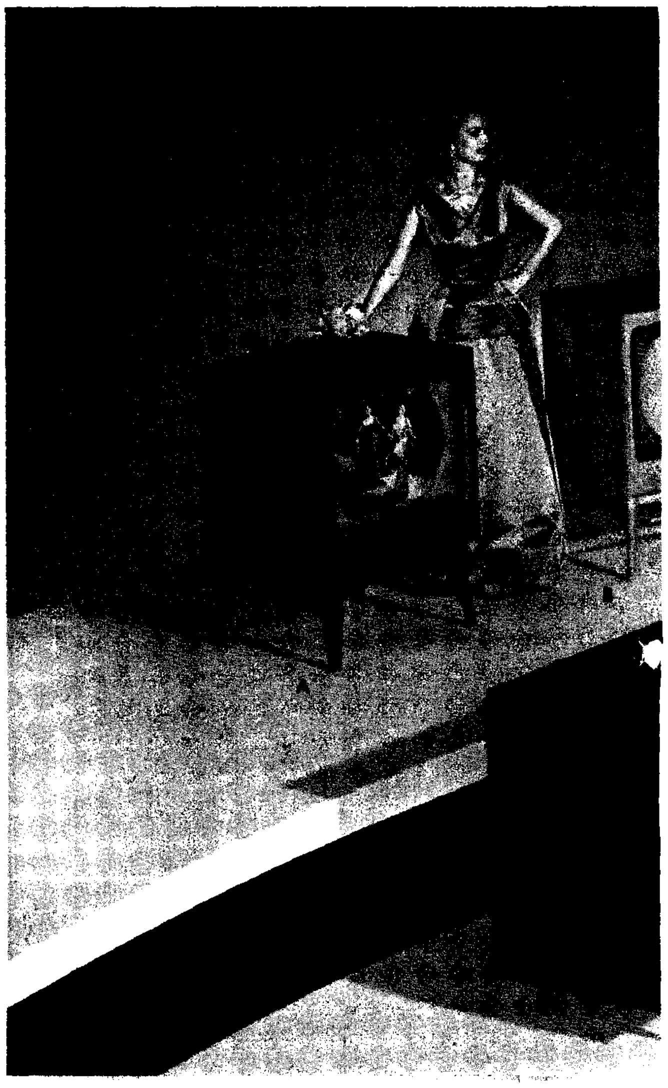
Every RCA Victor Big Color television set brings you both black-and-white and Color programs—because it's compatible!

Manufacturer's nationally advertised VHF list prices shown. UHF opt., ex. (not available on *"Personal"* TV). Most models slightly higher for West and South. Specifications and prices subject to change. Most models available in Canada. RCA "Magic Brain" remote TV control for most black-and-white models, extra.

RCA VICTOR

Tmks.® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA "HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

RCA PIONEERED AND DEVELOPED COMPATIBLE COLOR TELEVISION



assistants, has just about passed; most of these old-fashioned figures have been all but engulfed in the onrushing tide of corporate power. Lee de Forest, whose vacuum tube formed the basic tool of the electronic age, still works vigorously away at new inventions, but in relative obscurity; his greatest patents were long ago swallowed up by the great corporations including RCA. And Major Edwin H. Armstrong, the modest and stubborn genius who made possible the superheterodyne circuit and FM, two of the most important advances in the history of radio, and who spent years in bitter litigation with RCA, leaped out of a window of his apartment to his death in 1954. Now, in the days of massive research programs conducted by vast, highly integrated teams of scientists and engineers who are all corporate employees, the achievements of such individuals may linger in the memory of their friends, but they do not figure much in the tons of literature issued by RCA.

Although Sarnoff may not be an inventor in the generally accepted meaning of the term, he is certainly a most successful innovator with an ability to envision and specify the need for particular inventions—a process which, as the great electrical engineer Michael Pupin once said, constitutes 50 per cent of invention itself. He possesses in addition the executive skill and corporate experience—qualities that most individual inventors have lacked—to drive and if necessary to flog his ideas right through the stages of research and development until what may have originated as an idea in his mind winds up as an actual consumer product used in tens of millions of homes.

Under Sarnoff's leadership, RCA has been expanding its consumer-product business at a breath-taking rate in recent years; and last year 80 per cent of its total sales stemmed from items, mostly connected with television, that did not exist or were not commercially developed 10 years ago. Frank M. Folsom, Sarnoff's right-hand man, who, as president of RCA, has been responsible for a good deal of the company's successful merchandising policies, recently estimated that the entire electronics industry, which in 1955 had attained a volume of almost $11,000,000,000, would expand 66 per cent in the next eight years to achieve the astonishing annual volume of $18,000,000,000. There is no doubt that RCA expects to have at least a tenth of that business.

PEERING INTO THE FUTURE, Sarnoff sees virtually limitless possibilities for the electronics industry. "The time lag between basic scientific discoveries and their practical application is far less than it ever has been in history," he says. "We have probably achieved more in scientific applications during the last 30 years than mankind did during the last thousand years—nuclear theory and the actual practical applications of atomic energy are a good example of that. Electronics is such a new force, too. Just as the electrical age followed the age of steam, so the electronic age is following the age of electricity. And just as everything once was 'electrified,' so everything is going to be 'electronized.' "

Already, Sarnoff, whose company during the past ten years has pioneered in developing such wonders aside from television itself, as the electron microscope, certain huge electronic computers used by the Army and Navy, and the transistors that are beginning to replace radio vacuum tubes, has a number of dazzling ideas and plans for electronic products of the future. The objectives include:

An electronic air conditioner—a noiseless instrument without moving parts which would be built into the walls of a room and which, using the principle of heat radiation, would actually enable any person standing in the room to feel cooler than the air and objects around him.

A professional magnetic tape recorder for black-and-white and color television programs—and eventually, a television image recorder for home use that viewers could use for playing back programs on their own screens.

An opaque-coated screen that, using the principles of an effect known as electro-luminescence, may free electric light from the confines of the vacuum bulb and may make possible the illumination of rooms by what Sarnoff calls "electronic light" radiating directly from ceiling or wall surfaces. (Using the principles of electro-luminescence, in conjunction with those of another effect, photoconductivity, RCA research people have already succeeded in amplifying light by electronic means; they hope that further research in this field may lead them in time to the development of such devices as a paper-thin television screen that will hang on a living-room wall like a picture.)

And these are only a few of the developments that Sarnoff sees in the offing. He envisions live transatlantic television broadcasts as a reality within five years; within 25 years, he thinks, it is not outside the realm of possibility that a box no bigger than a suitcase and containing 'atomic garbage'—the waste products of commercial atomic-energy plants—may, when safely buried in an average householder's cellar, provide enough power to run all his household equipment, including heat for his home, over a period of 20 years.

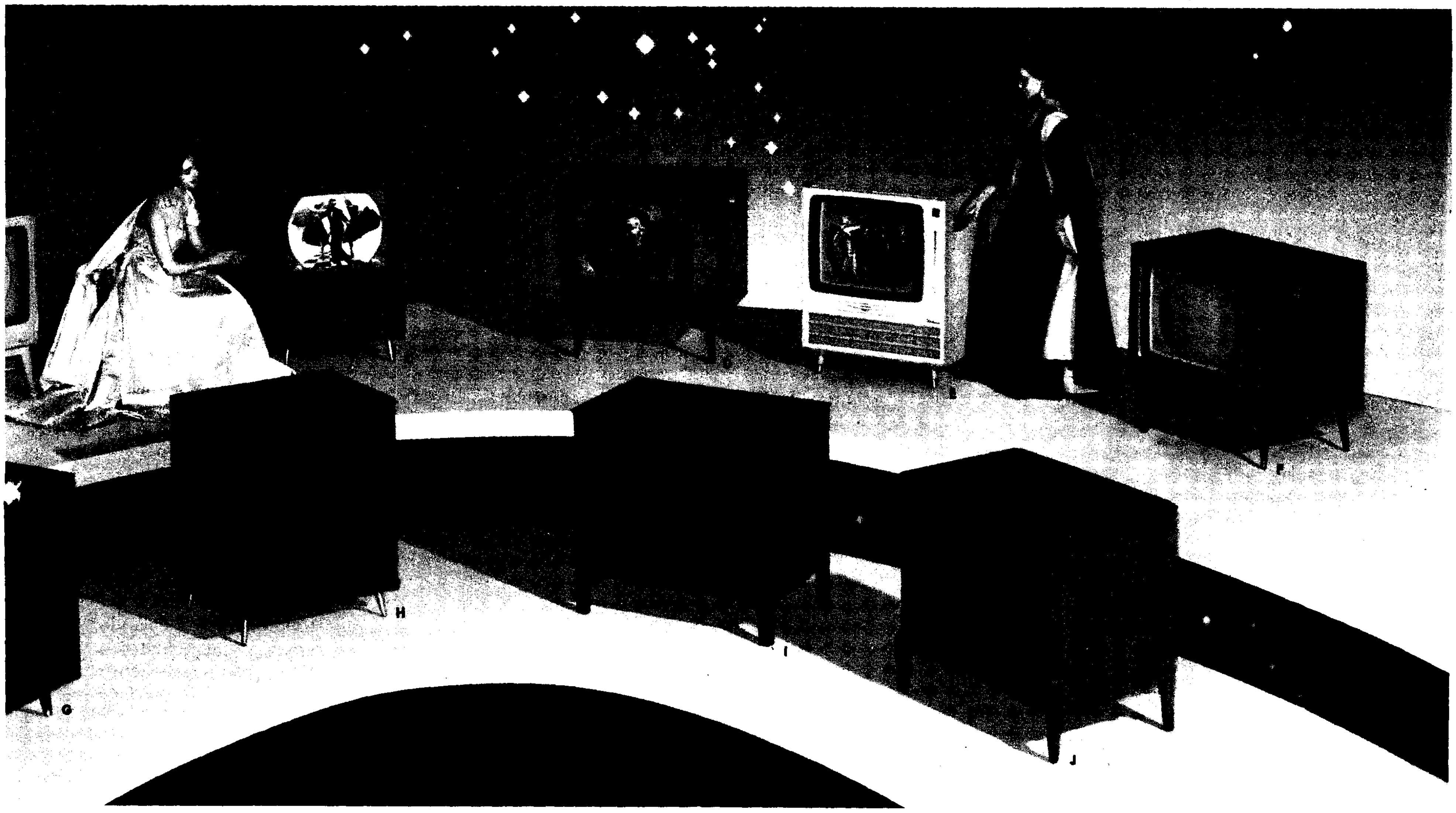
"I believe that anything the human mind can conceive—within reasonable limits, of course—man's ingenuity can supply," Sarnoff says. "Who dares predict the future? In the past we've found many of our sources of energy and wealth—coal, oil, iron and so on—in the earth's crust, and most of our sustenance in the form of food from the soil itself. Between the soil and the heavens lies space, which man always thought of as consisting essentially of air and nothing. Now we're beginning to consider the possibilities of using space as a source of wealth. We know that in space itself exists static electricity. Why should it be static? It's not static: it's dynamic. We only call it static because we don't know how to convert it yet into useful energy. Why shouldn't we make space useful? Through space come atomic particles from the sun, the greatest atomic generator in our corner of the universe. Why can't we use these particles from space and turn them into what the Bible speaks of as manna from heaven? Just think of the marvelous possibilities that lie before us!"

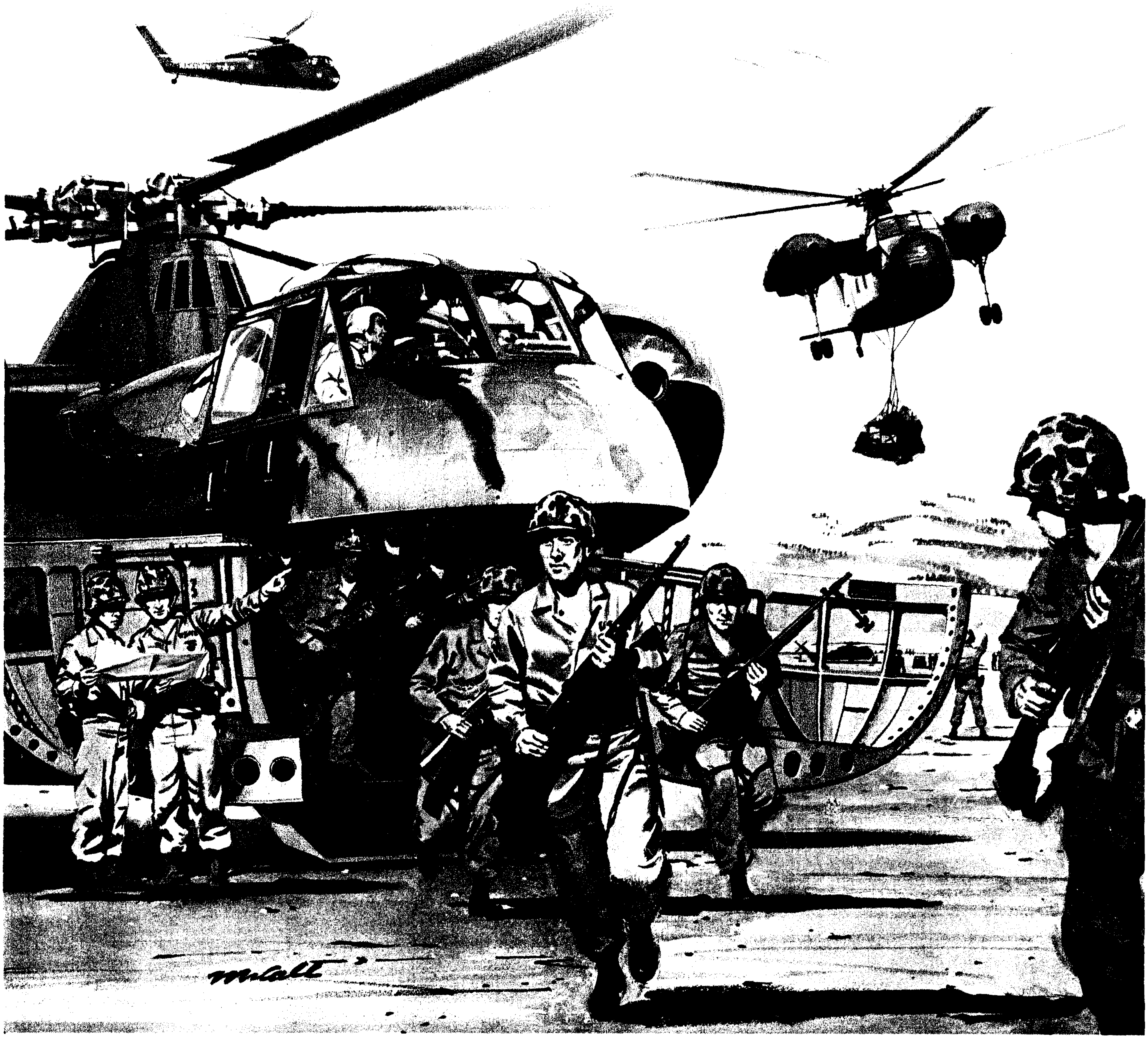
At sixty-five, Sarnoff clearly enough has work ahead of him. "I'm not one to weep that there are no more worlds to conquer," he says.

THE END

VICTOR BIG COLOR TV—AS LOW AS $495

(A) Aldrich. $495. Stand, opt., extra. **(B) Stanwyck.** $550. **(C) Westcott.** $595. **(D) Dartmouth.** $650. **Deluxe models: (E) Whitby.** $695. **(F) Asbury.** $750. **(G) Strathmore.** $795. **(H) Chandler.** $795. **(I) Arliss.** $850. **(J) Wingate.** $850. **Each Big Color set has 21-inch tube (overall diameter), 254 sq. in. viewable picture.** Special 90-day Big Color RCA Victor Factory Service Contract available in most areas, only $39.95.





GIANT ASSAULT HELICOPTERS are designed to fly Marines for surprise attacks inland, eliminate need for beachhead landings. Sikorsky HR2S helicopter carries a military payload of three tons or 26 combat-equipped Marines, and has two 2100-horsepower Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Double Wasp engines.

How Can America Continue to Have

Marine Corps Aircraft Second to None

The hope of the free world lies in preventing another major war. One of the strongest deterrents to enemy aggression—and a tremendous force for peace—is preparedness in the air. But such preparedness requires years of work and planning, because modern aircraft are exceedingly complex.

Today the Marine Corps, Navy, Air Force and Army are equipped with aircraft second to none. But this leadership—so hard to gain—can easily be lost. It can only be maintained by long-range, continuing programs of aviation research, development and production. In this way alone can the United States *continue to have* aircraft second to none.

Some idea of the extent of the effort required is afforded by Marine Corps aircraft, a few of which are shown on these pages. Their assignments are so varied, and in combat must be carried out under such difficult conditions, that these aircraft have posed problems of design, engineering and production requiring years to solve. Even more will be demanded of tomorrow's aircraft. For if America is to remain free, United States air power must continue to be superior to that of any potential aggressor.

How Yesterday's Research and Development is Paying Off Today

Marine Corps pilots today fly some of the world's best aircraft, including new jet fighters and big helicopters. A variety of aircraft is needed for the important aviation missions of the Marines. This includes helicopters for assault, transports for mobility, jet fighters to control the air, and attack aircraft to support Marines in ground combat day or night—in any weather.

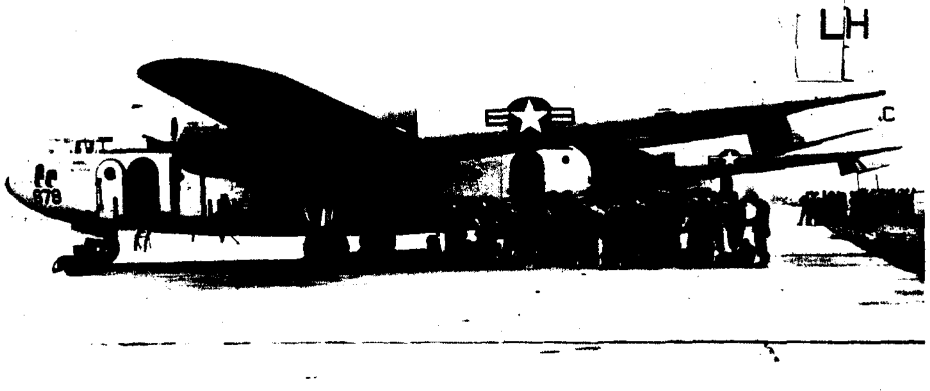
A modern Marine Corps tactic is "Vertical Assault." In this, a powerful striking force—even a division—is lifted by helicopters right over a defended beach or battle line. For this purpose, today's transport helicopters such as the Sikorsky HRS, or the new Sikorsky HUS which can carry thirteen fully armed men, are needed in large numbers. These aircraft show the enormous strides made in helicopters since 1947 when the first helicopter joined the Marine Corps. They also show how research and development of the past years is paying off today. But good as they are today, the Marine aircraft of tomorrow must be better still.

How Today's Research and Development Can Pay Off Tomorrow

Tomorrow's Marine Corps jet fighters, helicopters and transports are today on engineers' drawing boards, in wind tunnels and at flight test stations. Some of these aircraft will fly at twice the speed of sound. Some will have such advanced capabilities that no Marine Corps target can be denied them. Others will fly or hover with huge loads wherever needed.

An example of the advanced aircraft soon to play a major part in Marine Corps operations is the Sikorsky HR2S helicopter—as big as a *twin-engine* airliner. With two big Pratt & Whitney Double Wasp engines, this giant helicopter can airlift twenty-six *combat equipped Marines.* But as with all highly complex modern aircraft, the time required from first design to full production status has been long—in this case about five years.

Only by uninterrupted programs of research, development and production can the Marine Corps continue to have the aircraft it needs . . . aircraft second to none in their ability to perform their assigned missions.



VITAL MOBILITY for Marine Corps striking power is furnished by transport aircraft. Fairchild's R4Q *Packet,* for example, can operate from short runways and carry 15 tons or 62 fully-equipped men in its huge, low-slung fuselage.

YOUNG MEN—The Marine Corps offers opportunity to qualify for exciting assignments in Marine aviation. For information write to Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps (Code DIC), Washington 25, D. C.

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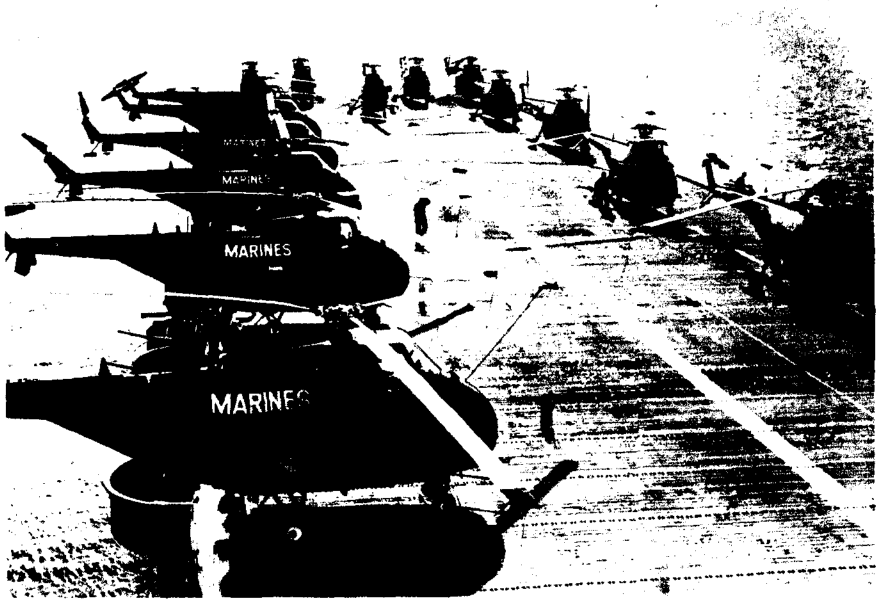
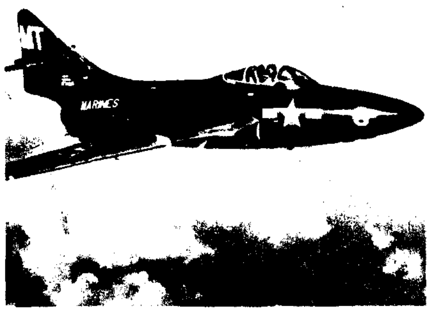
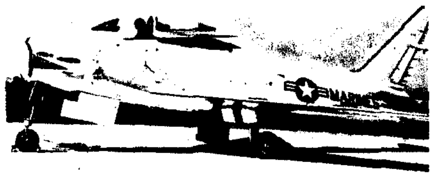


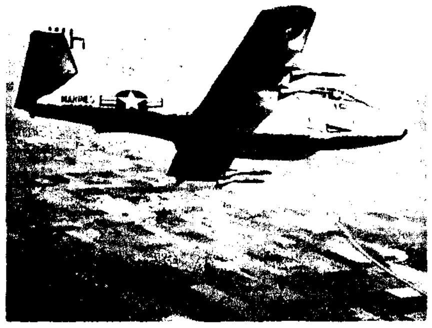
NEWEST TACTICS employ helicopters to lift Marines from carriers or assembly point to by-pass enemy fortifications. Widely used HRS Sikorsky helicopters are combat-proved. Use of bigger 13-passenger HUS Sikorsky helicopters is planned.



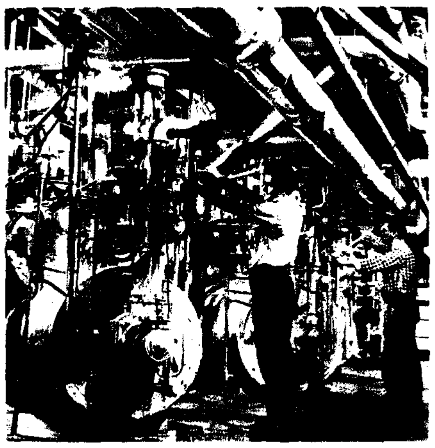
CARRIER-BASED JET FIGHTERS provide cover, reconnaissance, and all weather close air support for Marines. Grumman F9F *Cougar,* above, has powerful Pratt & Whitney Aircraft jet engine.



NORTH AMERICAN FJ-4 *Fury* is advanced carrier version of *Sabre.* Engine is Wright J-65. Hamilton Standard air conditioning protects Marine pilots from high cockpit temperatures.



NIGHT FIGHTER, radar-equipped Douglas F3D, can launch *Sparrow* air-to-air missiles which are guided to targets at supersonic speeds. Engines are Westinghouse J-34s.



FAST JETS demand sensitive equipment to meter fuel, control heat and do other vital jobs. To build it, facilities like this Hamilton Standard laboratory are essential.

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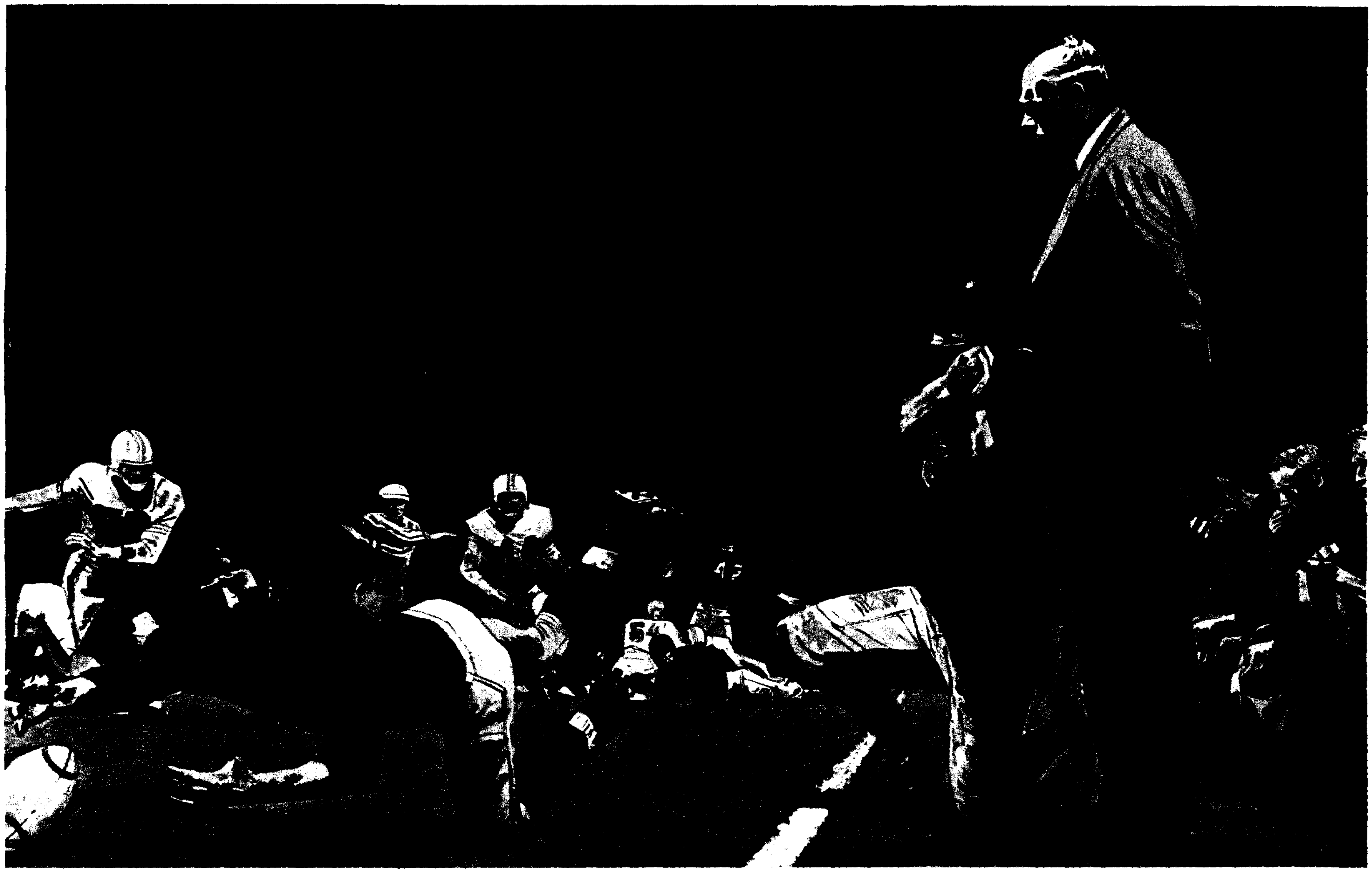
FALL TRYOUT

This was the gimmick: Harry was passing through town and thought he'd like a little workout with the boys



He knew he wasn't going to get it. He had his hands on the ball, and it was a twenty-five-yard gain at least, but he lost it. It was on the ground, bouncing

By WILLIAM HEUMAN

THE sleek silver-and-gray bus rolled into the terminal two blocks from the center of town, and Harry Marks, who'd been sitting in the rear of the bus, stepped down last and then patiently waited for his bag. He knew where he was even though he'd never been in this particular part of the city before. Five years before, coming here for exhibition games with the pro-football Titans, he'd come by plane to the airport, and then a fleet of cabs had transported them to the Sherman Hotel, the best in town.

The bus was a far cry from the luxurious airliner, but the cab to the Sherman was a "must," as was the two-day registration there, which would take just about every penny he had with the exception of bus fare back to Connecticut.

There were plenty of cabs out in front of the terminal, and Harry stepped into one, sliding his bag in ahead of him. "Sherman," he said.

The cabby glanced back at him speculatively, and Harry said, "I know it's two short blocks, so don't try to ride me all over the city."

"You're the boss," the cabby said, grinning.

"The bag is heavy," Harry lied.

It wasn't heavy, and he was six feet tall, and he weighed one hundred and eighty-eight pounds, which was exactly two pounds more than he'd weighed when he'd been All-Pro end for the Titans for three successive years after finishing his war-delayed college career.

He had to ride up to the Sherman in a cab even though he hadn't been able to afford train fare for the trip here, and a plane had been entirely out of the question. He had to put up some kind of front so they wouldn't think he was a tramp after a handout. He was thirty-four, and he hadn't played pro football in five years, and he was over the hill and he knew it, but he needed this year. He needed one year's salary, one contract—maybe not as a regular, but he could help the team. He could still catch a pass with the best of them, and the Titans could use a receiver.

At the Sherman he gave the cabby a dime tip, and the man said dryly, "Thanks, sport."

Harry reddened a little as he moved toward the revolving door with his bag. He remembered many times pulling up in front of a hotel, and tipping a cabby a dollar. A dollar tip wasn't anything, when you had it. A

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD HOOK

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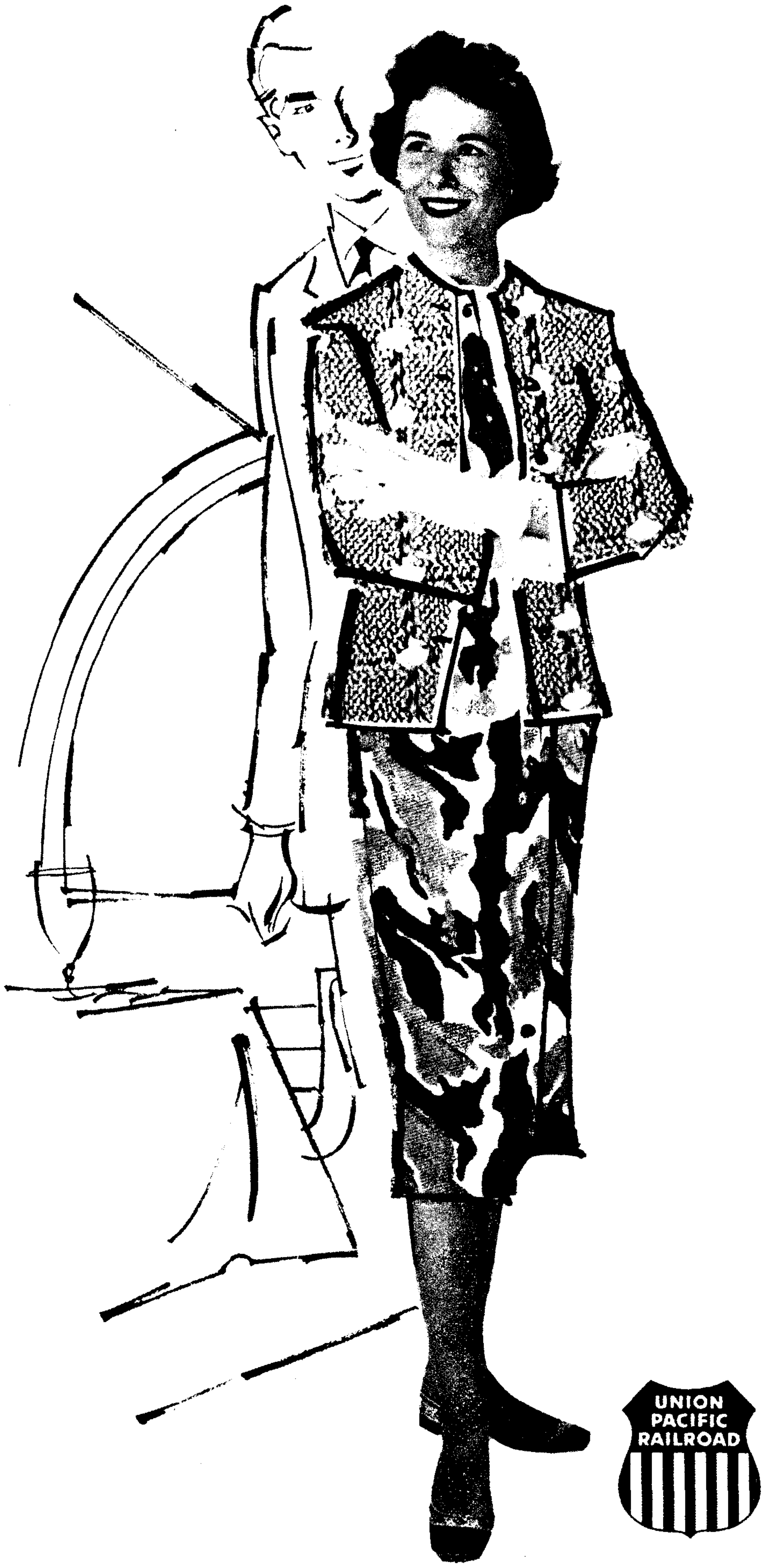

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dollar now was the difference between calling Nancy long-distance tonight, or not calling her. She'd want to know how he was doing.

It was a little past four o'clock in the afternoon. The Titans, preparing for an exhibition game with the tough Cougars, would have had their workout this morning, which meant that some of them could be in the lobby now.

He hoped fervently that he wouldn't meet anyone until he was settled; he almost prayed that he wouldn't run into Buck Riordan, the Titan coach, because he knew that meeting Buck now would unnerve him completely. There weren't too many players on the Titan squad who would know him, personally, but there were a few, and he didn't want to meet any, as yet, if he could help it.

There wasn't anyone he recognized in the lobby, and he registered as rapidly as he could, taking a small single room.

WHEN he was finally in his room, and the door was closed behind him, he dropped his bag on the floor, slipped out of his topcoat and suit coat, and lay down on the bed, eyes wide open, just breathing easily.

He'd had nine hours on the bus, and he was tired, but he wouldn't sleep yet—not till he'd seen Johnny Gradowski, who had been All-Pro guard on the same teams with him and was now line coach for the Titans.

Harry lay on the bed for ten minutes, completely relaxing his body, and then he picked up the telephone and got Johnny's room. "Johnny boy?" he said. "Harry Marks."

"Harry!" Johnny yelled. "You bum!" He paused, and then said, "Where are you, kid?"

"Here," Harry said. "The Sherman. Anybody with you? I mean, are you alone?"

"What is this, a conspiracy?" Johnny laughed. "I'm rooming alone. Come on up."

Harry got the room number and put on his coat. Gradowski's room was six floors above, and he took the elevator up, hoping once again as he got out of the elevator that he wouldn't run into Buck Riordan.

Johnny Gradowski, thirty pounds heavier than he was when Harry had seen him last, grabbed Harry's hand when he came in. "Well!" he said, grinning. "A sight for sore eyes. We don't have any more football players like you, boy."

"They're more intelligent today," Harry said. "They don't throw it away; they don't drink it away."

Johnny Gradowski frowned a little. "What brings you here, Harry?" he asked. "Just passing through?"

"That's what it's supposed to be," Harry told him, "for everybody but you. I want a job, Johnny."

"Job? What kind of job?"

"Football," Harry said patiently. "I'm a football player, Johnny, an end. Remember?"

"I remember," Gradowski muttered, "but, Harry—"

"I'm thirty-four," Harry said, nodding. "I've got a bad reputation in this league because I was a dope, but how do I look to you, Johnny?"

"You look good," Johnny admitted. "You look great, kid, but this is a pretty rough game, Harry, and—well, there's Buck," he finished lamely. "You know where you stand with him." He stood up and he walked around the room and then came back to where Harry was sitting, gesturing with his big hands. "Why the hell do you want a job, Harry? The last I'd heard you were running a sporting-goods store up in Connecticut somewhere. You were on the wagon; you were married, and getting fat and comfortable like me. What happened?"

Harry looked down at the carpet. "We have a little river up our way called the Mad," he said. "Some days you can spit across it, but it got real mad a while back. You read about it in the papers."

"The floods," Johnny said sympathetically. "You hit hard, Harry?"

"Wiped out," Harry told him. "Everything I had. That's why I'm here—I want to get another start. I need money. One season in the pro league would put me back on my feet, Johnny."

"Can't you borrow money?" Johnny asked him. "The banks have money, Harry."

"I started that way," Harry explained, "and I'm still in debt. I was just getting out of it, and doing well, Johnny. This way is better."

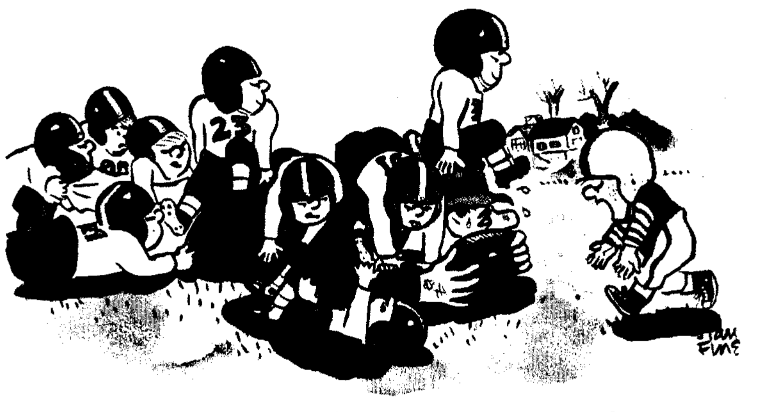
Johnny Gradowski's frown deepened. "You're married?" he said.

"Finest girl in the world," Harry told him. "She helped me grow up."

"That's nice." Johnny scowled. "That's very nice. I could tell Buck Riordan that, if it's a tryout you want, but I don't think it would get you on the field."

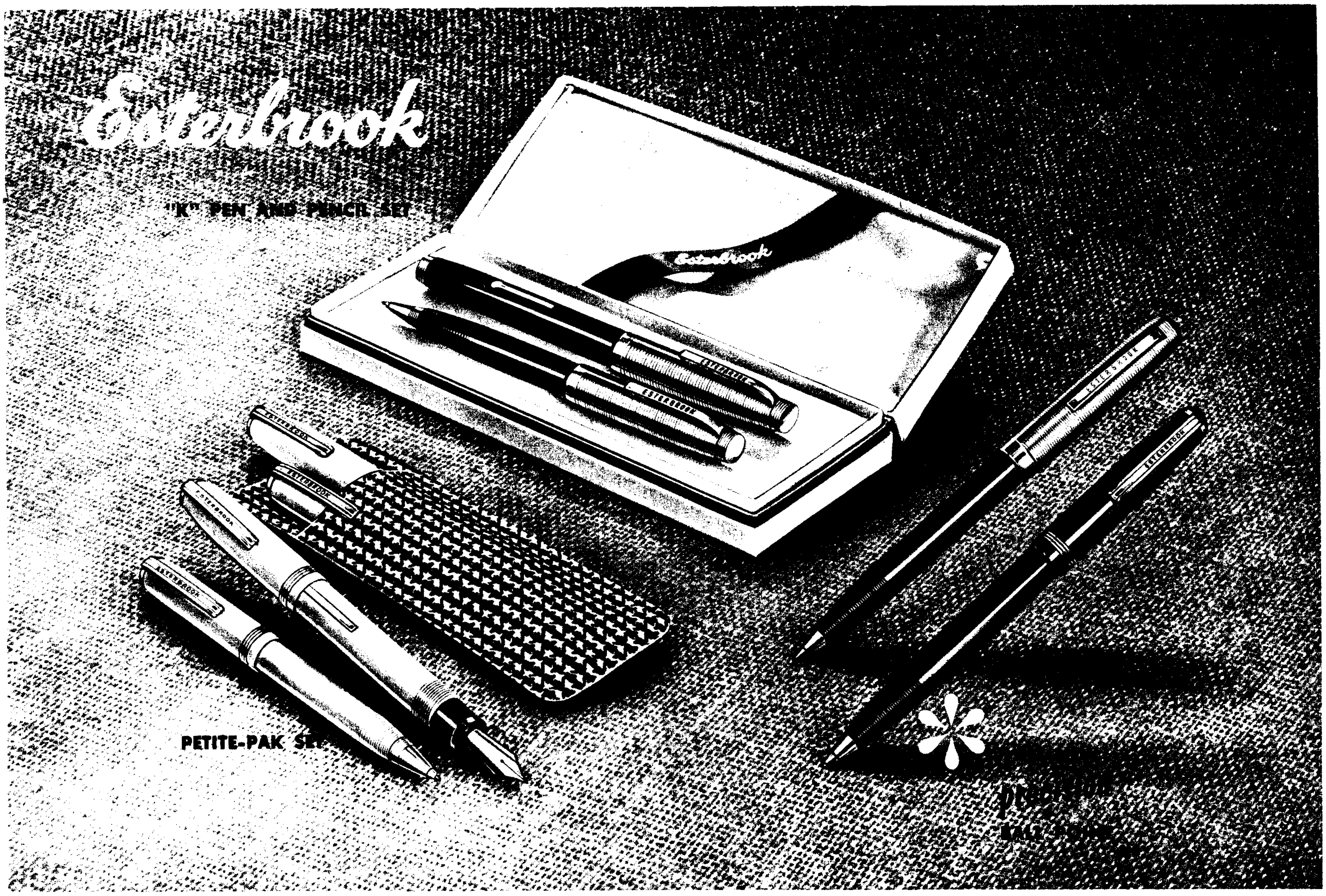
"I know it won't," Harry said. "That's why I'm seeing you, Johnny."

"I'm Buck's assistant," Johnny said. "I'll tell him you look good, and that you don't look your age, but you know Buck. A man doesn't forget a world's championship so easily. In his book



"For Pete's sake, Pop, didn't you see me in the clear out there jumping up and down, waving my arms?"

COLLIER'S STAN FINE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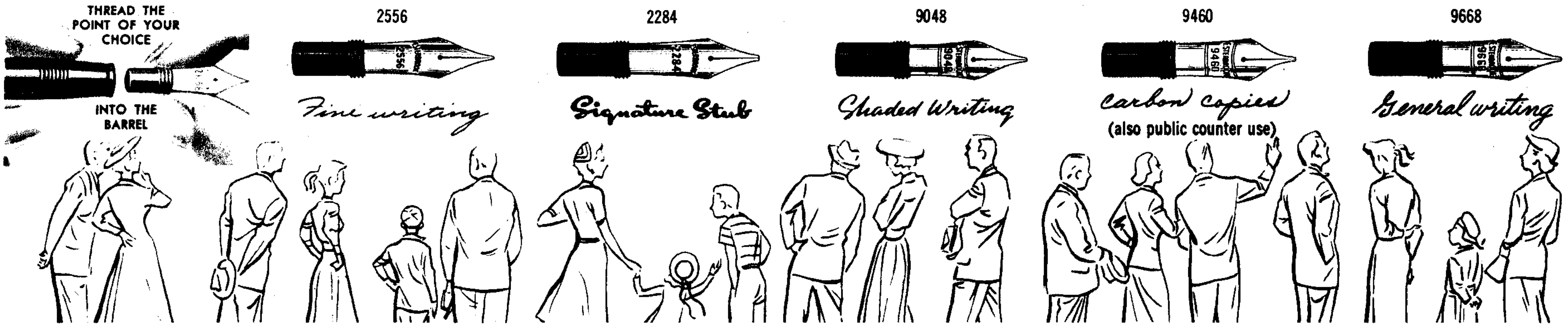
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you're the guy that lost it for him five years ago."

"I lost it," Harry agreed. "I think I can help him this year."

"He won't even see you," Johnny told him.

Harry Marks rubbed his hands together. "I look in shape, Johnny," he said, "because I *am* in shape. I've been working out all summer. I worked with a local prep-school squad in the spring. I'm as hard as nails. I have to get out on that field, Johnny, and show Buck what I can do."

"How?" Johnny asked desperately. "I want to help you, kid."

"I worked it out this way," Harry explained. "I knew from the beginning Buck wouldn't even see me. As far as he's concerned now, I'm not looking for a job. I was just passing through here, and for old times' sake I wanted to work out with the squad. All I want from you, Johnny, is a uniform, and permission to work out with the Titans tomorrow morning."

"That I can give you," Johnny told him promptly, "but it's a long chance, Harry. You know that."

"I know it," Harry said. "I'm the one taking it, Johnny."

"Anything else you want me to do?" Johnny Gradowski asked him.

"Just don't let Buck Riordan know I'm here," Harry told him. "Or anyone else."

Johnny put a hand on his shoulder. "You got a big mountain to cross, boy," he said.

Harry Marks looked at him. "I have to cross it," he said.

BACK in his room that night, after an inexpensive supper at a small restaurant a few blocks from the hotel, he called Nan, long-distance. "I'm squared away," he said. "It's worked so far."

"Harry," she said, "don't count on it too much. If it doesn't work out that way, it'll work out some other way."

"The children all right?" he asked.

"The baby misses you. Been crying ever since you left."

"The little stinker," Harry said, laughing. "You better fatten his formula."

His son was five months old. His daughter was three, and he could hear her clamoring to get on the telephone.

"Don't get hurt, Harry," Nan told him. "We don't need the money that badly."

"I'm smart now that I'm old," Harry said. "I look for the soft places to fall."

"You're not old."

"I wasn't smart, either," Harry said, "till I married you. Wish me luck."

"I do," she said. "Now hang up before all your nickels are gone."

"Not before I speak to Lucy," Harry said. "Put her on."

He spoke to his daughter, then, and he listened to her childish prattle, and when he hung up the telephone he knew that he would show Buck Riordan something tomorrow if he had his chance. He had something to fight for now. Several years ago, he'd been rated the greatest end in the country, offensive and defensive; and he'd been a fool, taking life as it came, abusing his body, thinking his skills and his youth would go on forever.

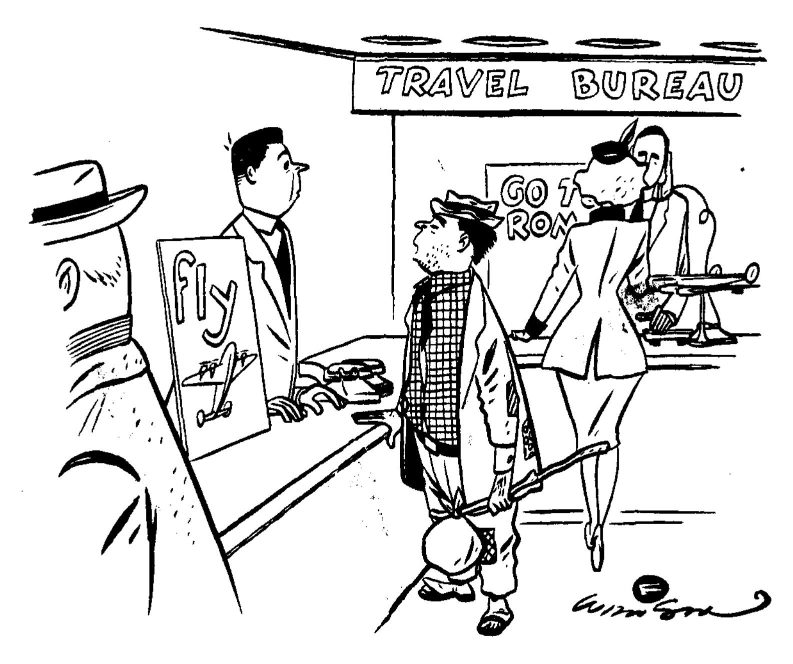
Now his youth was gone, and the tremendous drive and speed of foot was gone, the skills blunted; but he had a reason for playing football, and he knew he could do it—for one year more. . . .

The Titans were working out on the field of a small nearby college, preparing for tomorrow's game with the Cougars. Harry Marks drove out the next morning with Johnny Gradowski in Johnny's car. They were in the locker room early, and out on the field before Buck Riordan even arrived at the school.

The few men who knew Harry came over and shook hands warmly; the others, who'd heard of him and who knew of his records in the pro league, looked at him curiously.

Sam Spumone, the Titan center and a veteran of eight years with the club, said, "You look good, Harry. What brings you out here?"

Harry laughed as he tossed the ball back and forth with Johnny Gradowski. "You know how it is with old men like me," he said. "I was in town, and I haven't touched a football in years. I persuaded fat Johnny, here, to give me a uniform. Just for the exercise."



"Tell me about your travel-now-and-pay-later plan"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

Spumone punched him gently in the stomach, and he said thoughtfully, "You look like you're in better shape now than you were five or six years ago. We could use a good receiver, too, couldn't we, Johnny?"

"Any club can use a good receiver," Johnny said. "We play basketball these days."

"This guy was the best," Spumone said.

The entire squad was out now, and Harry joined a line of receivers running out to receive passes. They had a left-handed kid by the name of Jones throwing, and he was good.

Harry caught a few of his passes, and immediately he was conscious of the fact that the other players were watching him. He was different as a pass receiver. Where other receivers simply caught the ball and kept on running, Harry Marks and the ball seemed to blend. It was not catching the ball, it was snaring. There was hardly any sound, and it seemed effortless.

He had his own little secret as to how it was done: complete relaxation just before the ball came in contact with him. He had learned years ago that the secret of successful pass-catching lay in this relaxation of body, arms, wrists, fingers. He was able to forget completely about the tacklers hurtling toward him, and to concentrate upon the spiraling ball. It had paid off, too; some of his pass-receiving records still stood.

Clipper Jones, the adept left-handed passer, threw a few to Harry, and then started to grin. Harry tried a few quick feints before making his dash for the ball, and Jones met him with the pigskin every time.

SAM SPUMONE, who was centering the ball, watched, and then said succinctly, "We got a passing combination here. Why did you retire, Harry Marks?"

I was fired, Harry remembered. Buck Riordan fired me because I couldn't keep in condition, and because I lost him a world's title when I caroused all the night before a championship game, and I could hardly see the ball the next day.

Clipper Jones motioned for Harry to go deep on the next toss, and Harry broke fast from the end position, circling wide, and then coming down toward the middle. Jones threw him a forty-yarder, and Harry took it on the dead run over his left shoulder, never breaking a perfect stride.

He was not as fast as he'd been, and he'd never again be able to tear away like a wild man when he got his hands on the ball, but he could still catch passes, and he could feint downfield defensive men out of position, and he could gain yardage.

After he made the catch he saw Buck Riordan talking with Johnny Gradowski over near the bench, and both men were looking in his direction. Riordan no longer wore a uniform to the practice sessions as he had when Harry had played for him, and he was heavier, and older, and tougher—an Irishman with a bulldog jaw, a battered nose and a wreath of gray hair.

It was a good thirty minutes later before Riordan spoke to him, however. Buck had been watching for a few moments as Clipper Jones threw to the receivers, and then he'd moved away to watch his linemen at the other end of the field.

Harry had worked up a sweat by the time Riordan lined up his regulars to go through some plays. Then Riordan walked over to the bench where Harry sat, and stood in front of him, solid as a rock, a hard expression on his frostbitten face. He said bluntly, "All right, Marks. What's the gag?"

"Gag?" Harry repeated.

"You're here for a little workout, for the exercise," Riordan snapped. "You were passing through this town, and you thought you'd stop down here for old times' sake. That the way it goes, Marks?"

Harry Marks sat on the bench looking up at the Titan coach. He started to feel a little sick.

"You just want a little workout," Riordan went on grimly. "You also wanted workouts at the Eagle and Bear camps this summer, and you wrote to them but they turned you down. Now what's the gag, Marks?"

Harry bit his lip. "All right," he said grimly, "it's not just a little workout. I'm here to play for the Titans if you'll have me."

"You lost me a world's championship five years ago," Riordan said softly. "Why *should* I have you, Marks?"

"Maybe because you could use me," Harry snapped. "Maybe because I'm still one of the best pass receivers in the game, and you know it."

"I know that a few years ago you were a bum who cared only for Harry Marks and his good times, and to hell with his team."

Harry stood up, his face white. "Look, Riordan," he said, "just tell me you don't want me here. That's all. Just tell me. Don't try to make me crawl."

"You're a married man now," Riordan said, "and you have two kids, and last year you were wiped out in one of those Connecticut floods. You don't touch the stuff, either, they tell me."

"I get drunk seven nights a week," Harry said, scowling. "Twice on Saturdays."

Buck Riordan looked him over critically. "These kids would *kill* you, Marks. You've been out of the game, and you're in your middle thirties. They'd kill you out there."

"They'd try," Harry said.

"You could always talk it up big," Riordan sneered, "so maybe I'll give you a chance to prove it tomorrow against the Cougars. Be in uniform at game time. It's only an exhibition, but you've played against the Cougars before. That club will tear your heart out and throw it in your face, even if they're just playing for marbles."

Harry Marks was staring at the squat coach. Riordan started to walk away and then he stopped. He said over his shoulder, "Come on up here and watch some of the formations. What you don't pick up now, Gradowski can straighten out for you tonight. You know my brand of football. It's basically the same as it always was."

Harry cleared his throat. He said, "I'm obliged, Buck."

"I don't think you'll make it," Buck Riordan told him as he walked on.

THERE were over 25,000 in the stands as the Titans kicked off to the Cougars the following night under the lights. This was neutral ground, and the fans wanted only to see good football, taking no particular interest in either team. This was a warmup for both clubs, with the regular season beginning the following Sunday.

Harry Marks sat on the bench with a blanket over his shoulders. The night was cool, and (*Continued on page* 61)

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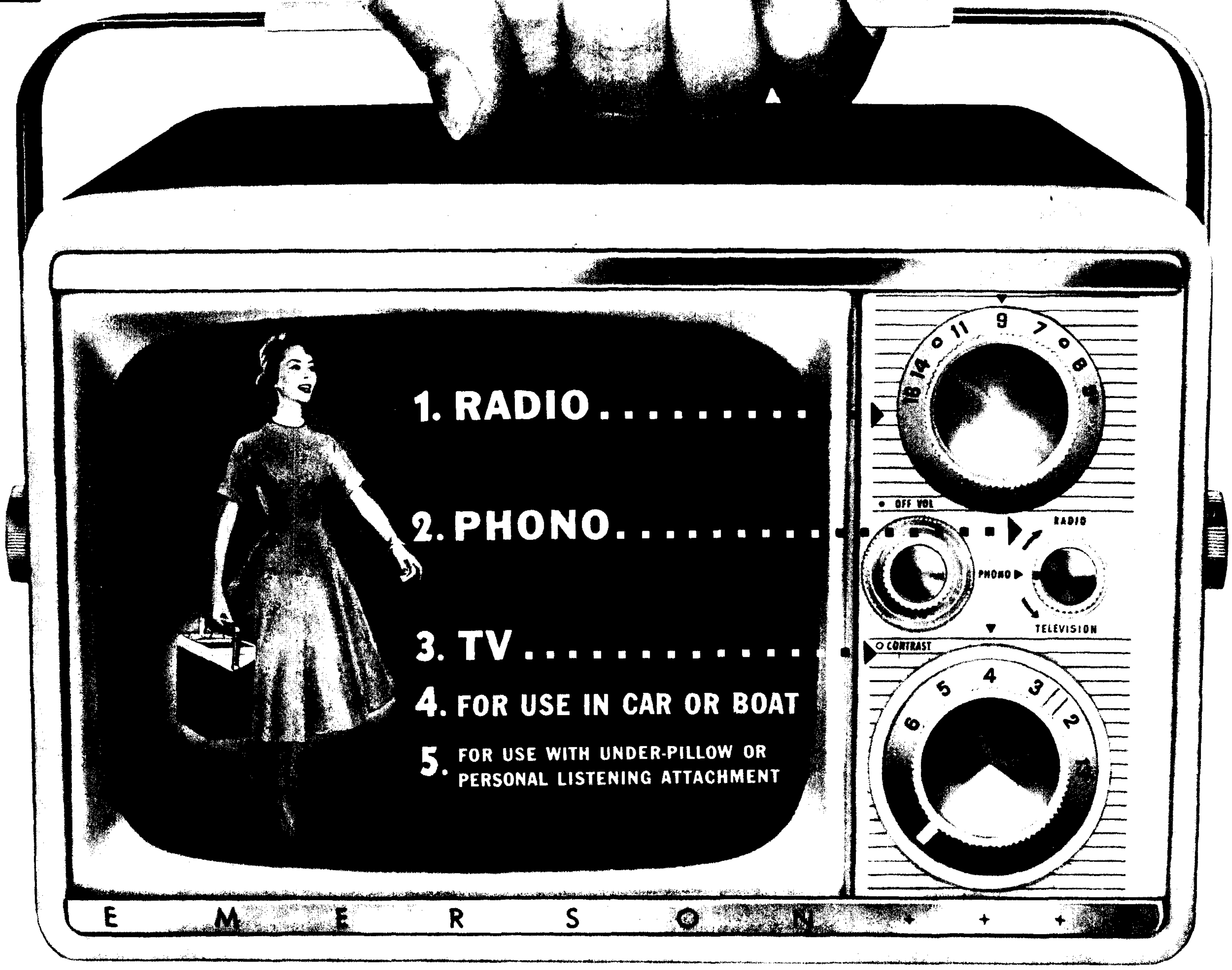
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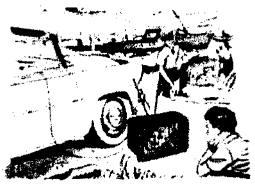

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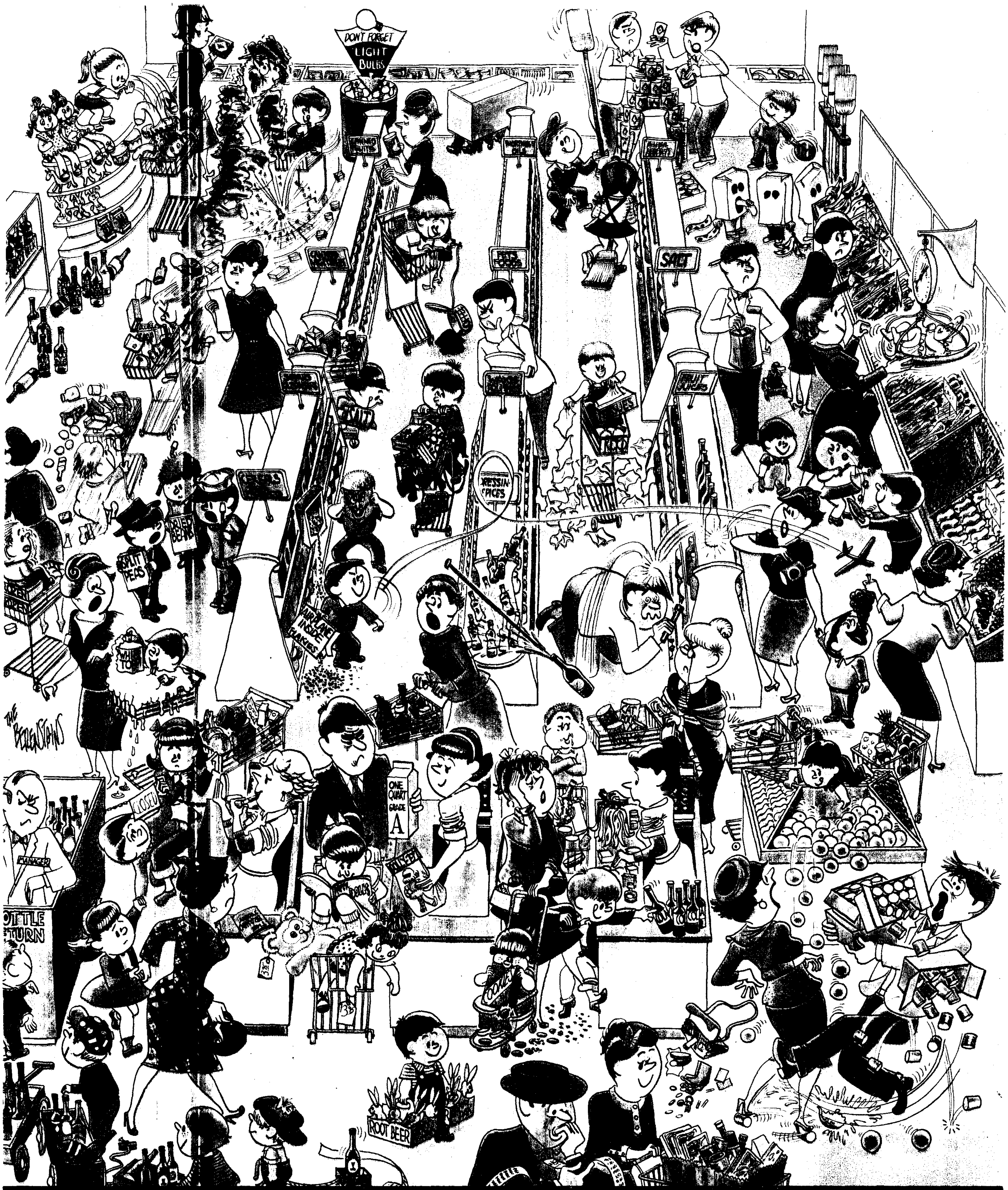
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AIRPLANE INSIDE FLAKES
WHITE TO
THE BERENSTAINS
CLOSED
ONE QUART GRADE A
MANAGER
BOTTLE RETURN
ROOT BEER

SUPERMARKET

By STANLEY and JANICE BERENSTAIN

These stores are scientifically designed for ease of shopping, but the kids are not

(*Continued from page* 58) there was a hint of fall days to come. Bright batteries of lights flooded the field, a minor-league baseball park. The grass looked unnaturally green, almost artificial.

Johnny Gradowski, sitting next to Harry on the bench, said, "How do you feel, kid?"

"You know how a jay-vee high-school kid feels before his first game?" Harry asked. "That's how I feel. I'm bouncing all over."

"Think about it as another ball game," Gradowski told him. "You've been in a thousand."

Not like this one, Harry Marks thought. This is for real.

Now that he looked back on it, in every game he'd ever played there had been nothing at stake that vitally affected him one way or the other. In high school, possibly a county championship; in college, sectional honors or All-America prestige for himself. In pro football they'd fought for division titles or world championships, and more money. He'd been foot-loose and fancy-free; there wasn't anything that had ever bothered him, or meant too much to him.

Now, though, he knew what football had meant to the other men in the pro outfits with whom he'd played—the married men with children, who needed those extra dollars the titles and play-off games brought. He felt a little humble thinking of it, and very much ashamed.

HE SAID to Johnny Gradowski, "Johnny, I lost you boys a lot of money years ago because I wasn't grown up. I'm sorry about it."

The line coach looked at him. "For crying out loud," he said. "We always liked you, Harry boy. You know that."

"Maybe that was the trouble," Harry said. "Somebody should have kicked me in the backside once in a while."

He sat on the bench and watched the hard-driving Cougar line push over a touchdown. And then Clipper Jones, the left-hander, came back with an assortment of long and short passes, and it was tied up, and a nice game.

Harry was almost beginning to enjoy it, forgetting the part he had to play, when Buck Riordan said from the other end of the bench, "All right, Marks. In for Clarkson."

Harry picked up his helmet and dropped it. He picked it up again, and his hands were clumsy. He saw Buck Riordan watching him, face expressionless, and then he ran out on the field. The Titans had the ball on their own forty-two, first and ten, and it was a good position to start a drive. Clipper Jones looked at Harry in the huddle and grinned.

They gave him a chance to settle himself, and on the second down Jones called for a spot pass off the left end. It was designed for a short gain, and the receiver was to be protected. Jones faded; Harry Marks cut straight ahead from the left-end position and then swerved toward the side lines, turning to receive the pass. The left-hander threw it hard and fast because the short ones had to go that way to prevent interception.

Harry saw it coming, big as a balloon, white, circled with black rings to make it more visible at night. He saw it, and it went through his fingers. He should have had it against his chest and been away with it down the field, but the ball was bobbling on the ground beyond him, and a Cougar backfield man, coming up hard to make the tackle, clucked sympathetically as he veered away. They knew what Harry was doing out here. There had been a piece in the morning paper about his trying for a berth with the Titans.

Back in the huddle Harry had to fight to keep from trembling. He stared down at the ground, and he heard Clipper Jones say, "Tough, Harry. I put too much steam on that one."

"Plenty more you'll catch, Harry," Sam Spumone said.

HARRY nodded briefly and said nothing. He was wondering why they were nice to him. He'd cost Sam money when they'd lost that title; and to young Clipper Jones he was just another has-been, trying to make the comeback and finding it rough going.

Clipper Jones worked some line plays, and they picked up a first down into Cougar territory. With first and ten, Jones again called for the pass to Harry, deeper now, the two ends crisscrossing.

Harry started to run when the ball was snapped. He let Lou Scipio, the right end, cross in front of him, with Lou making motions as if the pass were definitely intended for him; and then Harry made his break and was out in the clear for a few moments, twenty yards past the line of scrimmage.

Clipper Jones's left-handed toss came at him nicely, a little loft to it so that it would clear the heads of men in front of Harry. Jones put the ball ahead of him, also, so that he could take it on the run.

Harry reached for the ball, and the butterflies were in his stomach; his hands were sweating. He knew he wasn't going to get it. There weren't any nerves in his fingers. He had his hands on it, and it was a twenty-five-yard gain at least, but he lost the ball. It was on the ground, bouncing.

When he started back toward the huddle he knew it was over. Clarkson was coming back on the field to take his place. Instead of returning to the huddle, Harry veered toward the side lines.

He'd sweated off fifteen pounds for this; he'd worked for six months so that he could drop two passes within the space of five minutes and go home again, whipped. He and Nan had spent a lot of money they couldn't afford, but Nan wouldn't blame him for failing. She'd hold his hand and tell him that he'd done the best he could and that they'd have to pick up the pieces some other way.

As he neared the side lines he saw Buck Riordan standing there. He looked away. After the game he would thank Buck for giving him the chance, and he would have to acknowledge that Buck had been right.

Riordan called to him as he was going by, "Marks." Harry stopped. Riordan was not looking at him. He stood there as solid as a rock, staring out across the field, the upper half of his face shaded by his hat. He said, "Quitters just lie down and quit, don't they?"

Harry felt the hot anger surging up through him. "Don't rub it in, Riordan," he warned.

"Stay here," Riordan told him. "You're going back in again in a few minutes, and I want to see you quit again. This time, remember that you're quitting for your wife and two kids."

He moved away and he let Harry stand there, the helmet dangling from his hand, his head whirling. In about a minute Riordan came back and he said, "In for Clarkson. Tell Clipper Jones I want him to hit you, and hit you hard. You hear?"

"I hear," Harry said.

"I think you can do it," Riordan said. "You wouldn't even be here if I didn't think you could do it." Harry looked at him, and this time Riordan was smiling. "Luck," he said, and Harry Marks ran out on the field.

Bill Clarkson came off, giving Harry a friendly wave as he went by. In the huddle Harry said to Clipper Jones, "Riordan wants you to hit me, and hard."

"My pleasure," Jones said.

They were moving from mid-field again, first and ten. Clipper Jones faded with the ball, took aim, and rifled it into the air as Harry cut off toward the left side lines, ten yards past the line of scrimmage.

Harry pulled the ball in toward his chest and put his weight downfield. He managed to buck for five more yards before two Cougars threw him out of bounds. They hit him hard and clean, because they would hit their own grandmothers that way if their grandmothers tried to make yardage on the Cougar side of the line of scrimmage. Harry understood that and expected it.

He got up and trotted back to the huddle, and he said, "Again, Clipper."

"You're the boss," Jones said.

It was a downfield pass this time and Harry worked one of his old feints. When he'd been All-Pro they'd said he was the only man in football who could run two ways at once. He feinted the safety man off balance, swept away to his own left, and took Clipper Jones's thirty-yard pass over his shoulder. He heard the crowd yell as he broke into the clear, and he moved hard and fast for the goal line.

He still had it for short runs, and for short stretches of play. Two Cougar backfield men were angling toward him, but he moved wide, and then he cut back in again. The maneuver eliminated one of the two altogether.

The other Cougar was close enough for a desperate try, but Harry deliberately slowed down, and when the Cougar left the ground, he picked up speed, and he was over for the score.

THE Cougars won the game 28 to 26, but Harry Marks had snared eight passes in the few short intervals of play, two of them for scores.

"You're our boy," Sam Spumone said in the locker room. "This guy will help us win the title this year."

Johnny Gradowski came out and said, "Buck wants to see you, Harry, and you know why."

When Harry went into the office Buck Riordan was sitting at a desk. He didn't look up. "We won't pay you the kind of money Clipper Jones is making, Marks," he said, "but it'll be well above minimum. We open in Philadelphia on Sunday. You might want to go home and see your wife. Anderson, the club secretary, is making plane reservations for you. It's a little bonus for this afternoon. Now hop back to the hotel and pack your stuff."

Harry looked at him. "You know how I feel, Buck," he said. "There's not much I can say."

"Say it on the field," Riordan told him. "This isn't charity. You're still a football player, Marks. You proved it this afternoon."

"For the first time," Harry said. "For the first time, Buck."

—WILLIAM HEUMAN

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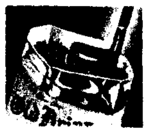

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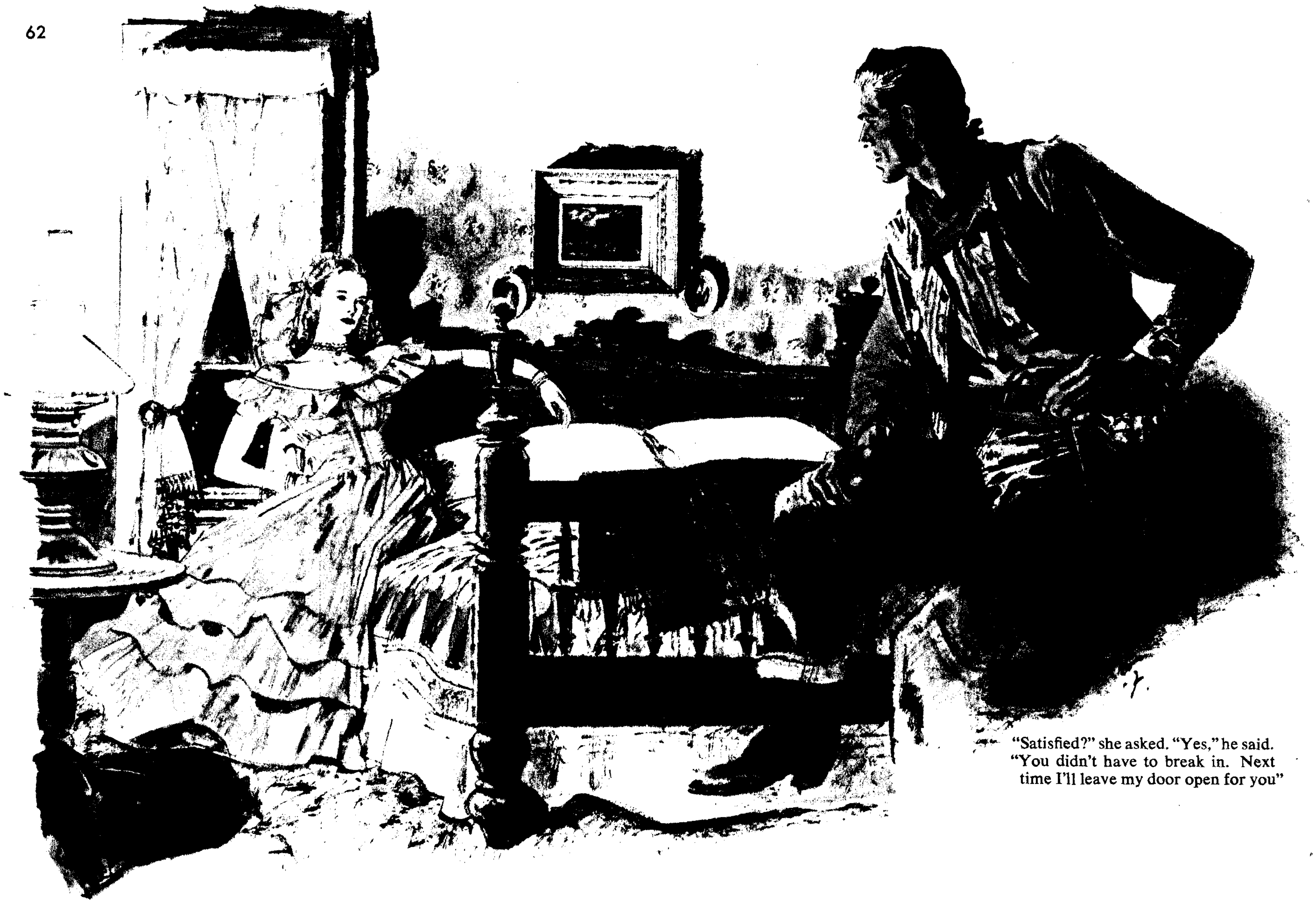

"Satisfied?" she asked. "Yes," he said. "You didn't have to break in. Next time I'll leave my door open for you"

THE HARD MAN

By LEO KATCHER

The deputy hadn't expected much help from the townspeople against Martin's gang. He certainly didn't expect any from Martin's wife

THE STORY: CLAY BURDEN, a Texas Ranger for almost twelve years, had always had an intense hatred for anyone outside the law. Ever since his outlaw father had been caught and hanged, he had seen the battle between right and wrong as a battle to the death, with no room in between for mercy. Then, in line of duty, Burden had killed his one-time friend, RAY HENDRY, a former Ranger who had turned outlaw; and the belief among the other men that Burden now killed for the sake of killing, to satisfy his own blood lust, forced him to leave the Rangers. He then hired out as deputy to SIM BAKER, sheriff of the Pass, a wide-open town on the Mexican border. The Pass was virtually run by a big ranch owner, RICE MARTIN, and Martin's henchmen. Not openly on Martin's team, but working with him to further his own ambitions, was GEORGE DENNISON, a lawyer, who was in love with Martin's wife, FERN. Burden's first day in the Pass was eventful. First, he called on LAURIE HENDRY, Ray's sister, with whom he had once been in love; second, he met ADAM HOOKER, the newspaper editor, who—besides Sim Baker—proved to be Burden's main ally against the Martin faction; and third, he beat up VINCE KANE, one of Martin's men, who attacked him on Martin's orders. Then HARVE ALLEN, a local rancher, tried to get back some cattle Martin had stolen from him and was mortally beaten; Burden knew that if Allen lived long enough to name his attackers, Martin would be in serious trouble. Martin knew this too, and ordered his chief triggerman, JOHN RODMAN, to get rid of Burden. The two men met in a local saloon, and Burden managed to humiliate Rodman, force him to draw, and then kill him. With Kane and Rodman out of the way, Burden knew he would soon be where he wanted to be: in direct conflict with Rice Martin himself.

The Second of Three Parts

AFTER supper that night, Clay Burden walked about the Pass. He saw the look in the eyes of the people he passed. He was marked now as the man who had killed John Rodman.

It was before dawn the next morning that a rap on the door of his hotel room awakened him. He reached for his gun and called, "Who's there?"

"Ian Magoffin." The boy's high treble came faintly through the door. "Father says for you to come to the office right away."

Burden dressed hurriedly and went out into the hall, where Ian was waiting. "Father said to tell you to hurry, sir," the boy said.

Burden went quickly down the stairs and out of the lobby onto the street, the boy running to keep up with him. "Were you afraid, sir, when Mr. Rodman started to draw his gun?" Ian asked.

"I didn't have time to be afraid. If I'd thought about it, I guess I would have been."

"Have you killed many men, sir? Father says you have."

Burden hesitated. "I would say that depends, Ian," he said finally. "One can be a lot."

When they reached the doctor's office, Magoffin met them at the door. His face was drawn and tired. He nodded to Burden and said to Ian, "Son, go get Mrs. Allen and Miss Hendry, please." As the boy hurried away, Magoffin turned toward

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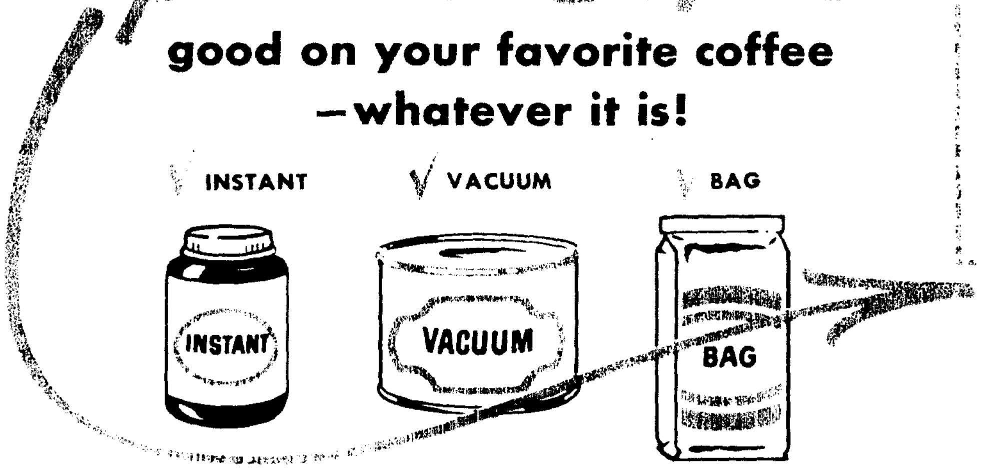

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Burden. "I told you I would call you if Allen became conscious. I've kept my word." He led the way into the back room.

Harve Allen lay on a cot, his bruised face without expression, his lips moving soundlessly. Burden looked from Allen to the doctor, his question in his eyes. "He has only a little more time," Magoffin said. "I've done all I could, but I can't save him."

"Did he talk to you?" Burden asked abruptly.

Magoffin hesitated and then said, "Yes. But I won't tell you what he said. No good would come of it."

"You're taking a lot on yourself, Magoffin. Allen is dying and you're protecting the men who killed him."

"What would you do if I told you, Burden? Kill them, as you've killed others? I don't want any man's blood on my hands."

"Not even Allen's?"

"I have fought this out with myself. I am doing what is right."

Burden laughed. "You don't believe in killing, so you shield killers. And you call that right?"

Magoffin averted his eyes. "You have no mercy, have you, Burden?"

"How much mercy was shown Allen?" He knew now that Magoffin would speak.

"It was Rice Martin's foreman—Ed Lovell," Magoffin said. The look he gave Burden was haunted. "Now, I suppose you'll kill *him.*"

"Only if I have to," Burden said. He felt no exultation. Magoffin had been right, of course: he had no mercy. But it was because mercy was not a part of what he had to do.

Magoffin said, "I hear someone coming." He left the room, and Burden walked after him.

Ian had returned with Mrs. Allen and Laurie Hendry. Magoffin said, "I've done all I can, Mrs. Allen. You can see him if you want to, but he won't know you."

"I'll know him," she said, and walked into the back room with the doctor.

Laurie turned to Burden and said, "Why did it have to happen, Clay? It's so wrong! All this violence and cruelty."

Burden supposed she was condemning him. "This isn't an easy world," he said. "It asks a lot of you. If you can't give it, it destroys you."

She looked at him, surprised. "I've never heard you talk like this before."

"I never had reason to."

SHE gazed at him curiously. He'd shown another side of himself to her this morning. A delving into himself and an understanding of the world about him.

But yesterday he had deliberately egged a man on to his death. He had killed John Rodman coldly and without emotion, just as he had killed her brother, Ray. She sighed. He was no different today than he had been yesterday. There was no use in thinking that he might be.

Magoffin and Millie Allen came back into the room. Mrs. Allen's face was gray and hard. "He's gone," she said. "I'm going back to my room at Mrs. Kidder's. I have to think."

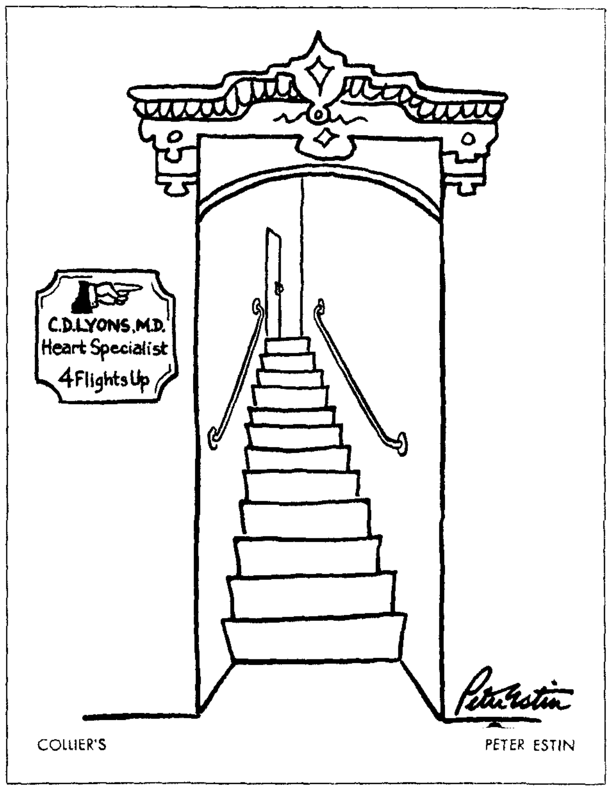
"I'll go with you," Laurie said, and ran out after Mrs. Allen.

Burden went to the hotel to go back to bed. His body was tired, but his mind was too busy for sleep.

He was following a straight line that would eventually lead to Rice Martin. He had come a fair way along it, he thought, but not close enough. And it would not help him much to arrest Ed Lovell and the other Cross Bar hands who had beaten Harve Allen. The loss of these men would inconvenience Martin, but he would replace them.

No, Burden thought, the thing to do was to hit straight at Martin, as Allen himself had tried to do. Allen's cattle had been stolen and so he had gone to the Cross Bar to look for them—Burden suddenly sat erect. That was it! That was the direct way. Then he realized it might be too late; the cattle might be gone by now. Still, it was a chance, and any chance that led to Martin was worth taking. . . .

When Burden went to Sim Baker's office that afternoon he found George Dennison there with Baker. "We've been waiting for you, Clay," Baker said. "Magoffin was in a while ago—he says it was Ed Lovell who beat up Harve Allen."



COLLIER'S PETER ESTIN

Burden fought to hold back his anger. So Magoffin had taken it upon himself to spread the news—and thus, perhaps, keep Burden from retaliating. But what Magoffin had done, in effect, was warn Rice Martin that trouble was brewing.

"We'll bring Lovell in tomorrow," Baker said.

"Why not now?" Burden demanded.

Dennison said quickly, "There's no need, Burden. I know Lovell. He won't run away."

Burden didn't press the point. There was another task he had on his mind and it might be better, a lot better, to wait until tomorrow. Then, when he went to the Cross Bar, it might be for someone other than Lovell. He said, "All right, then. See you tomorrow," and left the office.

After he was gone, Dennison said, "Why didn't you tell him that arresting Lovell won't mean anything? The circuit judge won't even hold him on Magoffin's testimony."

"Maybe we'll get corroboration," Baker said.

Dennison smiled disbelievingly. "You know better, Sim. Who'd talk?"

"Burden has ways," Baker said. "Damn it, you just can't let a man get killed and not do anything about it."

"I suppose not," Dennison said. He got up to leave, giving Baker's shoulder a friendly slap as he went out. He waited until he was well down the street before he let his elation take over. He was being dealt aces, one after the other. All he had to do was play them right and he'd have Rice Martin right where he wanted him.

IN THE late afternoon Burden rode out to the Allen homestead. Again he examined the place where Allen had been found. He would have gone on then except that he heard the milk cow moaning sadly. He milked her and he did some of the other chores. He'd have to talk to Sim about getting someone to look after the place, he thought.

After a while he went into the house. Yesterday he had been aware of nothing but Millie and Harve Allen. Now, looking about him, he could see the efforts she had made to make this rough cabin into a home.

Burden wondered what it might be like to live in a house. For so many years home had been the place he happened to be at the moment. In a barracks. Under the sky. In a hotel room. He supposed he would never live in a house of his own. With a woman of his own. He would go on the way he was for what was left of his life.

He went to the door and looked out.

It would be a dark night, with almost no moonlight. He decided it was time to go.

He rode cautiously. Once he heard the sound of a running horse and moved into the shadow. When the sound died away, he went on. He found the fence that had been knocked down, the place where Allen's homestead abutted on Martin's ranch, the Cross Bar.

He took advantage of every bit of cover now, riding slowly, stopping often, knowing there might be range riders within a short distance. It must have been a quarter of an hour before he saw the fire. He rode as close to it as seemed safe and dismounted. It was a small cook fire, and a lone man—Vince Kane—was sitting before it. Burden looked beyond Kane and drew in his breath sharply. There were a dozen head of cattle in the makeshift corral. They could be anyone's cattle but Burden knew, though he could not see the brand, that they were Allen's. They had to be.

Kane, engrossed in making his supper, had no warning until he felt Burden's gun in his back. "Don't try anything," Burden said, and knew by the way Kane stiffened that Kane had recognized his voice. He took Kane's gun and slipped it inside the band of his own pants. "Turn around," he said.

He watched as Kane turned and knew in advance that Kane was going to throw the skillet. Burden fired one shot and Kane dropped the skillet. His eyes were blank with fear.

Burden said, "They hang you for rustling, Kane. Those are Allen's cattle."

"All I know is, Martin told me to keep an eye on them. I don't know whose beef they are." As Burden continued to stare at him, Kane said, "Damn it, go ahead and shoot. You always do, don't you?"

Burden said, "You're the biggest sucker I ever knew. First you goad me into beating the hell out of you. Then you let Martin send you out here to herd some stolen cattle. Now, you're ready to get killed for Martin!" Burden lowered his gun, put it back in his holster.

"Aren't you going to kill me?"

Burden laughed at him. "You're not worth anything to me dead, Kane. You might be worth something alive."

"How?"

"You're going to drive those cattle to the Pass. Then you're going to swear that Rice Martin had you herding them."

"Martin'll kill me!"

"That's a chance you'll have to take."

Kane slowly considered this. One thing was clear to him: if he did as Burden asked, then Burden wouldn't kill him. "I'll do what you say," he said. And in a short while, he was herding the cattle down the road to the Pass.

THE solitary rider whom Burden had heard was George Dennison, heading for the Cross Bar. It had taken Dennison only a short time to choose his course of action.

When he arrived, he found a poker game in progress in Martin's office. Ed Lovell was one of the players. As Dennison entered the room, Martin said, "What brought you out here?"

"A couple of things, Rice." He turned to look at Lovell. "*You're* a stupid jackass," he said.

Lovell came out of his chair, his gun in his hand. "You better make that good," he said.

Dennison ignored Lovell and spoke to Martin. "Did you know about Lovell beating up Harve Allen?"

"Sure. Allen had it coming."

"I told you to make that good, Dennison," Lovell said. He prodded his gun into Dennison's side.

Dennison said, "Put that gun away." He looked past Lovell. "Allen's dead," he said.

"Good riddance," Martin said. He didn't care about Allen. What interested him was this show of courage by Dennison. It was unexpected.

Dennison appeared to notice Lovell for the first time. He said, "I came here to tell you Burden's looking for you for murder. Now, will you put that gun away?"

Lovell hesitated and then slowly replaced his gun.

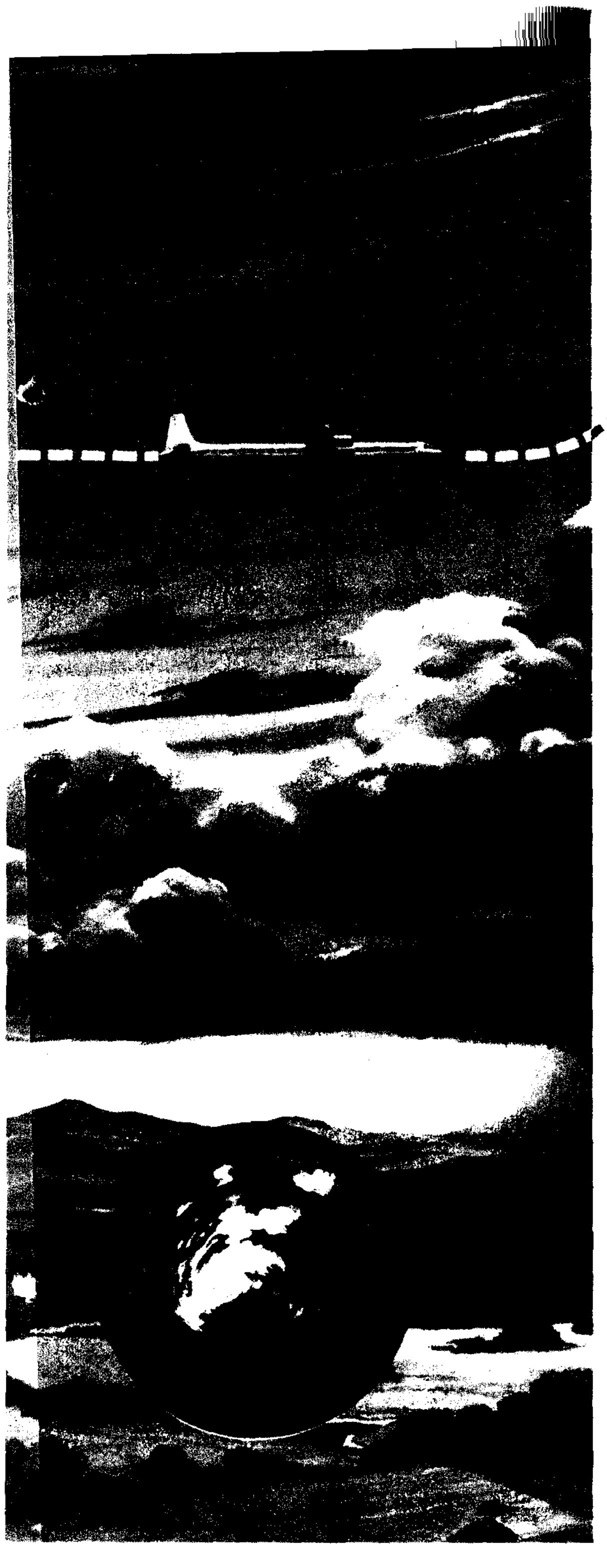
Dennison said, "You're so damned ready to use that thing, why didn't you use it on Allen? That way, you wouldn't be in trouble. As it was, he lived long enough to tell people it was you who beat him to death."

"Wait a minute," Martin said. He turned to the others who had been playing poker. "You fellows can go now." He waited till their steps were far down the veranda. "All right, George," he said. "Let's have the rest of it."

"It boils down to this, Rice," Dennison said. "If you've got any of Allen's cattle on your range now, you better get them off. If I were you I'd start driving them right away."

"You're not me," Martin said. He knew Dennison was right, but it rankled him. "No one cuts out any cattle on my range unless I let him."

"No one was going to beat Rodman



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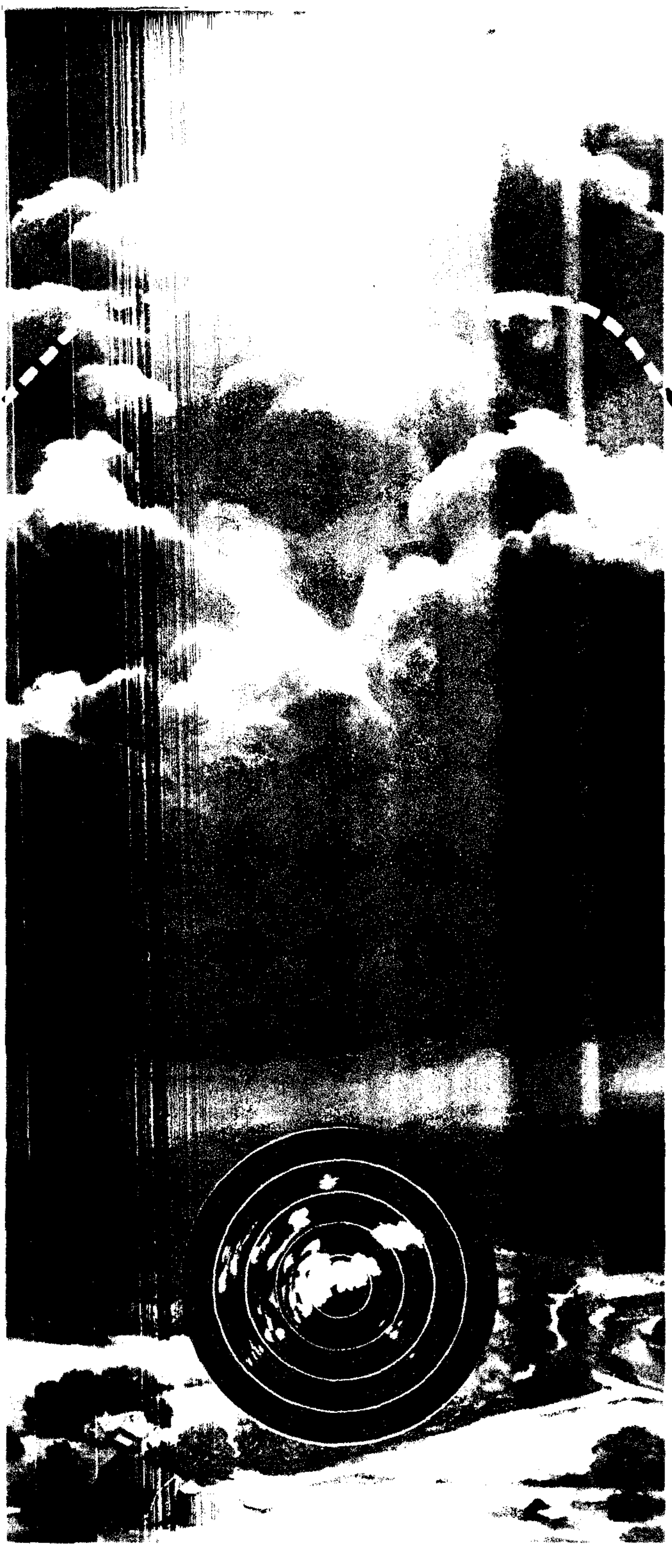

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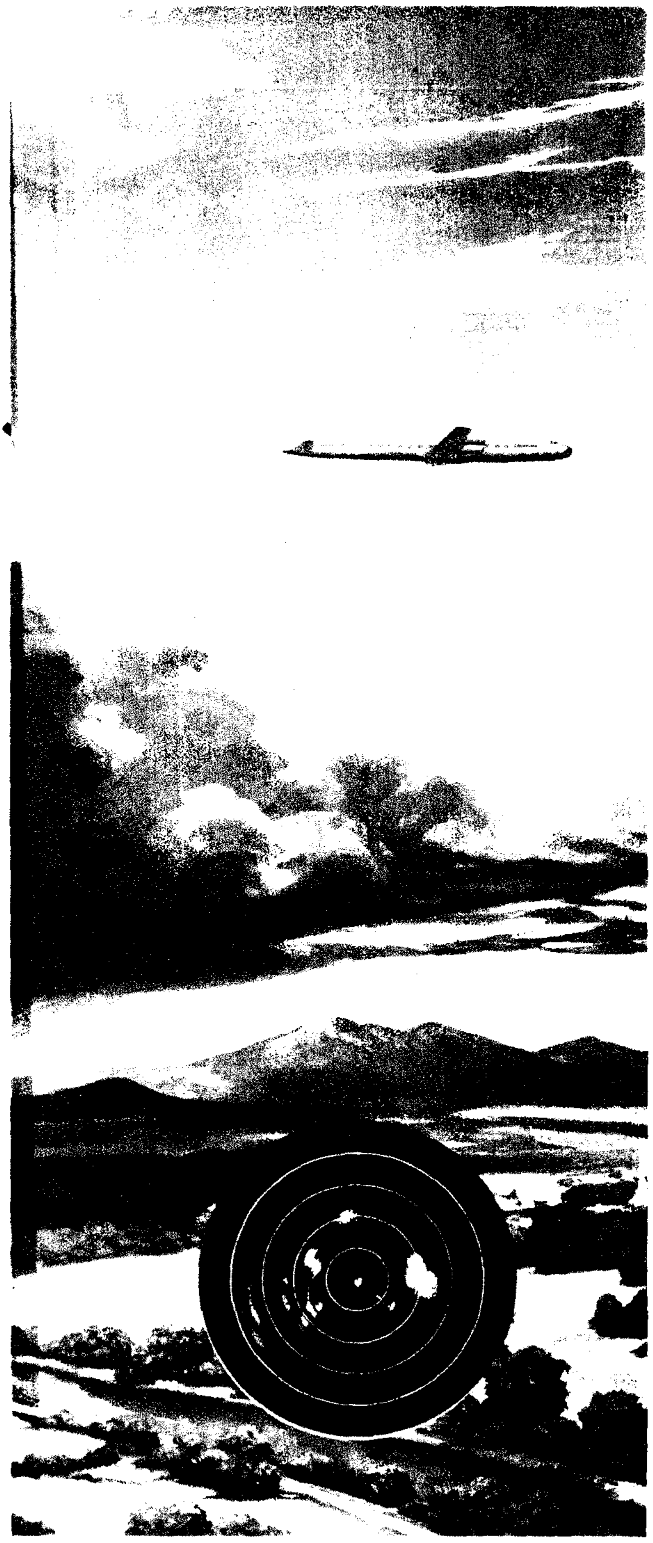

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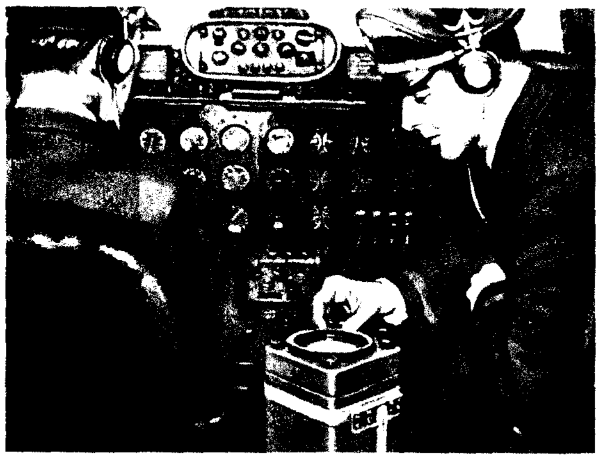

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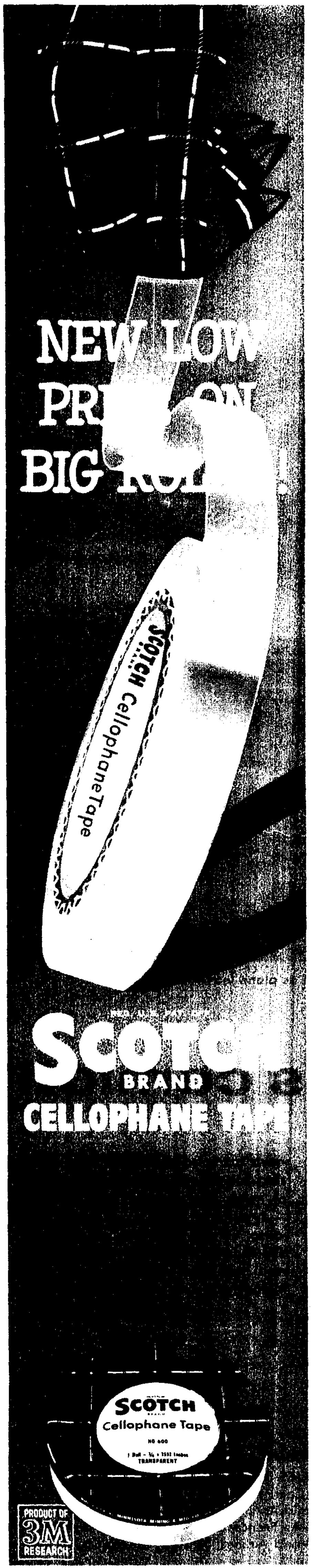

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to the draw, either. But Burden did. He's the kind of man who'd come looking for those cattle."

"Let him come," Lovell said.

Martin thought for a moment and then said, "Let's keep Dennison happy, Ed. Tell Vince to run those cattle across the river into Mexico. Get them to Luis. He'll take care of them for us. Better get going."

Lovell threw a sneering look at Dennison and walked from the room.

"You've sure got the wind up, George," Martin said when Lovell was out of earshot.

"I've got a reason. Lovell left us wide open. Tomorrow, Burden's coming after him."

Martin evaluated that. "He'll take him in and Judge Lorrance'll set bond. When the trial comes up, I'll have a dozen men there to swear Lovell caught Allen stealing Cross Bar cattle. Allen put up a fight and got killed."

"You're forgetting Burden."

Martin shook his head. "No, I'm not. If it'll make you feel any better, there's a man coming in to take care of him. I telegraphed a friend in Arizona."

"He better get here fast."

"Soon enough." He poured a drink for Dennison and pushed it to him. "Talk to Judge Lorrance in the morning so he'll be ready when Lovell comes in." He paused and then said jovially, "You sure made a hell of a lot of noise about something that didn't mean much." He picked up the cards from around the table. "How about a little two-handed poker until Ed gets back?"

"It'll pass time," Dennison said.

Less than an hour later Lovell came bursting back into the room. "They're gone!" he shouted. "Kane's gone and the cattle are gone!"

Martin broke into laughter. "I'll be damned. I never thought Vince Kane had the guts to steal cattle from me!"

Lovell said, "Vince didn't steal the cattle, Rice. His fire was still burning and he left all his gear. And there was a bullet hole in his skillet."

Martin's fingers dug deep into Lovell's shoulder. "Say that again."

Lovell jerked away from Martin. "He didn't go alone, either. I found another set of tracks."

Martin's hand flashed out and caught Lovell on the side of the head. "Dennison was right," he said. "You *are* a stupid jackass! Get me my horse and round up a half-dozen men. I'm going to track down those cattle."

As Lovell hurried out, Martin turned to Dennison. "You better get back to town and wait, George. I'll be in touch with you."

DENNISON went to the door and watched Martin ride away with Lovell and the group of men. Then he started toward the stairs. As he passed the door leading into the main house, Fern's husky voice came out of the darkness. "You saw him go," she said.

"Were you listening?"

"Of course." She laughed. "It looks like Rice has some real trouble."

"He can probably handle it," Dennison said. "Unless there are complications." An idea was forming in his mind.

"Like what?"

He looked about him and saw no one. "Let's go inside and talk. Something just came to me."

"All right," she said. "It must be quite an idea if you're willing to come into the house."

"It is," he said. . . .

Burden stopped in town to pick up Sim Baker and then had Kane take the cattle to Alec Forbes's ranch, the homestead nearest the Allen place. "They'll be all right here," Forbes said. "Whenever Mrs. Allen wants them, I'll have my boys drive them over."

When they got back into town, Baker locked Kane into one of the cells at the rear of the office and then went with Burden to the restaurant. They took a table at the back of the room and Burden ordered steak and potatoes and coffee.

The waiter left and Baker said, "I never figured Martin would pull a dumb play like that."

"He did. I'll bring him in with Lovell tomorrow."

"I'll deputize a half-dozen men," Baker said. "It'll make things easier."

"Just you and me," Burden said. "That's enough men."

"We'll have to face his whole outfit. Somebody could get behind you."

"Nobody will." He paused. "Ever arrest Martin before?" He waited until Baker shook his head. "Then better let me do it my way."

THE waiter brought the food and Burden began to eat. Watching him, Baker recalled the saying that you couldn't beat a winning hand with an argument. Still, he wished that Burden would yield a little.

Adam Hooker came into the restaurant and, when he saw Burden and Baker, he walked toward them. "Have a seat, Adam," Baker said.

"Have a drink," Burden said.

"I accept both tenders with gratitude," the newspaper editor said.

The bartender set down the bottle and the glasses and left. "I'll have a drink with you," Baker said, "and then I'll be going to bed."

"To bed?" Hooker's brows lifted. "The night is hardly begun. The sweet, fresh smell of spring is in the air. And, coming here, I saw Rice Martin and his entourage draw rein at Keller's. And you speak of bed!"

Burden said, "Were you thinking of visiting there yourself tonight?"

"I've been known to visit the establishment in the pursuit of my journalistic endeavors," Hooker said dryly.

"If you should hear something about Harve Allen or Vince Kane, I'd appreciate it if you remembered it."

"In that case," Hooker said, "I'll hasten to answer the call of duty." He finished his drink and rose. "Gentlemen, my thanks and good night."

Burden smiled as he looked after Hooker. "Queer sort of man. I like him."

"A lung case," Baker said. "Came out here to die. The way he's going, if the sickness don't kill him, whisky will."

"He doesn't seem to be afraid of Martin."

"Maybe he's like me. Figures he doesn't have much to lose."

"Everybody's got something to lose," Burden said. He finished his coffee. "I think I'll be calling it a night, too."

He separated from Baker at the hotel and walked upstairs. Even before he closed the door, he was sure someone was in the room. He flattened himself against the wall, his gun in his hand.

A woman's voice, husky and vibrant, came out of the blackness. "You better change the lock on your door. Anyone can open this one."

He struck a match, and, when it flared, he saw the woman's face. "Satisfied?" she asked. There was laughter in her voice.

"Yes," he said. He put his gun away and lighted a lamp. "You didn't have to break in," he said. "Next time, I'll leave my door open for you."

"My husband wouldn't like it." She paused, and then said, "I'm Fern Martin."

It came as no surprise to him. There was no one else she could be. His look went from the top of her head to her feet: the bright, too bright, golden hair; the round, symmetrical face; the eager taunting eyes; the wet lips. "I can understand now why Ray Hendry went wrong," he said. "And how Rice Martin came to double-cross him."

Some of the vibrancy left her. "Ray was a crazy kid," she said.

"But you used him."

"I'd use anybody," she said, "to get what I want."

"Yes," he said. "You would." He moved closer to her. Her scent was in his nostrils. It filled the air about her. He lifted her from her chair and pulled her to him. When he kissed her, there was no gentleness in his lips or in his touch. Momentarily, she stiffened, as though preparing to pull away. Then she went limp against him. That was the moment he chose to push her away. "You're a tramp," he said.

Her eyes widened and then she laughed. "Rice wouldn't enjoy hearing you say that."

"Doesn't he know it?"

"I came here to help you, Burden," she said. "Don't make me change my mind."

He moved away from her. "Say your piece," he said.

"Rice intends to kill you."

"That figures. Go on."

"He'll succeed unless I help you."

He shook his head. "So far, you aren't selling me anything."

ALL the softness left her face, and when she spoke, her voice was rock-hard. "Maybe the way you've handled Kane and Rodman has given you ideas, Burden. Rice is no Kane or Rodman. You're up against a stacked deck."

"I figured all that out for myself."

"Have you figured how to stay alive?"

"I'll take my chances."

"You only have one," she said. "Me." She glided to him and dropped her hand on his arm. "I hate Rice Martin," she said. "I want to see him dead. I want you to kill him."

He knew he could send her away now and that would end it, but he said, "Talk some more. I'll listen."

She sensed that he was giving her a chance to convince him but it wasn't much of a chance. She said, "I'm being foolish now. I ought to go away and let *you* get killed. But I won't."

"Why?"

She pushed one of her sleeves up, revealing livid, purple-black bruises. "Rice Martin," she said. "His mark."

"You might have had it coming to you," he said.

She pushed the sleeve back down. "Maybe I did. I'm not asking for sympathy. I'm just trying to tell you why I want Rice killed."

Burden rolled himself a cigarette. "A woman doesn't like her man, she can always leave him."

"Sure," she agreed. "And where would I go?" She laughed mockingly. "I had that life once. I don't want it again. I've been married to Rice a long time. There's a lot of pay due me for it. You can help me collect it."

He looked at her through the haze of cigarette smoke. "What can you do for me?"

"I can tell you what Rice is doing. What his plans are."

"Like now?"

"Like now. He's at Keller's with Lovell and some of the hands. But as soon as he can, he's bringing in a gunman from Arizona to kill you. I don't know his name or when he'll get here, but I'll find out. Next," she went on, "Rice is in town tonight to try to find out what happened to Vince Kane and the Allen cattle."

"Where does Dennison figure in this deal?"

For an instant he caught her off guard. "What do you mean?"

"How deep is he in with Martin?"

"Not so deep that he can't get out. He's more interested in George Dennison than in Rice Martin. He plays things safe."

"Sometimes you can't," Burden said. "Sometimes you have to take a chance."

"Like now?"

"Like now." He took a long breath. "All right, Mrs. Martin. It's a deal."

"Then I'll go now," she said. "As soon as I learn anything more, I'll let you know. I may send my maid, Elena, if I can't get away myself."

She rose and started toward the door. Burden moved in front of her, blocking her way. "Not yet," he said.

She looked at him and saw what was in his eyes. "That wasn't part of the deal."

"You never asked my terms."

"Is it me or any woman?"

"You," he answered, surprised that it was true. "There's one thing you ought to know, though. You haven't really gained anything from this visit. I was going to kill Martin anyway."

"I just wanted to make sure," she said. "I don't mind paying for what I want."

IN THE morning Burden felt that Fern Martin was still with him. Wherever he looked in the room, he saw her face. The air was still spiced with her perfume.

He had almost believed her last night. But, whether her story was true or untrue, it would have no effect upon his plans. Martin was his ultimate target, and had been from the first.

When he got to the office, he found Baker waiting for him, his gun belt buckled on. "Kind of dressed up, aren't you, Sim?" Burden said.

Baker dropped his hand self-consciously to the gun butt. "Thought it might look good at the Cross Bar."

"It will," Burden said. He looked toward the lockup. "Kane behaving himself?"

"No trouble at all. Looks like you've got him tamed." He paused. "Hooker was in this morning. Says there was considerable talking last night at Keller's. Seems King and Hennessy, two of Martin's ranch hands, were in on the Allen beating."

"Might be a good idea to get warrants for them too."

Baker smiled. "I think you're right. How about going over to Judge Lorrance's? You ought to meet him."

"Whose side is he on?"

"Martin's. He's harmless, though."

"As far as I can see," Burden said, following Baker from his office, "you and I are the only ones against Martin."

Baker's face sobered. "That's almost true."

They found Lorrance in his office sitting behind an old desk, alternately smoking and chewing a Mexican cigar. He had a full head of bristly white hair, and a mustache. He looked up, mildly surprised, when the two men came in. "Mornin', Sim," he said. His eyes stayed with Burden.

"Mornin'," Baker said. "This is Clay Burden, my deputy."

"Thought so," Lorrance said. "Hear you're a mighty fast man with a gun, Burden. Knew a fellow same name once. Outlaw. Rode with Quantrell. Any relation of yours?"

Baker prevented Burden from answering. "Got no time to check begats this morning, Judge. I want some warrants."

"So?" Lorrance puckered his lips. "For who?"

Burden answered: "Three men named Lovell, King and Hennessy."

"Rice Martin's hands, aren't they?" Lorrance said. "Don't like to rile Rice Martin."

"You're a hell of a judge," Burden said.

Lorrance snickered. "Only one in town, son." He reached into his desk and found some forms. "What's the charge?"

"Murder," Baker said.

Lorrance shook his head. "Mighty serious charge. Going to get Rice mighty mad." He got his pen and ink and scratched away. Finished, he gave the papers to Baker. "You want them, you got them, Sim."

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As Burden and Baker left to get their horses, Burden said, "So that's the judge."

Baker said, "Like he told you, he's the only one in town. Hell, he's no better or no worse than any other justice of the peace. Lives off his fees and what he can scrounge. Runs errands for Martin, but he'd run errands for anyone who helped him keep his job."

"I guess you're right. Anyway, he's easier to figure than Dennison. That one doesn't have any handles on him a man can take hold of."

"Dennison's smart. Got a nose for trouble and he's always downwind. Don't underestimate him."

"I'm just wondering where he fits in," Burden said.

THEY rode out of town and, when they reached the Allen ranch, Burden said, "How about you and me doing some chores?"

Baker looked dubious. "Way I was brought up, any work a man can't do on a horse ain't worth doing."

"Come on," Burden said. He dismounted and Baker followed.

They worked quickly and easily, with Burden doing the milking. "Going to be too much for Mrs. Allen to handle here," he said at one point. "Know anyone might be able to help her?"

"Seth Harris," Baker said. "He's looking for a place to light. I'll send him over to see Millie Allen."

BURDEN finished up and went to his horse. As he and Baker rode out, he turned to look back at the Allen place. "Can't understand any man tying himself to a piece of land."

"Most men do," Baker said.

Burden pointed at the horizon. "With all that distance for a man to go to?"

"Not as much as there used to be. Someday, it'll be running out."

"Depends on the man. I won't ever run out of distance."

"Heard that before. And seen many a man decide different because of a woman."

"One woman," Burden said. "One piece of land." He shook his head. "It hardly seems enough."

They rode onto the Cross Bar range, seeing no one, until a turn brought the big house, the barns and the crew's quarters in sight. "A lot of place," Burden said.

"Biggest in this part of Texas." Baker paused and then said, "You want to call the turn?"

"Yes."

"I'll try to cover you."

They rode into the corral and saw Martin standing at the top of the porch steps. His thumbs were hooked into his gun belt. "What's your business, Baker?" he called.

Burden said, "We've got warrants for some of your men."

Martin looked at Burden as if seeing him for the first time. It took him an instant to comprehend what he had just heard: Dennison had mentioned only Lovell. He said, "For who and for what?"

"Lovell, King and Hennessy. For murdering Harve Allen."

"Allen dead?" Martin feigned surprise. "Took sudden, I suppose?"

Burden swung down to the ground and walked toward Martin. "Not sudden enough. He had time to talk. Now, how about those men?"

Martin shrugged and called, "Tito!" A Mexican came shuffling from the inside of the house, and Martin said, "Get Lovell, King and Hennessy, pronto. And four horses. I'll use the black."

"*Sí*, boss," the Mexican said and walked away.

Three men came from the bunkhouse, Lovell in the lead. Hennessy, short and dark, followed, and King, hardly more than a boy, came last. All of them were wearing their guns.

Burden called to Baker, "Cover me." He walked to the three men. "I'll take your guns." His own was in his hand.

Lovell cursed him, but made no move as Burden disarmed him. The others didn't speak as Burden took their guns and threw them onto the porch. Then Burden turned to Martin. "You're next." His voice carried no inflection.

Martin stiffened. "What *is* this? You've got no warrant for me."

"I said you're next." He lifted out Martin's gun, unloaded it and threw it among the others.

Tito and a cow hand came up, each leading two horses. "All right," Burden said. "Let's get moving." He watched the four men take horses. Three of the horses were browns and one a black. Martin, who had asked for the black, didn't take it. Lovell mounted it instead.

Burden put his gun back in its holster and started to mount his horse. At that moment, Hennessy's horse got skittish and began to act up. Hennessy quirted the horse, but it got up on its hind legs and wheeled, coming between Burden and the others. At the same time, Martin's horse wheeled and came up broadside against Baker's horse.

Something caused Burden to be wary. Instead of jumping into his saddle, he pulled his leg free. Even as he did, the gun in Lovell's hand sounded. Burden felt a searing blaze along his right side, just as his own shot echoed Lovell's. He fired twice more, as Lovell was falling from his saddle.

Baker's voice rose high. "Up with your hands. All of you." He called, "You all right, Clay?"

"I'm all right." Burden walked over to Lovell's sprawled body and saw that he was dead. He looked up at the saddle roll on the black. It had been loosened; that was where the gun had come from. "You might have done better using your own gun," he said to Martin.

"I would have," Martin said. "Lovell missed a dead easy shot."

Burden made a quick search of the other saddle rolls. Then, having found nothing, he went back to his own horse. "Anybody else tries anything," he said, "and I'm killing all of you." He turned to Martin, "You first."

He got back on his horse. Lovell's bullet had only grazed his side, but the blood had wet his shirt and the wound was beginning to sting. He said, "All right, Sim. Start them moving."

DENNISON had been awaiting the summons all morning. When he saw Pete Johnson, the bartender from the Jewel, running to his door he knew it had finally arrived.

Johnson said, "You better get over to the sheriff's right away. Rice Martin wants you."

"You mean Lovell, don't you?"

Johnson shook his head. "Lovell wasn't even there. Just Martin and two of his hands."

When Johnson had gone, Dennison tried to work things out. Maybe Lovell had got spooked and run off. But that wouldn't explain Martin's being arrested. No, this must have something to do with Kane and the Allen cattle. If so, it might mean real trouble for Martin.

He put on his hat and forked-tail coat and hurried down to Judge Lorrance's office. "Sim Baker's arrested Rice Martin," he said as he entered.

Lorrance's mouth popped open, showing yellowed teeth. "Sim didn't say anything to me about Rice. Gave him three warrants this morning for some of Rice's hands, though—Lovell, King and Hennessy. Charged with murder."

Dennison hadn't learned much. "I'll be back in a little while for you to fix bond," he said, and hurried on to the sheriff's office.

As he entered he assumed a pose of grimness. "What in hell's going on here, Sim?"

Baker said mildly, "We just served some warrants."

"Last I heard, you only wanted one. And Lovell isn't even here."

"No," Baker said. "He's dead."

"You killed him?" His words were disbelieving.

"Wish I had," Baker said. "Burden did."

Martin's voice came ringing down

the hallway. "Damn it, George, stop talking and get me out of here!"

Dennison walked back to the cells. On the way to Martin's, he passed the one holding Kane. That fitted right in. Then he saw Martin, standing just inside the cell door, his face tortured by anger. "Get me out of here," Martin said again.

"In a couple of minutes, Rice. Just take it easy." He lowered his voice. "What happened?"

"I set Burden up for Lovell and Lovell missed. Hell, he wasn't any use any more anyway."

"Too bad he missed," Dennison said. "They say what they arrested you for?"

"No. Not hard to figure, though. You saw Kane."

Dennison nodded. "I'll get right over to Lorrance."

AFTER he had posted bond for himself, King and Hennessy, and been released, Martin sent the two ranch hands back to the Cross Bar. Then he went to Dennison's office. "Damn it, you took your time getting me out!" he said accusingly.

"You know Lorrance," Dennison said, and then asked, "What do we do next?"

Martin relaxed and sat down. "Like I told you. I'm expecting a man from Arizona. Any time now."

"Think he'll be able to take care of Burden?"

"Yes. He'll pick his spot and do his job."

The stranger just might get away with it, Dennison supposed. He would have surprise on his side. "Court sits in ten days. Think it'll be over before that?"

"I hope so."

"So do I. If you go on trial for rustling, you may be found guilty. Because of Kane."

"Who'd believe *him?*"

"A jury. You won't have any friends on it."

Martin frowned. Dennison was right there. The townspeople hated him. They would believe what Kane said because that was what they wanted to believe. "Have to do something about Kane," he said. "You better think of something."

"All right," Dennison said. He felt slightly uneasy. This was not the kind of chore he had ever before had.

Martin lighted a cigar. "Court sits in ten days, you said?" At Dennison's nod, he said: "In the meantime, I don't think I'll be here. I think I'll be across the river."

Dennison didn't like that. Martin was running out to Mexico, where he'd be safe, leaving him—Dennison—to sweat out this business of getting rid of Burden. "In ten days, you might not have to go," he said.

Martin laughed without humor. "That Burden's too fast with a gun for me. I think I'll wait at the Mosca Azul until he isn't around any more." Martin thought for a moment and said, "I'll leave you the money for Kane's bond. Give it to Pete Johnson when you've got your arrangements made. Kane won't be suspicious if Pete makes his bond."

"Right," Dennison said. "And I'll see that Kane's taken care of."

After Martin had left, Dennison leaned back in his chair, cradling the back of his head in his palms. Martin, in Mexico, wasn't much of a target for Burden, he thought, frowning. Well, there would be ways to get Martin back. Or, maybe, to get Burden to go after him. At least, he thought, Martin's leaving made one thing easier for him. He could see more of Fern.

THIS was the afternoon that Harve Allen was buried.

After the service, Millie Allen wanted to go back to the ranch at once. "I've decided it's time," she said. "What's left of Harve is in the place, and I want to keep it alive."

"I'll ride out with you," Laurie said.

They talked little as they rode along. Millie's mind was on the ranch house. It would be cold and empty. Laurie was thinking of the news she had heard just before the funeral. Clay Burden had killed another man today: Ed Lovell, Rice Martin's foreman. She was not sorry for Lovell, though she knew she should be; she was sorry, as always, for Burden.

As they came around the bend in the road, they saw smoke coming from the chimney. "Somebody's there," Millie said. She could not hide her fright.

When they neared the house, they saw the horse picketed in the corral. Laurie's jaw firmed and her eyes turned deeper green with anger. "If someone's moved in," she said, "we'll move them right out." She dismounted and strode toward the door. "You in there!" she called sharply. "Come out!"

She was still steps away from the door when it swung open. Burden stood there. He took off his hat. "Evening, Laurie," he said.

Laurie stood speechless, her mouth open and the blood rising from her neck to her scalp.

Burden said, "Hello, Mrs. Allen. I was just taking a look around."

Laurie regained her speech. "We thought someone had moved in," she said. "I was so mad, I could—I could—spit."

"Go ahead," Burden said, grinning. "Plenty of dust to settle." He stepped aside and let the two women walk past him into the house.

Millie looked about the room. "It looks the same," she said, "but I guess it won't ever be." She paused, and then said wonderingly, "Someone's been looking after the place."

"Sim and I looked in whenever we rode by." He turned to Mrs. Allen and abruptly changed the subject. "We found your cattle," he said. "Alec Forbes is tending them. He'll send them back whenever you're ready."

"Thank you." Her face clouded. "I don't know rightly if I'll be able to keep them. Cattle take a lot of tending."

Burden nodded. "Sim Baker knows a good man who'd work shares with you."

"That might be the answer," Millie said slowly. "A ranch needs a man and I don't have one any more." She spoke without self-pity, just stating a fact. "You ask Sim to send the man to me, please."

"Sure thing." Burden rose. "Time for me to go."

Laurie said, "I'll ride back with you, Clay."

At the door, Millie embraced Laurie and then turned to Burden. A softness, long gone from her face, came back momentarily. She kissed him lightly. "Thank you for everything. Thank you, especially, for today."

"Good-by, Millie." He did not know

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whether she was thanking him for tending to her chores or for killing Lovell. It could be that she was thanking him for both. . . .

The stars were out as Burden and Laurie started back to town. For a while they rode in silence. Then Laurie said, "I guess I don't really know you, Clay. You were so gentle with Millie. You know, she loves you." She saw the startled look on his face and could not help smiling. "Not that way, Clay. Not man-woman love. It's another kind."

"I don't know much about any kind of love," he said.

"That must be what's missing in you. Don't you know a person can't really live without love? Nothing can take its place—especially not hate."

This was an unequal fight, he thought, and said, "A man is what he is."

"And what are *you,* Clay? Are you a Moloch, who needs blood sacrifices, who demands them?"

"I don't know who Moloch is."

"I'm sorry. I didn't know either until David—Dr. Magoffin—read me the part about him in the Bible. Anyway, it's really none of my business . . ."

He grasped the chance to talk of someone else. "I hear you're going to marry Magoffin."

She threw him a quick look. "I may," she said.

"He's a good, steady man. I'm sure he'll make you a good husband."

"I'm not sure I love him," she said, her voice low. "Not the way—" She broke off. "I shouldn't bother you with this." She urged her horse to a gallop.

He caught up with her just before they reached town. He didn't know what made him do it, but he reached for her and pulled her to him. For one instant his lips were against hers and then he let her go. "I'm sorry, Laurie. I don't know why I did that."

"And I don't know why I let you." She raced ahead and he did not follow her. Instead, he watched her ride into town. He knew he wasn't sorry. You couldn't be sorry about doing something you wanted to do.

BURDEN rode slowly into town. Just before he reached the hotel, a Mexican woman came out of a shadow and thrust a note into his hand. Burden opened it and read: *The man Rice sent for is here.* There was no signature. There was no need for one.

In his room, Burden read the message again and then burned it. Fern Martin was keeping her part of the bargain, if there was a bargain. He had thought of her often and his memory brought her face into focus, sharp and clear: the round face, the tawny eyes, the bright-gold hair. And even now, though he knew it was long gone, he could discern a trace of her perfume in the air of his room.

He still did not know whether she was being truthful with him. But it stood to reason that Martin would be bringing in another killer to take the place of Rodman and Lovell: a man whose assigned task would be to kill Burden. And if the man had arrived, as the note said, Burden knew that sometime soon either he or the hired gunman would be dead.

Martin sat in the back room of the Mosca Azul Café with King and Hennessy. The three men were playing cards desultorily and drinking when a Mexican girl came in. "There is a man seeking you," she said to Martin. "A stranger."

"Tell Luis to send him in," Martin said, and when she had left, he said to the two men, "Take a side apiece and throw down on him." His own gun was in his hand, under the table.

King and Hennessy moved apart, out of the line of the door.

The stranger came in, a medium-sized man, neither young nor old. A gun belt rested easily over his hips. Cat-eyed, he saw Hennessy and King and a tight smile fastened on his lips.

He looked like all the punchers Martin had ever known. He wore the same Levi's, the same high-heeled, thin-soled, heavily stitched boots, the same shirt, and the same Philadelphia hat, stiff with age. Martin said, "You looking for me? I'm Martin."

"I'm Smith." Somehow, he managed to include all three men in his frosty gaze.

Martin said, "It's all right, boys," and pushed out a chair for the stranger. "Glad to see you, Smith," he said. "I've been expecting you."

Smith shrugged. "Who is it you want downed?"

"Man named Clay Burden." Martin watched Smith's face to see if there was any sign of recognition. There was none. "He's a deputy sheriff in the Pass."

Smith's face stayed immobile. "You know my price."

Martin removed a leather pouch from his pocket and tossed it to Smith. "There's half here. You get the rest when the job's done. It'll be in the Pass with a man named George Dennison. Go see him and he'll mark Burden for you."

Smith put away the pouch. "Anything else?"

"No," Martin said. "Just make it fast."

"I always try to." Smith got up and, with a glance that took in all three men, he sauntered out.

Martin grinned and began to riffle the cards on the table. "Lupe!" he called to the Mexican girl. "Bring us another bottle!"

SMITH rode his bay horse along the street, fixing the geography of the Pass in his mind. He was already blocking out his escape route.

He had to be sure about two things: that he got his man and that he got away safely. The first was usually the easiest—he found the right place and waited. It was getting away that called for the greater thought. That was why he was planning his escape even before he saw George Dennison.

Riding slowly, he went to the end of the street. On the way, he saw Dennison's shingle. After a while, he turned around and rode back to Dennison's office, dismounted and went in.

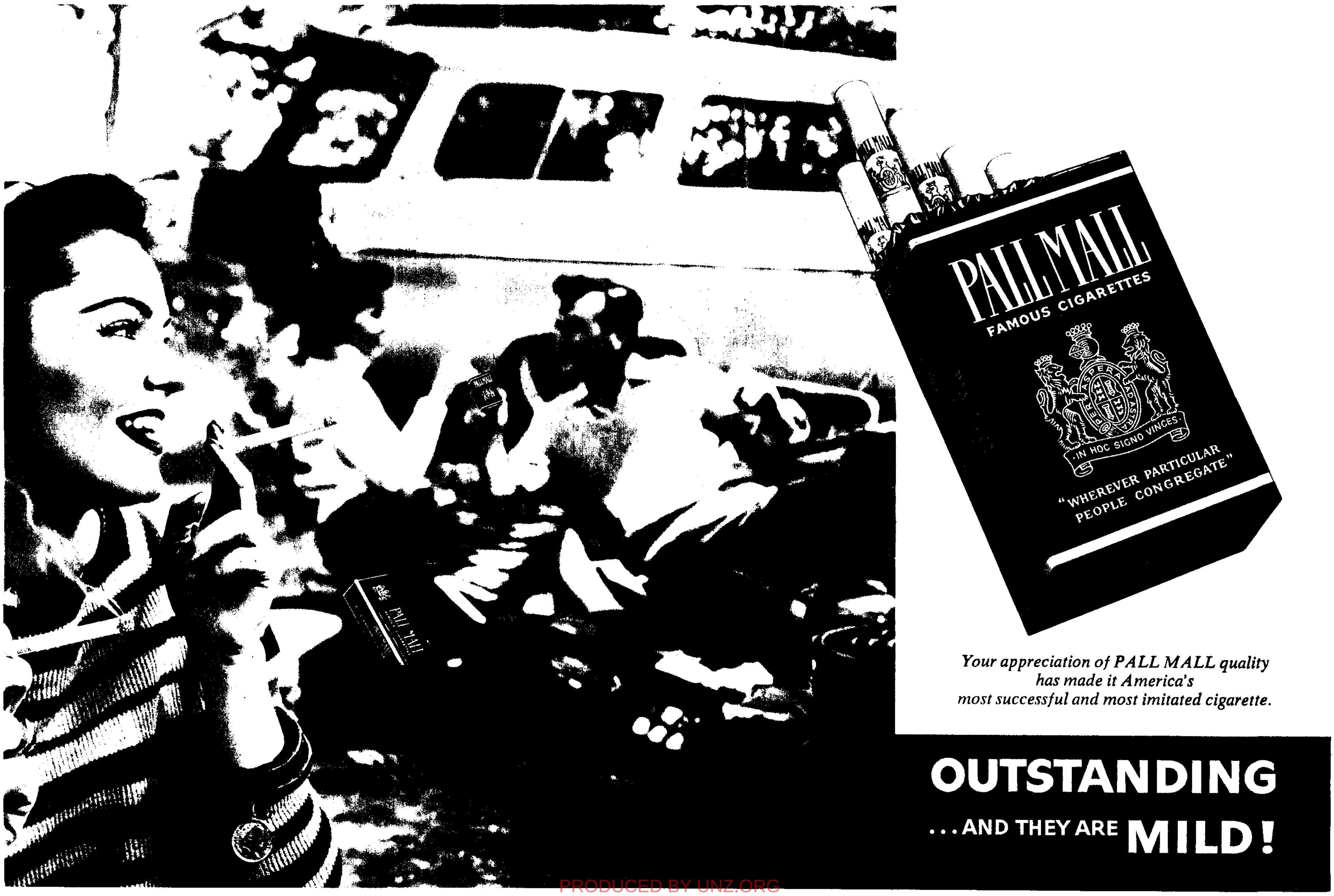
After he had introduced himself, Dennison said, "What did Martin tell you?"

"That you'd mark Burden and pay me off."

Dennison smiled wryly. It was like Martin to involve him so deeply. It was a way of forcing loyalty. "I'll do that," he said. He had no choice, of course.

"I'm ready," Smith said. "Show him to me."

Dennison went to the window and



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OUTSTANDING

. . . AND THEY ARE MILD!

pointed. When Smith was behind him, he said, "That's the sheriff's office. I'll go down there. You walk by and look in. Burden will be the younger man."

"Go ahead," Smith said.

Dennison got his hat and started from the office. In a moment, Smith followed.

Dennison was a half-dozen steps in front of Smith. Passing the newspaper office, he met Adam Hooker coming out. They exchanged the time of the day and then Dennison walked on. Hooker, going in the other direction, passed alongside Smith. Smith averted his face.

Dennison went into the sheriff's office and found Burden and Baker there. "Just dropped in to say hello," he said. He looked out the window. Smith was walking slowly by. . . .

Late that night, Fern Martin came to Burden's hotel for the second time. Two men saw her ride up. One was Smith, watching from an alleyway. He had shadowed Burden all evening and now was about ready to go to his own hotel. It did not surprise him to see Fern Martin. But it did put a premium on time. This would have to be even faster than he had planned.

The second man was Burden. Ever since he had received the message, he had been certain that she would come. When he saw her, he pulled the shades, turned out the lights, and opened the door a little.

THE soft rustle of her dress sounded before she reached the door. And then it was pushed open and she came into the room. They stood in the darkness and the only sound was that of their breathing. Then she was in his arms.

When he let her go, she said, "Elena gave you my message?"

"Yes."

"The man came to me to ask me where he could find Rice. I sent him across the river. Rice is planning to stay there until you're dead."

"That might be a long time."

"He doesn't think so," she said. "That's why this man is here." She hesitated and then said pleadingly, "Go after Rice. He thinks he's safe at the Mosca Azul. It should be easy to kill him there."

"I might," he said. "But not now. Later, maybe."

"Why not now?"

That was the question he was asking himself. "Maybe it's because I wear a badge," he said.

She said, almost shrieking the words, "But you're only making it easy for Rice! If this stranger doesn't kill you, Rice will hire someone else. What difference does it make to you if you kill one more man? Rice deserves to die."

Funny how everyone thought the same thing about him: Fern, Laurie, Baker, Magoffin, Captain Peters of the Rangers. Was he the only one who was fooled? Was he wrong, and all the others right? He said wearily, "I kill when I have to, Fern. I've had to a lot of times. I think one day I'll kill Martin or he'll kill me and that will be the end of it. But I can't go after him just to kill him."

"Why not? Is all that hardness just on the outside? Burden, kill him for me. Please kill him for me."

"I want to," he said. "Very much. I just can't."

"Once he's dead, we'll have so much," she said pleadingly. "We'll be rich. We can leave here and go anywhere. We'll be together, Burden."

He said, "Do you think I'd kill him for money?"

"No. But for me."

"That's better," he said.

"You've got to believe me. I love you." She shook her head. "I'm laughing and crying inside because I love you. Isn't that something? Fern Martin in love!" She covered her face with her hands, but she could not muffle the sobs.

He went to her and put his arms about her. "Give me a little time," he said. "Just a little time. I'll have to go after him, and I'll have to bring him back. I don't know what will happen then."

WHEN Dennison got to his office in the morning, Smith was waiting for him. "There are things I don't like about this," Smith said abruptly. "That woman told him about me."

"What woman?" Dennison asked slowly, fearing Smith's answer.

"Martin's. I saw her go to his room last night."

"Damn her," Dennison said. He gazed at Smith. "Did you tell Martin?"

"No. None of my business. Just means I'll have to work fast. Tonight, maybe."

"The sooner the better," Dennison said. His mind was on Fern. Why had she gone to see Burden again? Why hadn't she told *him?* If she was in town, why hadn't she come to him? "I guess that's all, then," he said.

"No. There's a man in town, name of Hooker. I think he knows me."

Dennison laughed that off. "He's harmless."

"All the same, I don't like it," Smith said. He moved toward the door.

Dennison paced the floor after Smith was gone. What was Fern trying to pull? Of course there was an easy answer: she had gone to warn Burden. She wanted him safe so that he could kill Martin. They both wanted Burden safe so that he could kill Martin. But she didn't have to go to his room. She could have sent Elena to him with a message.

Unable to bear his own thoughts any longer, Dennison left the office and rode out to the Cross Bar.

Fern met him inside the house. "I suppose you know Rice will hear that you've been here," she said.

"I'll tell him myself. I'm going to see him this morning." His tone was harsh, abrupt. "Besides, I haven't seen you since the day Rice left."

"It's been impossible to get away."

"Not impossible to get to Burden's hotel."

There was a half-smile on her face. "Do you have spies too?"

"Smith told me," he said. And at her puzzled look, he added, "The man who went to see Rice at the Mosca Azul."

"I didn't know his name," she said. "But that was why I went to see Burden. To warn him."

"It was too much of a chance," Dennison said sharply. "Suppose Smith had told Rice he saw you visit Burden?"

"Maybe somebody *ought* to tell Rice. It might bring him back."

That thought hadn't occurred to Dennison. "It might at that," he said. "Might even make Rice mad enough to go after Burden himself." He chuckled. "It's an idea."

"Don't you try telling him," she said. "Rice might go after Burden, but first he'd kill you."

"I guess he would," he said. He looked hard at her. "How do you get that kind of hold on a man?"

"It depends on the man," she said. "There are some I can't do it to." She saw a sudden comprehension on Dennison's face and damned herself for what she had said.

"Do you mean Burden?" he asked. When she did not reply he said, "What's between you and him? I think you've fallen for him!"

"I just want him to kill Rice," she said tiredly. "Nothing more."

For the moment Dennison seemed to forget his suspicions. "Kill Rice," he repeated ruefully. "If you knew how much I want to kill him. If you knew how many nights I've lain awake thinking of how I could do it. The plans I worked out. They were so perfect at night. But in the morning, they weren't perfect any more."

"That leaves only Burden," she said. "Only Burden." The name was aloes on his tongue.

She said, "You see, George. We really don't have any choice."

"I suppose not," he said. His pain was eased a little, but an emptiness remained. "I guess I'll go across the river and see Rice." He laughed. "Anyway, we won't have too long to wait. Smith says he's going to make his try tonight. Maybe, afterward, there won't be any Burden. . . ."

Parental View of an Adolescent

Our son does little, now, but grow,
And that he does a lot.
He's "shooting up," we say, and
No wonder we are shot.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

On the short ride to the Mosca Azul, Dennison thought of all the plans he had made and nurtured. They really didn't include Fern—or rather, they once hadn't included her, but they did now. Somehow, she had become the center of all his plans, almost the reason for them. There must be some way, there had to be some way, for him to get her for his own.

He went into the café and Luis, at the bar, wordlessly inclined his head toward the back room. Dennison walked back and knocked at the door. He heard Martin's, "Who's there?"

"George. George Dennison."

"Come on in."

WHEN he walked inside, he saw a card game had been in progress. Martin grinned and said, "This game could use some fresh money. I've got all of theirs." He chortled at King and Hennessy. "George and I got some talking to do," he said. "You fellows go see if you can raise some more cash." Martin pushed his chair back against the wall. "Well, what's the news?"

"It hasn't happened yet."

"Smith talk to you?"

"Yesterday and this morning. That's why I'm here—to pick up the money. He's making his play tonight."

Martin looked up surprised. "Kind of fast, isn't it?"

"He said he had his reasons. He thinks Hooker knows who he is." There was another reason, but Dennison couldn't give that reason to Martin. "Anyway, Smith wanted to be sure we'd have his money ready."

Martin chuckled. "Doesn't take any chances, does he? Well, you can pay him when the job's done." He handed Dennison a leather pouch, identical to the one he had given Smith.

There was a short silence and then Dennison said, "I stopped off at the Cross Bar on the way. I saw Fern."

"What did she have to say?" Despite Martin's effort to keep casual, the words revealed how much she meant to him.

"You know Fern," Dennison said carefully. "She didn't say anything, really."

"That damned woman," Martin said. He reached for the bottle and poured himself a drink. "You never know what's going on inside her." He swallowed the liquor. "You're real smart, George—tell me something: Why is it a man who can have all the women he wants worries about one no-good woman he can't trust?"

That was a hell of a question, Dennison thought. He wanted the same woman Martin wanted, and he knew how close both of them were to losing her right now. But Martin did not seem to expect an answer. Instead, he asked abruptly, "Done anything about Kane yet?"

"No."

"When's court sitting?"

"Day after tomorrow."

Martin shrugged. "Burden will be gone by then."

Dennison poured himself a drink.

"Here's hoping."

"It's for sure," Martin said. "After that, everything will be simple."

Simple for Martin, maybe, Dennison thought—but not for me. Nothing was simple for him any more. He wanted Martin dead and he wanted Burden dead and, above all, he wanted Fern.

ALL day Burden looked for one specific stranger in a town full of strangers. A man had come to the Pass for the sole purpose of killing him, and all the element of surprise lay in the stranger's favor. He could pick his time and his place, any time and any place. Day passed and night came, and Burden continued his search. He listened for every sound. He looked everywhere at once. This, he supposed, was the way all hunted men must act and feel.

He tensed as a stranger walked toward him and relaxed as the man walked on. He was thin-faced, with a hawk nose—and he *could,* Burden thought, be the man who was hunting him. So, too, could that drunk, walking rubber-legged in the direction of Utah Street.

He continued to walk the streets. He went into the Jewel, the High-Low, the Drover's and the other saloons. He talked for an instant with Alec Forbes, whom he met on the street.

He was on Utah Street when he heard the shots from somewhere behind him. He turned and ran in the direction the shots had come from. When he reached the spot, he stopped abruptly.

The body of a man was lying in a huddle. There was just enough light for Burden to see that it was Adam Hooker. "Someone get Doc Magoffin," he said to the small crowd that had gathered. He laid his head against Hooker's breast and could hear a heartbeat.

He lifted Hooker and carried him onto the porch of the nearest house. A woman let him in and he laid Hooker on a couch in the front parlor. He saw that Hooker's eyes were open and that they were clear. "Who shot you, Hooker?" he said.

"Fellow following you. I followed him. Used to know him. Hired killer."

"What's his name?"

"Don't know. Used to be Coffey. Thought I—" Hooker's eyes blanked out even as his voice stopped.

Burden bent down to listen to Hooker's heartbeat again. Now, he heard nothing.

He felt sick inside. He himself had killed Hooker—not the man who had fired the bullet.

Dr. Magoffin came then and pronounced Hooker dead.

Burden nodded wordlessly. The sickness was still deep inside him—sickness and a sudden distaste for himself. Hooker had committed the act of courage he had always talked about, but for a mean reward.

Burden stayed until the undertaker came, and then went looking for Sim Baker. He found him in the High-Low and, at Burden's signal, Baker came to the door.

They went into the street and Burden told Baker about Hooker's death. "It was my fault," he concluded.

"What do you mean, your fault?"

"Hooker was trying to help me."

"How?" Baker felt cut off from what was happening.

"He said he was tailing a man who was tailing me."

Baker shook his head. "Damn it, Clay, speak plainer."

Burden frowned. "I can't, Sim. There are things mixed up in this"—he didn't say all these things were one woman—"things that don't have anything to do with you or the law." He reached for his badge. "Maybe I ought to turn this in."

"Keep it," Baker said. He suddenly felt sorry for Burden—he was walking alone on a very wide and a very lonely road. Baker extended his hand. "Good luck, Clay."

"Thanks," Burden said. He shook hands and then turned and walked away.

ONCE more he went up and down the town. He passed the Jewel, and thought that this was where Hooker would be if he were still alive. But Hooker was dead—dead because of Clay Burden and Rice Martin and Fern Martin. It was good that he could not know how he had wasted his act of courage.

The time passed and the streets became a little less full. Ranchers and punchers, their fun over or their pockets empty, were riding out of town.

It was past midnight when Burden decided that walking and searching could do no good. He had made himself a decoy for many hours and there had been no shot. He started for his hotel.

He was only yards from it when he realized he had spent these last hours in the wrong places. It was here that the man must be waiting for him, for this was the one place where he could be sure Burden would come.

He forced away his weariness. He even forgot about Hooker. All that remained with him was the knowledge that very soon a man would try to kill him.

He stepped out of the shadows and into the faint light from the hotel porch. The shot came and it hit him—he thought in the shoulder, but he could not be certain. The force of it knocked him to his knees and some instinct helped him to roll his body. The next shot kicked up dust and rock splinters where he had been. A piece of flying rock cut his forehead and blood rolled down the side of his face.

He lunged to the right, into the bushes in front of the porch. Another shot came and he fired at the flash. He knew now where the man had been waiting, behind the rubble of the burned-out building next door.

BURDEN began to move forward, his body bent low, zigzagging along the porch front. One bullet whistled past him. The next seared his body and started a small fire under his skin.

He continued to move forward. Then, at the corner of the building he propelled himself off the wall. He had no thought of protecting himself now. He had to kill this man, who had become a symbol of his own guilt. This stranger had fired the shot that had ended Hooker's life—but it was he himself, Burden thought, who had really made the shot possible.

He was alongside the rubble, protected by it as Smith was protected by it. He crawled a little way along it and then raised his head to look over it. He saw Smith an instant before Smith saw him. He fired two shots, one after the other into Smith's face.

Burden pulled himself over the barricade and stood beside Smith's fallen body.

He pulled the trigger of his gun until the gun was empty. He looked down and what he saw gave him some measure of expiation.

He became aware of voices and people. He lifted his eyes and saw a dozen, a score, of men and women. He heard Baker's voice: "I started as soon as I heard the first shot."

Somebody else said, "I'll bet there's a dozen bullets in him."

Burden said, "You're sure he's dead, Sim?" He couldn't see any more. The blood had run into his eyes.

"He's dead," Baker said and shivered. A long time ago, he had seen a pack of wolves attack the carcass of a steer. He recalled it now. "We better get you to Magoffin."

Burden breathed deep, pulled air into his lungs. He tried to wipe away the blood from his eyes. "I guess that makes it all right with Hooker," he said. "He didn't die for nothing." He started to walk, but his legs wouldn't hold him up. Baker and a stranger put their arms about him and held him upright.

He was conscious when Magoffin started to examine him. Conscious and aware of what was going on, but somehow removed from it. Even the pain was unreal. The man was dead. The nameless man. And he didn't hate him any more. He'd never really hated the man. He'd hated himself. Well, that was over now.

But what about Rice Martin? Martin was still alive and *he* was still alive, so there was still that remaining. He would kill Martin or Martin would kill him, and that would put an end to it. He was still thinking of Rice Martin when he lost consciousness.

—LEO KATCHER

(This is the second of three parts)

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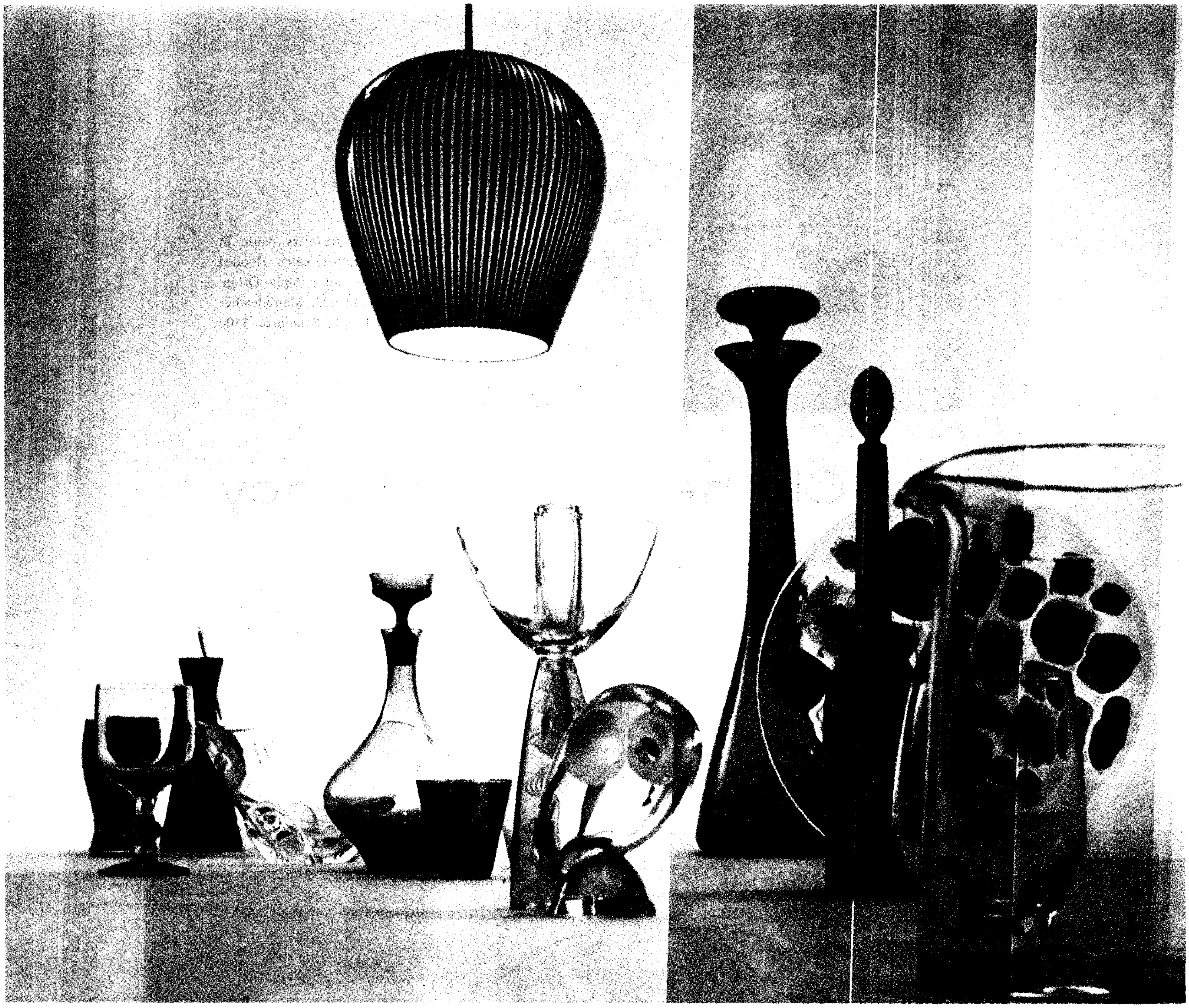


Italian glass lamp shining overhead sheds light on the newest look in glass, revealing trend to rounder shapes, richer colors. These designs, all available in this country, originated in scattered studios here and throughout Europe. By Steuben, Imperial, Waertsila, Leerdam, Blenko, Libbey, Bonnier's, Altamira

NEW GLEAM IN GLASS

The lighthearted look current in furniture and fabrics is making its appearance in glass to use at the table or display around the house. The soft, rounded lines, and the colors—both muted and vibrant—chime in with the general lyrical quality of fine fashions now being offered for the home.

According to John Monteith Gates (shown at right), director of design for the incomparable U.S. crystal producer Steuben Glass, there'll be "more glass in shapes that play up its natural brilliance and fire." And while Steuben produces only colorless crystal—of unexcelled brilliance and fire—Gates foresees more color in other good decorative glass. He is not enthusiastic about one trend he refers to as "the faddish return to bulky primitive shapes," but he eagerly expects that we'll be seeing an American adaptation of "the freedom and virtuosity of Italian designs"—like the striped lamp and decanter shown above. (We've already seen the immediate acceptance of the festive Italian designs in clothing, especially play clothes.)

An architect by training, Gates links changes in glass to similar changes in architecture and furniture, labels the trend "the humanizing of design." Though Steuben designs change almost as imperceptibly as a man's dinner jacket, he keeps close watch on what's happening in all phases of house and home. And what's happening now makes Gates a most happy fella, indeed.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THOMAS YEE

Weatherwise travelers pause in newest in leather, knits. Hooded car coat is bulky 6-ply Orlon; Sidney Gould, $25. Man's leather coat full length, Bantamac, $100

Car Clothes, Plainly Fancy

Clocking the fastest mileage in fashion is a group of sophisticated sports clothes, created strictly for comfort, trimmed to the abbreviated lines of a sports car. New this season is an unmistakable note of elegance—the simple sophistication of luxury leather and natural fur, correct for any car's destination and supremely comfortable en route. Merchandise shown is available nationwide—just ask your favorite store. The gloves: Launderleather, Kislav; natural fur bags by Aronowicz. Women's flame-red stockings by Phoenix; all shoes for women by Capezio. White Orlon cardigan (shown above) at Saks Fifth Avenue, all branches; women's leather jacket, striped sleeves (shown below) at Lord & Taylor, New York City; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh. All other leathers for women, Bonwit Teller, New York City; Rich's, Atlanta. Women's furs, Rich's.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY TED CRONER

Supple leathers are styled along comfortable, classic lines. Woman's middy with sweater sleeves, Edw. Schainman, $40. Capeskin jerkin with foulard *print lining, Leathermode,* $25. Man's jacket, Bantamac, about $55

Regal ease and elegance—in togs and in travel—is notable this season among mere ticket holders at the sport of kings. Enthusiast at the left (foreground) wears natural calfskin coat with white leather toggle closing, corduroy lining, by Aronowicz, $175. Right, coachman's coat of South African Capeskin has lining and collar of Orlon fleece by Leathermode, $85. The royal coaches: (l. to r.) Thunderbird by Ford and Studebaker Golden Hawk; (center) Chevrolet Corvette

Photogenic coats have the relaxed look of country togs, the smart sophistication for city wear. Full-length coat of loden green South African Capeskin has silk Paisley lining and ascot, Leathermode, $150. Friend's jacket of golden palomino calfskin is lithe, versatile, by Aronowicz, $175. Man's sweater, under $20

an **American** *feature*

FIVE FATHOMS TO MURDER

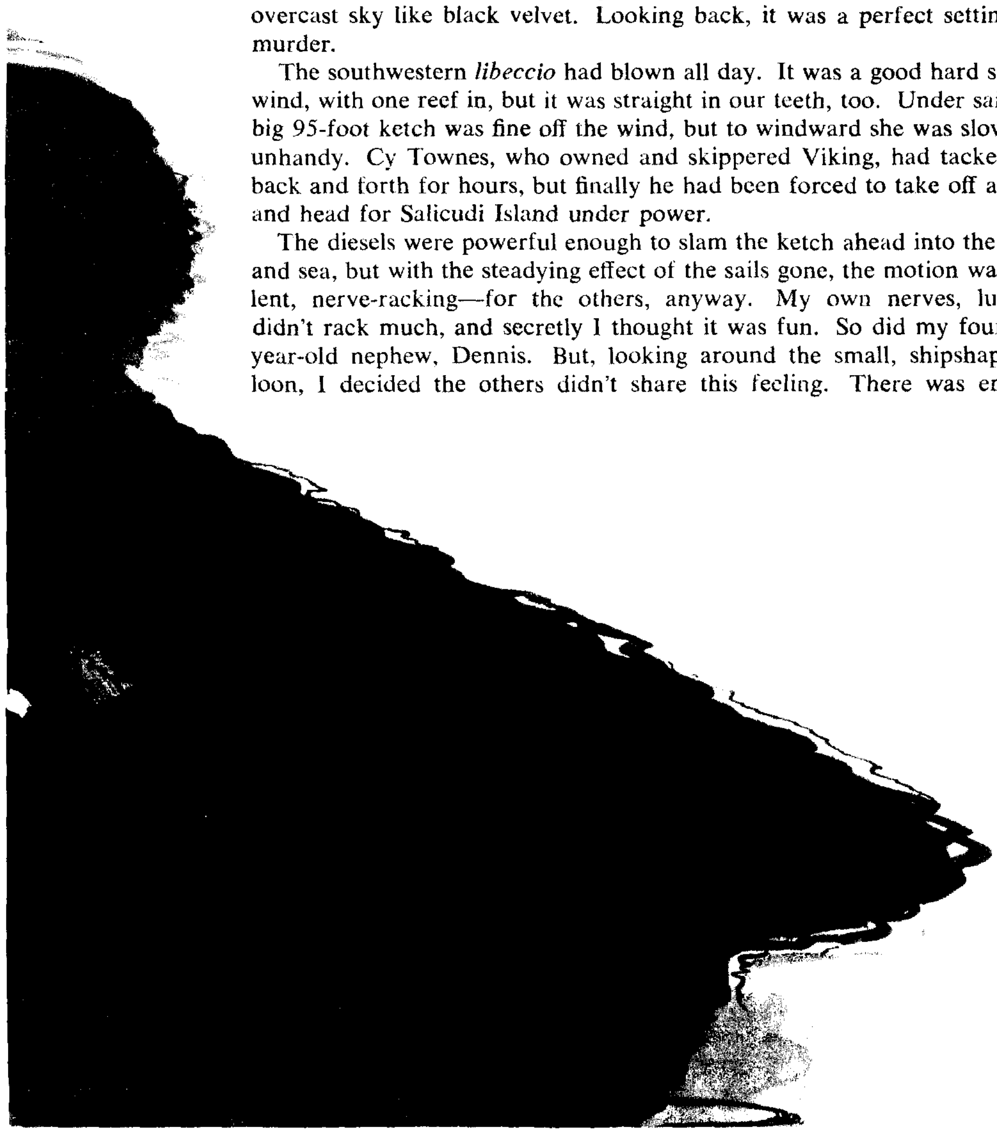
By GORDON GASKILL

A Mediterranean yacht becomes a rich widow's coffin—and a killer's trap

THE island was very near now, but we were not yet in its lee, and the Mediterranean was still fairly rough. It was almost midnight, with an overcast sky like black velvet. Looking back, it was a perfect setting for murder.

The southwestern *libeccio* had blown all day. It was a good hard sailing wind, with one reef in, but it was straight in our teeth, too. Under sail, the big 95-foot ketch was fine off the wind, but to windward she was slow and unhandy. Cy Townes, who owned and skippered Viking, had tacked her back and forth for hours, but finally he had been forced to take off all sail and head for Salicudi Island under power.

The diesels were powerful enough to slam the ketch ahead into the wind and sea, but with the steadying effect of the sails gone, the motion was violent, nerve-racking—for the others, anyway. My own nerves, luckily, didn't rack much, and secretly I thought it was fun. So did my fourteen-year-old nephew, Dennis. But, looking around the small, shipshape saloon, I decided the others didn't share this feeling. There was enough



CAST OF CHARACTERS

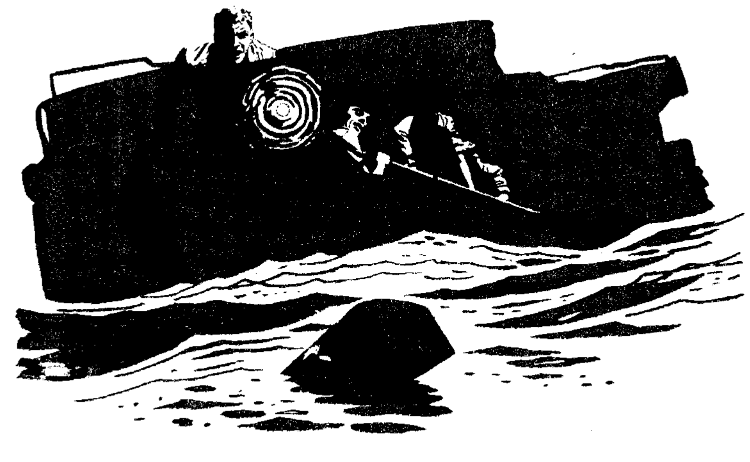
The Viking:	*A seagoing coffin*
Bob Henderson:	*An undersea hunter*
Dennis Henderson:	*His watchful nephew*
Wilma Wardell:	*The vanishing victim*
Charles de Verrier:	*Her faithless friend*
Anita Stapp:	*A flirtatious blonde*
Julie Locke:	*Her sullen stepsister*
Peter Lillesden:	*A seasick suitor*
Hans Huber:	*The guest no one knew*
The First Mate:	*A love-smitten Briton*
Cyrus Townes:	*Captain of the Viking*
Merlin:	*An all-seeing cat*

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES BINGHAM

high tension to run an electric chair—and not only because of the weather.

Wilma Webster Wardell, our hostess and my client, lay back in her chair, eyes closed. By spending a goodly chunk of the late Simeon Wardell's fortune in beauty parlors, she usually seemed a smooth ten years younger than her actual forty-eight. But not tonight. She looked drawn and haggard, frustrated, coldly furious.

Beside her, patting her hand now and then consolingly, if a little mechanically, sat Count Charles de Verrier. He'd sold her his luxurious family villa near Cannes shortly after Simeon Wardell died, but somehow he had never really left it, for good, himself. She always introduced him as an old family friend, but I'd heard ruder words for it. The count was about her own age, a distinguished, handsome man with the sort of polish women usually liked.



The flashlight beam glinted on a floating object. It was Wilma's jewel box

From time to time Wilma Wardell opened her eyes wearily, to stare with icy disgust at the two girls on the divan. The girls were stepsisters—both beautiful, both her nieces, both her last blood relatives, and both, to Wilma Wardell's mind, irritating problem children. In all other ways, the two were as different as the books they were reading, or pretending to read.

Anita Stapp, a tall, slender blonde, was reading a scholarly book called Calypso and Other Folk Music of the Caribbean. She was twenty-eight, and so far she didn't want to marry anybody at all. She had been interested, at various times, in Finnish poetry, in a French painting style called pointillism and, currently, in folk music.

Her stepsister, Julie Locke, was dark, smaller, fine-boned and sullen. Her book was named Practical Small-Boat Seamanship. She was twenty-two. In London last year she had fallen in love with somebody Wilma Wardell had described to me as "a most unsuitable Irishman."

This whole cruise, in fact, had been Wilma Wardell's heavy-handed way of coping with her nieces. Nothing had gone right from the day we left Cannes some three weeks ago. The weather had been bad. Everyone had quarreled about what islands to visit and how long to stay. We'd been nowhere long enough for me to do any real spearfishing, which was why I'd come. And her scheming about her nieces had turned into an almost ludicrous boomerang.

And Wilma Wardell didn't like it. Not at all.

The count patted her hand again, murmuring something, but his eyes strayed to Anita Stapp. The girl caught his glance, smiled back a little anxiously, and then looked down again at her book.

I cast an eye over the two other members of this gay party. Hans Huber, the odd German guest whom nobody had figured out yet, was as pale as anybody else. He gripped his chair arm but he hadn't uttered a word of complaint all day long, as if to out-stoic the effete Allies.

Especially our British component, the Honorable Peter Lillesden, whose long, thin face was white and set. He had taken it as a crowning insult to the British Empire that he had been seasick in the afternoon. He'd blamed it on the example set a few minutes before by Merlin, Wilma Wardell's spoiled and sophisticated black cat.

Nobody had been able to persuade Wilma Wardell it was foolish to bring a cat along on a sailboat—or her jewels either, for that matter. When the cat became seasick, she'd ordered Julie to put Merlin belowdecks in the port bathroom, where the motion was less. This, of course, was purely for Merlin's comfort, not ours.

THE silence broke for a moment when the young British mate stuck his head inside the door. His words were for everybody, but his eyes were only for Julie Locke. "It won't be much longer," he announced. "We'll be in the lee of the island soon."

Julie Locke looked up at him, suddenly transformed, smiling, no longer sullen. "When do we drop anchor?" she asked.

"In a few minutes," he said, "after we get inside the reef." Then he caught Wilma Wardell's hostile stare. He blushed quickly and vanished.

"A few minutes!" the future Lord Lillesden said faintly. "Let us hope so."

Wilma Wardell looked at him coldly, as if wondering how Britannia had ever ruled the waves. Perhaps to conceal her own discomfort, she snapped back sarcastically, "Chin up, Peter! This isn't the Titanic, you know!" But he lay back, eyes closed.

My nephew nudged me. "Hey, Bob!" he whispered. "How's for going out on deck? I want to see this—coming through the reef!" So did I. Resentful eyes watched us stagger aft and up the steps to the cockpit.

Out of the pitch-black darkness, Cy Townes's voice barked angrily. "Close that hatch! You want to blind me?"

"Sorry!" I said, slamming it shut. Coming from the lighted cabin, we could see absolutely nothing. We groped our way to a cockpit seat.

"That you, Henderson?" Cy Townes asked. "Sorry to make like Captain Bligh, but it's hard to see, and this is a pretty tricky entrance. No buoys or lights." In Spanish he shouted some question to Pedro, one of the three Spanish sailors, who was on lookout duty at the bow. Cy seemed on edge, tense, and it was contagious.

"You've—you've been here before, haven't you, Skipper?" my nephew asked, trying to reassure himself.

"Sure," Cy said curtly, "but not at night. Daytime's different." His voice was edged with irritation.

I poked Dennis with an elbow. "Shut up! He's got more to do than yak with you now." Ahead, I saw the great, looming outline of Salicudi Island, but I could make out no rocks, no reef. From time to time Cy's shadowy figure bent forward swiftly to glance at the luminous lines of the grid steering compass, to move the wheel slightly, his eyes straining ahead into the darkness.

Suddenly the bow lookout gave a warning yell, high and thin with terror. A second later we struck. Hard. The big ketch reared indignantly, with horrible grinding sounds below as the reef bit into her vitals. She stopped dead, careening far over, changing in a moment from a free and living thing to a stricken mass of wood and metal.

The shock had knocked us to the cockpit flooring. My nephew gasped, "Golly!" I heard Cy Townes's dazed curses. From belowdecks there were screams and running feet. A wave lifted Viking, lurching her farther onto the unseen rocks, twisting her cruelly. The pounding and the grinding below were louder now.

"She's a goner!" Cy grated. He seemed stunned, staring at the useless wheel. Then, collecting himself, he said urgently, "You two go help get the boats over. I'll go see how badly she's holed!" He yanked open the hatch and disappeared. I heard his strong voice yelling, "Take it easy! We'll be all right! We're very near land. Grab a bag and get to the boats! Take it easy—but make it fast, too!"

ALREADY the deck was slanting. Dennis and I groped our way forward. The young British mate, John, was already working in swift silence with the Spaniards, unlashing the two small boats. Below, the electricity went out, and there were more screams. We heaved the smaller boat over the side, shipping hardly a drop. The larger one, on davits, was tougher, and a wave slopped in water, but not enough to hurt.

Dark figures pushed up from belowdecks, clutching small bags, making for the boats, climbing in. Through the skylight I saw tiny flickerings of light moving down below, and there was excited talking in the darkness, a woman's voice thin with hysteria. Something soft and black jumped by me and into a boat—the cat, Merlin. A tall figure I recognized as Lillesden came to get into a boat, then turned back and vanished. The British mate dashed aft, and suddenly Dennis said, "I'll go get our little suitcase, Bob—the one with the traveler's checks." He was gone before I could stop him.

Then Cy Townes's voice, clear, calm with authority: "Take it easy! Take it easy! Everybody out on deck?"

Dennis didn't answer. It was taking him a long time, and the ketch was going down fast. Already wave tops were coming over her seaward, lower side. I started to push down to find him—and just then he appeared, waving the little suitcase. "Got it!" he yelled, panting. "It was hard to open the door. Jammed, I guess."

The first, larger boat had already pulled off into the darkness with its load. Cy swept his flashlight over the deck. Except for us, it was empty. We climbed into the smaller dinghy, Cy last, as a captain should. The sea was choppy, but not dangerous. We pulled off a safe distance, then waited, watching Viking's last moments.

She died like a lady, with slow dignity. Her stern seemed caught by the fatal rock, but her bow sank lower, lower. . . . The sea was running solidly into her now. As her buoyancy vanished, like breath from a dying body, she was surrendering to the silent downward pull of the great iron keel. Her bow was entirely under now. She seemed to hang for a moment; then her stern rose briefly and followed. Water boiled from the escaping air below—and she vanished.

Cy stared at the spot. "Gone!" he said hoarsely, in a stunned voice. I didn't like to think what he was feeling. She was, I knew, not only his home, but all he had in the world. Compared with the fancy floating-hotel kind of yachts that charterers usually like, she had been old, plain, a little cramped and slow. But she had been stout and solid, too, a gallant thing of beauty, with romance in her white wings that no chrome-plated motor speed yacht could ever match. Not for me.

Cy was rousing himself with an effort. "Anyway," he said, with a weak attempt to smile, "nobody's hurt or lost. Hardly even wet." He counted us off. "Lillesden, two Hendersons, one sailor, and me. And the rest in the other boat." He flashed his light shoreward. I thought I saw the other boat, but the dark object turned out to be a boot-shaped rock, very near. Then I made out the other dinghy, shoreward of us. Cy hailed it, shouting, "John, are you all right there?"

The mate's British voice came back faintly: "Yes, sir! All right here!"

Relieved, Cy said, "All right. Let's head for shore ourselves." We pulled only a few hundred yards, across a little bay, and grated on a sandy beach beside the other boat. There were vague figures ashore; I heard Italian voices.

It was Anita Stapp who noticed first. "Aunt Wilma!" she screamed. "Where's Aunt Wilma?"

Cy stared. "We thought she was with you."

And the mate, gaping: "We thought she was with *you!*"

There was a moment of stunned silence. Then Cy moved quickly. "Get the women ashore. The rest of us—let's get back there—fast!"

We rowed back and forth over the dark water, still marked by oil and flotsam, where Viking had disappeared. We hunted long and carefully, calling, calling, calling . . .

Once I asked, in a low voice, "How deep is it here, Cy?"

"Over a hundred fathoms—six hundred feet," he said bleakly. "The reef goes almost straight down."

Small things floated—kapok cushions, empty bottles, an oil tin, other things. But not Wilma Wardell. Once the flashlight beam glinted on something dark and shining. I recognized Wilma Wardell's beautiful carved Javanese teakwood box. "Cy!" I said tightly. "That's her jewel box!"

He nodded, directed the boat to it, and one of the Spaniards fished it out. It was open and empty. He shrugged and dropped it into the bottom of the dinghy. We went on looking, as long as it was worth while. But at last Cy said, heavily, grimly, "No use trying any more."

Back on the beach, we found the women already gone. An Italian fisherman led us to the island's only real building, a crude *pensione* where fishermen stayed during the summer months. We carried along what gear we'd brought with us from Viking. Since I had nothing myself, I picked up the teakwood box.

As we walked into the little dining room, lighted by kerosene lamps, the two girls looked up questioningly, with stricken faces. Cy shook his head slowly, sadly. We slumped into the rough chairs, too grim and depressed to talk. The Italian owner and his wife brought us black coffee laced with some strong raw spirit. It revived us a little—perhaps too much.

Suddenly Anita Stapp turned to Cy. "It's all your fault!" she shrilled. "We should have waited out at sea, until it was light!"

His jaw tightened, but he said mildly, "Maybe. But everybody wanted to get in to an anchorage. I never had trouble before."

Julie Locke was staring into her coffee. "It was the jewels!" she whispered. "We told her not to bring them, and now—they killed her!" She looked up, white. "She must have gone to her cabin to get them. And somehow the door must have jammed, when the boat turned, and she couldn't get out."

"Yep," Dennis said solemnly, "our door jammed too."

I WAS shaking my head slowly, but nobody seemed to notice me. Anita said, wonderingly, "But surely she'd have screamed for help, or pounded on the door."

Charles de Verrier sighed. "Who would have heard her? With so much noise and panic—and in the darkness." He went on moodily, "Frankly, I had only one thought—to get what I could from my cabin, and to get out before the ship went down and trapped me."

I caught Julie's eye at last. "No, Julie," I said. "You see, we—we found her jewel box out there—floating—empty." Avoiding her eyes, I picked up the box now and brought it into the light, for the first close look.

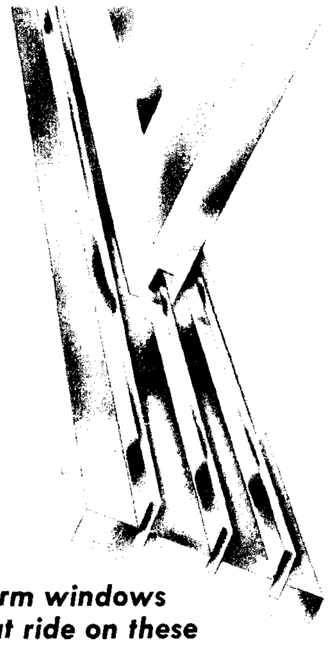
She took it in her hands. Then she gave a strange little cry. "The lock's broken!" she whispered. "Somebody forced it open!"

And she was obviously right. The teak was splintered, the brass lock tongue badly bent.

Cy, peering over her shoulder, said awkwardly, "Take it easy, Julie."

"Easy!" she flared. "Are you blind? Can't you see what it means? Why would she force it open herself—when she had a key? Why bother opening it at all, then? She'd bring the whole box with her." She looked around

Huber was on his knees, digging. From our hiding place we watched him put something into the bag beside him. Had he found the treasure?



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wildly. "Somebody *else* did it. Took it away from her." She buried her face in her hands, and I barely heard her broken whisper: "And probably killed her, too!"

A whisper only, but enough. The room was suddenly still, frozen. Someone gasped. Then Charles de Verrier was saying gently, "Be calm, Julie. There can be any number of explanations, innocent explanations for—that." He gestured toward the box.

But Anita Stapp was staring. "She's right! What innocent explanations? Give me one—just one!" De Verrier shrugged, saying nothing. She went on: "I don't care what you say about the noise and panic. She'd have screamed like—like an air-raid siren. She'd have pounded on the door, or broken it down. You know she would."

I found I was nodding. My mind was whirling, but it was working, too. "And if you're right," I heard myself saying, "it had to be—one of us."

The small room was darker than its shadows now, and we looked at one another with even darker thoughts. "And," I went on, following the nasty logic of it, "whoever did it, whoever took the jewels, probably has them right now. On his person, or in the bags he brought."

Cy stared at me, and said slowly, "Then we all ought to be searched."

After a pause, De Verrier laughed shortly. "Why not? But do not forget, my friend, that even if somebody did bring them ashore, there has been time for any of us to hide them. In the sand, under a rock—anywhere!"

I hadn't thought of that. Maybe he was right. Anyway, we made the search as well as we could, and we found no jewels.

We hardly seemed like people any more. We were masks. And from behind one of the masks a killer was watching us, perhaps even amused, feeling perfectly safe now, realizing that all evidence was lost forever, six hundred feet down, on the bottom of the Mediterranean.

The silence was unbearable. It was broken, finally, almost ludicrously, by Hans Huber. He had said hardly a word during all the talk of murder; now he contributed his thought for the evening. "The passports," he said in his precise, schoolbook English, blinking. "What shall we do without our passports?"

Since Cy had had to show our passports at every Italian port, he had kept them himself, in a bundle, and had not had time to get them. He began to say, "I'm sure they can be replaced at—"

"Passports!" Anita Stapp said bitingly. Her eyes flamed with contempt.

"Leave it," Cy interposed quickly. "We're all worked up. We can talk tomorrow. Right now, we need sleep."

Julie laughed then, half-hysterically. "Sleep! With a murderer loose?"

FOR me, sleep was a long time coming. On the bed next to mine Dennis went to sleep quickly, in spite of everything. He'd been wide-eyed, stunned. "Golly, Bob, you think it really was murder?" Murder on a TV screen was one thing; murder right here something else. I'd put him off. I wanted to think.

I remembered suddenly how Wilma Wardell had been in love with the Mediterranean. How she'd told me once: "I'll never leave it, Bob!" Well, she wouldn't now. Perhaps she'd have liked it this way, with a yacht for a coffin. And, over her, not six feet of plebeian earth, but six hundred feet of her favorite water.

But murder. Murder and the reef. I listened now to the sea murmuring over it faintly, in the distance. A week or so ago, looking at a nautical chart of Salicudi Island, I'd been eager to see that reef. It had looked perfect for spearfishing. And, in a way, it was spearfishing that had brought me from a downtown Manhattan law factory to a barren island off Sicily.

OUR firm handled the Wardell estate, and I handled Wilma Wardell herself, or tried to. Begrudging every day away from the French Riviera, she used to come to New York only for a flying visit every autumn to dazzle the Metropolitan Opera opening-night crowd with the Wardell jewels, and to talk over business matters. There was never much. She rarely told us what she did with her money, and it was, technically, none of our business.

Her last visit had been a little different. She'd written that Julie Locke had fallen in love with a young Irishman in London. Wilma Wardell had considered him the worst possible choice, although she'd refused even to see him. She'd asked us to check up on him, hoping we'd find some unpleasant skeletons. A London agency did the check for us, and when she'd swept into my office I'd handed her the report: *Michael Montgomery . . . son of disabled Royal Navy officer from Belfast, pensioned . . . to Oxford on scholarship . . . won a Blue, a First in History . . . now with British Treasury.*

"And probably," I'd said, "with a good career ahead of him, unless he commits murder or falls in love with a royal princess." She had not been amused.

She'd flung the report on my desk. "A little dime-a-week fortune-hunting bureaucrat!" she'd stormed. "No family and no money!" Having had neither herself, before marrying Simeon Wardell, she was sensitive about both.

"My nieces!" she'd sighed. "One doesn't want to marry at all, and the other wants to marry the wrong man!" Then she'd told me about her plan.

Oddly, for such a woman, Wilma Wardell had liked sailboats, had known a surprising amount about them, and often had chartered one in Cannes. "And I'll do it again this year!" she had told me. "The same yacht, a big, lovely ketch owned by an American. I'll make Julie and Anita come. I'll have a lot of nice people aboard and— Oh, you'll see, Bob! At night, on a sailboat, in those wonderful islands . . ." Then she'd looked at me, pityingly. "But of course you don't know how wonderful the Mediterranean is, do you?"

I'd blundered then. "No," I'd said, "but I may be finding out this summer." I loved spearfishing, had graduated from a mere mask and snorkel to an Aqua-lung and was itching to try it out in the Mediterranean. I had a six-week leave coming. My brother, in our Paris embassy, wanted to go off for a month with his wife, alone, and I'd agreed to take their fourteen-year-old son off their hands and take him spearfishing with me.

Too late, I'd realized how Wilma Wardell's thoughts were turning. She had looked me over like a horse she was thinking of buying. I could read the thoughts: *Robert Neville Henderson . . . Princeton . . . excellent law firm . . . satisfactory family . . . knows which fork to use for salad.*

"Wonderful!" she'd said. "You must come with us. We'll go to wonderful islands, and you can do all the spearfishing you like."

I'd tried to backpedal, and explained about Dennis. That had shaken her for a little, but not enough. "Bring him too," she'd said firmly. "A fourteen-year-old would love it." Anyway, I couldn't wriggle out, and the firm didn't want me to offend her. The Wardell estate was no bag of peanuts.

So I was stuck. And, in any other circumstances, it would have been laughable to see how wrong Wilma Wardell had been. It had never been very clear whether she'd meant me for Julie or Anita. As things turned out, it didn't matter.

I'd never met either of the girls before and, frankly, I wouldn't have minded being sacrificed to Julie. Not at all. I taught her spearfishing and how to use the Aqua-lung. She had been pleasant, friendly; she'd smiled at me—but so does my sister, and in about the same way. To my chagrin, she'd begun flirting with the young British mate. She went rowing with him, got him to teach her about sailboats. Her aunt had been furious, but grimly amused, too. As she'd said to me, sardonically, "At least it shows she's too fickle to be serious about that impossible Irishman in London!"

But she'd found nothing amusing in what was happening between Anita and the "old family friend," Charles de Verrier. The count talked smoothly about art, music, painting. He sang to Anita, in a low, soft voice, native songs from Madagascar and the French Congo. She'd taught him, in return, hillbilly songs and cowboy ballads. They seemed to have a lot to talk about, and Wilma Wardell had watched them with narrowed eyes and, I was sure, mounting anger. It was not pleasant to share De Verrier with a much prettier woman, a woman twenty years younger—and her own niece.

I'd often wondered what was going on behind Wilma Wardell's eyes, what plans she was making. Maybe somebody else had wondered, too. Maybe somebody else knew. . . .

WHEN I woke up next morning, the sun was already high and hot. I went down to the little dining room and found some of the others there: Julie, Lillesden, Cy, and the British mate, John. The Italian landlady came in with coffee, and I saw at once the murder story had got around fast. Last night she had been warm and sympathetic. Now she looked suspicious, fearful, hardly daring to come near us.

"She thinks we're going to strangle her any minute," Lillesden said dryly. He held up a cheap black Italian cigarette. "It's more likely we'll choke to death on these. Horrible, but they're all she has."

He was trying to be light, but it didn't come off. For all the blazing sunshine, murder was still a heavy black cloud. Julie looked pale, with dark circles under her eyes; John was uncomfortable. Cy slumped in his chair staring out at the sea.

The Italian woman came back with a pitcher of hot milk. Something black followed at her heels, mewing.

"Merlin!" I said suddenly. I remembered how, last night, the cat had leaped past me into the dinghy, but I'd had other things to think about then. I said, puzzled, "How did he get out?"

Cy stared blankly. "Out of where?"

"He was seasick yesterday afternoon," I explained. "Mrs. Wardell told Julie to put him down in the port bathroom. The motion was easier there."

Julie nodded. "I did, and I locked it, too, with the key. I thought the door might swing open, with so much movement." She frowned. "Maybe the porthole was open, and he got out that way."

Cy objected. "Shouldn't have been, not in that weather." His eyes went to John.

"No, sir," John said. "It was dogged down tight. Saw to it myself." He turned to Julie: "Maybe the lock didn't catch well."

"Oh, it caught all right." It was, surprisingly, Lillesden speaking, almost shyly. "You see, at the last minute, I remembered Merlin. I hated to think of an animal caught that way, so I dashed down to let him out. But I couldn't get the door open at all—by the way, there was no key that I saw—and I couldn't hang around forever." He looked down at the cat he hadn't liked so much yesterday. "Still, I'm glad he made it, no matter how." He scratched Merlin's head.

AFTER breakfast I stood in the doorway, seeing Salicudi Island for the first time. It was baking under the hot sun, as barren as I'd expected, except for stunted undergrowth and some dry, heatherlike bushes that grew almost everywhere. It was, I knew, about two miles long, volcanic, and far off the beaten path. Sicily, some fifty sea miles away, was the nearest land, and Palermo the nearest big port. In winter, the island was entirely uninhabited. In summer, a few Italian lobstermen used it as a base. Its very remoteness made it good for spearfishing, and our *pensione* had been opened two years before, in an attempt to get some tourist trade. The sea looked blue and calm; and the bay, only about fifty steps away, was rimmed with a narrow white beach. I saw four brightly painted boats hauled up on the sand, with men around them. Probably the Italian lobstermen.

"No Tahiti, is it?" Cy's voice said behind me. "There's not one darned official here, not even a harbor master. No telegraph, no wireless, no regular boat connections. These lobstermen say there's a boat comes every week or so, depending on weather, to bring them supplies and take back their lobsters to Palermo, to market. But that boat left yesterday and won't be back for at least six days." He shook his head wearily. "What are we going to do about all this, Bob?" He looked me square in the eyes. "You think it really was murder?"

He seemed yearning to hear a "no," but I couldn't give it to him. "Yes," I said slowly, "I think it was." I went over, out loud now, the reasoning that had kept me awake last night. When I ended, he looked older than ever.

"But who?" he asked, dazed. "And why?"

"I don't know," I admitted, "and maybe we'll never find out. Not with her body and all the evidence and clues—if there were any—six hundred feet down."

He nodded somberly. "Corpus delicti. I've read about that."

"Sort of," I said. "Laymen aren't entirely right when they think no murder can be proved, or no murderer convicted, when the victim's body cannot be produced. But it makes a prosecutor's case a dozen times tougher, almost impossible." I changed the subject. "Where's everybody else?" I asked.

"Oh, here and there," he said vaguely. "That nephew of yours, I think, is over on that point." On the far point enclosing the little bay, I saw light-green patches. "Those are tents," he explained. "Some young French fellows camping there, spearfishermen. Dennis went off that way."

"Probably wants to show off his brand-new French," I said. "I'd better go take him off their necks."

He nodded, as if thinking of something else. "And maybe I'll go have a little talk with Julie—and John," he said oddly, and turned away.

I had noticed a strong sulphurous smell in the air and now, walking slowly down to the beach, I found out why. Steam and vapor came from the earth here and there, and I found one scorched spot too hot to stand on. The volcano's last eruption was in 1903, but I wondered just how extinct it really was.

The rough cone of the volcano reared up behind the *pensione*. I saw a man descending the side of it in giant strides, half walking, half sliding, almost up to his hips in light volcanic ash. Wreck or no wreck, death or no death, Hans Huber seemed determined to see all of Salicudi Island. German tourists have a reputation for thoroughness, and I was beginning to see why.

I walked along the hard sand toward the French tents. But halfway there I heard faint shouting. I looked out to sea and saw an orange pneumatic boat, old war-surplus stuff, heading toward me. Somebody was waving from it, and I made out Dennis. He seemed awfully excited. Long before the rubber boat grounded on the beach, he was yelling something at me. Finally, incredibly, I understood it. "Bob!" he was shouting. "The boat didn't sink—not all the way down! It caught on something!"

I couldn't believe my ears. Dennis jumped into the shallow water and splashed to shore. "The propeller caught on a rock, or something!" he said in a shaky voice. "Come on! They say it can't hang there long, if the sea gets rough."

Cy had heard the shouting too and came running up. We said hardly a word. We ran for one of Viking's dinghies, and as we rowed out to the reef, Dennis told us what had happened. He had wandered over to the French camp, and they'd taken him with them in the rubber boat to hunt fish around the reef. And, with their masks, they'd seen Viking not far under the surface!

WHEN we got there, I borrowed a mask, flippers, and snorkel tube from one of the excited Frenchmen and went overboard. I lay on the surface, head down, staring at Viking through water almost as clear as air.

She was a weird, ghostly, incredible sight. Her bow pointed almost straight down into the blue darkness of the great depths. Her masts were almost parallel with the surface, and her keel rested on the gray rock face that slanted down to the invisible sea bottom.

But the rock face, although nearly straight up and down, was not smooth at all. It was full of clefts and crevices, studded with jagged outcroppings. And it was on one of these sharp little outjutting rocks that Viking's starboard propeller had miraculously caught, as she had slid slowly down the rock. The

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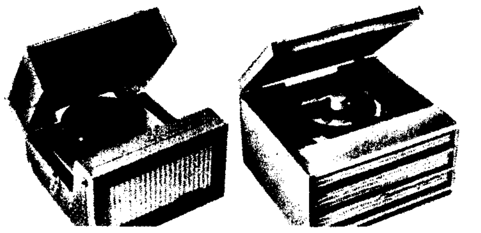

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chances were a billion to one against it. It couldn't happen—but it had.

How long she could hang there, I didn't know. It was like a man clinging to a cliff face by a single fingernail. It looked as if the tiniest nudge would break her loose and send her down to the bottom, forever.

I estimated she was about thirty feet below the surface—about as far as I like to go with a simple mask. I took a deep lungful of air and went down, pulling hard with my arms, kicking with the flippers. Except for the fish nibbling about curiously, the ketch looked surprisingly normal, as if merely resting. I saw the two smashed planks in her hull, to starboard, where the rocks had killed her. Now they seemed almost minor—but so does a tiny .22 hole in a man's forehead.

I spotted my Aqua-lung where I always kept it, clipped to the outside cabin top under an elastic rope. I'd kept its bottles of compressed air recharged with a little motor-driven portable compressor I'd brought, but that would be ruined now. I remembered, though, that both bottles were full, and an idea began stirring in my head. I was almost afraid to touch anything, for fear I'd break Viking loose. But, gingerly, I lifted the elastic rope, and the Aqua-lung came away free in my hands. My lungs were yelling for air. I kicked my way back to the surface.

The Frenchmen took the Aqua-lung into the dinghy, looking at it enviously; it was much better than their simple masks.

Cy had an excited gleam in his eyes. He was no underwater man, and hardly ever used even a mask, but he had been looking down too. We began talking plans. Our idea was simple: To tie one end of a rope at Viking's strongest point—her foremast—and the other to a solid rock at the surface. Then, even if the propeller broke loose, as it eventually must, the rope might keep her from going all the way down to the bottom.

Might, only. The rope might break too. But we figured all her dead weight wouldn't be on the rope. Her wooden hull was still trying to float, but was overcome by the slightly stronger downward pull of the big iron keel. Thus the rope would have to bear only the *difference* between these two pulls.

It was worth trying, and we started in. It was slow work, and the Spanish sailors weren't much help. Pedro, in particular, kept murmuring in Spanish until Cy told him sharply to shut up. "He's telling me that it's bad luck to try to get back what the sea has taken," Cy told me. "They're like kids."

I HAD to do nearly all the underwater work myself. I had the only Aqua-lung and was the only man, apparently who knew how to use one. Dennis was good with it and Julie, a magnificent swimmer, had caught on fast. But this didn't seem the right time for either of them.

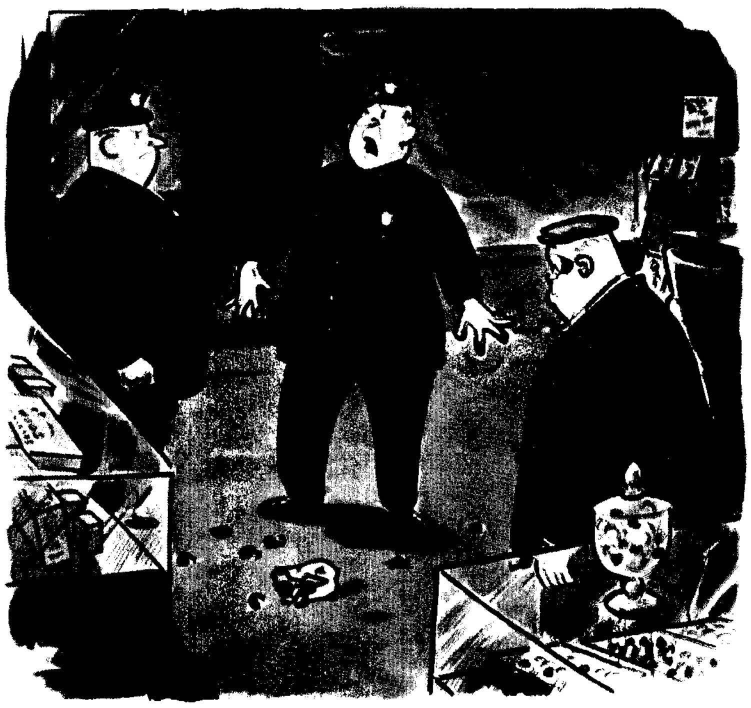
Without an Aqua-lung, we could never have done it. With face mask alone, I could barely get down to Viking and hover a few seconds, not enough to do any real work. Still, from a deck locker, I salvaged some masks, snorkels, flippers and a couple of spear guns. I used the mask when I could, to economize on the compressed air. The two bottles gave me only sixty minutes underwater, and some of that I'd need later when we got Viking tied and it would be reasonably safe to go inside her.

Planning was easy, but the actual work took a long, long time. First of all, we had to get the right kind of rope. Cy had always kept an emergency Manila anchor cable coiled on deck, at the bow. I got this up, finally, but it snarled and caught every minute, and I had to go down repeatedly to clear it. It was new and strong, but not quite long enough to reach the right kind of rock at the surface. There was plenty more rope somewhere deep inside Viking but I wasn't intending to go inside her until she was tied. The Italian lobstermen offered their own line, but it was thin, brown stuff and we had to triple it before it looked strong enough.

Once Cy held the rope curiously in his hands. "Funny to think," he said wryly, "that this piece of line is worth maybe twenty thousand dollars to me—if it holds."

I looked up. "How do you figure that?"

BUTCH



"He reached for his pocket. I grappled with him. It was a bag of chocolate creams!"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

He shrugged. "Well, it'll take every bit of twenty-five thousand to find another boat anywhere near like her—and you know what she's insured for."

A week or so before, he'd asked me some questions about the fine print in his insurance policy, and I'd noticed the face amount: $5,000. Yacht insurance comes high and Cy, like a lot of other yachtsmen, including my father, had taken out a small policy, to cover damage, and had trusted to luck to avoid total loss, which is pretty rare.

He chuckled, with no real mirth. "I thought I was real smart, saving money on premiums. Still, if this rig works, that five thousand will probably pay for salvage, and fixing her up, and then things won't be so bad." He glanced at me apologetically. "Maybe I oughtn't to be talking about money now . . ."

It was, unfortunately, a typical Mediterranean summer day—which meant that a breeze sprang up a little before noon and got steadily stronger. By about one o'clock it was so strong that waves were crashing around the reef. This didn't bother me underwater, for it takes a real gale to cause much movement thirty feet down. But in such weather nobody could work around the surface rocks without being smashed; nor could the little boats stay there, exposed, at anchor.

We had to stop work, with the rope still not tied to the rock, and wait for the sea to calm down. It usually did, in late afternoon. Neither Cy nor I felt much like food, but there was nothing else to do. We went back to the *pensione* for lunch.

IT WAS the gloomiest meal I'd ever eaten. The spaghetti was heavy, with a tasteless sauce; the lobster was fresh, but served with only oil and vinegar. Still, we wouldn't have liked the best food in the world.

For a while I thought nobody would mention either wreck or murder. We steered around it carefully. Then Peter Lillesden said something in swift, fluent Italian to the landlady. She brought him a pad of cheap paper and two pencils.

"Thought I'd sketch a bit," Lillesden said apologetically. "Helps pass the time. Some odd shades of yellow in these rocks. Pity I lost my water colors. Of course they're all down in the—" He broke off, then went on, turning to Cy: "I'm afraid I'm awfully dense, but what good will it do even if you do get the rope tied? She'll still be thirty feet down, and you can't haul her up with the rope, can you?"

Cy chuckled. "No, but if we can hold her there until a salvage boat gets here from Palermo, they can float her with pontoons."

"But how can you get word to Palermo?" John asked.

"That's the sixty-four-thousand-lira question," Cy admitted grimly.

Julie was looking at me. "If you do go inside her, what will you do?" The others looked at me then, apparently wondering the same thing.

"First of all," I said slowly, "the—body, if I can find it. Then look for the jewels, although . . ." I dropped that. "Then anything else I can find. Evidence—I don't know."

De Verrier frowned. "You want to bring up her body? But why? What is the good? Why bother her now?"

"I suppose we must, old man," Lillesden murmured. "The authorities, and all that."

"Authorities!" the Frenchman said impatiently. "There are no authorities!"

"There will be sometime," I pointed out. "The Italians won't just slide over a thing like this."

Unexpectedly, Anita Stapp said, "Well, if you're down there, could you bring up some of my clothes? I brought all the wrong things with me."

We were all shocked, but only Julie said anything. "Clothes!" she burst out bitterly. "Anita, you—! Aunt Wilma's drowned, and all you can think about is your silly clothes!"

Her stepsister eyed her ironically. "Oh, Julie," she said, smiling faintly, "I'm just as sorry about it as you are—just exactly as sorry!" she added, her tone sarcastic.

ANGRY sparks glowed in Julie's eyes. "I wasn't the one she was so mad at the day before yesterday, remember!" Anita caught her breath sharply, but Julie swept on. "Of course I heard it! Probably half the boat heard it! I never heard her so furious, and I don't blame her. Any woman who would—" She fell suddenly silent, glaring at Charles de Verrier.

It was utterly unlike Julie. A sign, I thought, of the tremendous strain everybody felt. But I didn't like it. Neither did Cy, and he stepped in smoothly to stop it. "Wait a minute," he said mildly. "Look, this has been hard on everybody. People say things they don't mean. Now let's forget this." He stood up, and I saw an odd, quick glance pass between Julie and him—and John. Then Cy looked at me. "About time we got back to the beach, isn't it?"

"Okay," I agreed, although I knew the wind was as bad as ever and we still couldn't work. We went ahead to the beach and lay in the sand, waiting, and I was not at all surprised when John and Julie "happened" to come and join us. They looked uneasy.

But it was Cy himself who began talking. "Up to now, Bob," he said self-consciously, "there's been a—well, a kind of secret on the boat. Before, it seemed nothing but a joke, and I agreed to keep it. But now, things are too serious. It's bound to come out anyway, and the sooner the better." He pointed to Julie and the young British mate. "They agree with me and—well, maybe they need legal advice, I don't know."

"What in thunder are you talking about?" I demanded, puzzled.

The young mate said, through tight lips, "My name is John, all right, but it's my middle name. The whole name is Michael John Montgomery—"

"Montgomery!" I shouted. "Montgomery the Irishman!" I began to laugh. Maybe it wasn't the time to laugh, and maybe it wasn't real laughter, but the gods must have been laughing too. Laughing at Wilma Wardell.

Montgomery said slowly, staring at me. "Irish, yes, from North Ireland—but that's British, of course. Apparently you know who I am."

So I told them how, at Wilma Wardell's request, I'd had him checked. As

I finished, Julie said angrily, "You shouldn't have done it! A dirty, underhanded thing!"

"I don't think so," I said mildly. "It's fairly routine and, after all, she was our client." Then I looked at them curiously. "How did you work it?"

It had been ingenious—and surprisingly simple. Julie, of course, had realized immediately what her aunt was up to with the yacht cruise. As soon as she found out which boat it would be, she'd written Montgomery. He'd got leave, come to Cannes, and easily found a job as Viking's "mate"—a courtesy title only, for a yacht that size doesn't legally need a ticketed mate.

Cy had been glad to get him. Handling the big ketch in bad weather with only the three Spaniards was no fun, and Montgomery knew boats from stem to stern, having sailed all his life with his father. Also, he had been willing to take very low wages and, as a crowning asset, he spoke English—a handy thing with so many English-speaking passengers aboard.

At first they'd planned to keep the secret from Cy too. But then, on the spot, they'd realized this was too risky. At any time he might innocently say "Mr. Montgomery," and the game would be up. So they'd told Cy the secret the first day. He'd been worried about playing a trick on his charterer, but they'd been powerful persuaders. They'd made it a sort of love-laughs-at-locksmiths joke, and finally Cy had agreed to keep it quiet.

"It seemed rather a good joke at the time," Montgomery said. "It doesn't seem quite so funny now."

"No," I said slowly. "She didn't have that kind of sense of humor. If she'd ever found out—"

"But she didn't!" Julie said quickly.

I looked at her. "Are you sure she didn't? She might have seen his passport."

She shook her head vehemently. "It was always with Cy," she said, "in that chartroom."

"Which wasn't locked," I reminded her. "She might have gone to look at her own passport, for some reason, and seen his too."

"I'm *sure* she never knew!" Julie said stubbornly. "She wasn't the kind of woman to keep quiet. She'd have blown up. You'd have heard the explosion in Spain!" But a worried line in her forehead showed she wasn't quite so sure now, herself.

Montgomery took her hand. "Well," he said, "we told you. Come, Julie."

We watched them walk off slowly along the sand. Cy shook his head. "Maybe I shouldn't have played along," he said, worried. "It seemed all right at the time, but now . . ."

THE wind didn't begin to die until late afternoon, and the sea wasn't calm enough to work until nearly dark. We worked like fools, though, and finally got the rope tied to a rock as tightly as possible. The sun drowned under the horizon a few minutes before Cy said, with satisfaction, "Now if she does break loose, she'll only go down a few feet, until that line catches her." He crossed his fingers. "If it holds."

My nerves were screwed up tight. Underwater work usually had that effect on me. It was fascinating, but it was somehow ominous.

Dinner helped. It was better than lunch. There was spaghetti again, but some good fish, a chicory salad, strong Sicilian wine. Maybe the wine helped dissolve away some of my jitters. Anyway, I remembered I was a lawyer, after all, not a frogman.

Julie and Anita had said hardly a word to each other since their flare-up at lunch. Partly to break the tension between them, partly because it was my job to talk to them anyway, I waited for what seemed the right moment, when no one else was listening, and said, "It's about time, maybe, for a talk—to both of you. But not right here."

Julie asked sullenly, "A talk about what?"

"Well," I said, "I was her lawyer—the estate's lawyer. Now I guess I'm your lawyer, unless you fire me."

Neither smiled. But neither argued, either, and they followed me outside.

WE WALKED out to the beach and leaned against one of the lobster boats. There was no sound but the murmuring of the distant reef. It was hard to begin, but I blundered on in: "I knew that some day I'd probably be having this kind of talk with you two, but I never thought it would be like this. Still, as you know, I drew up her will, and I believe she told you roughly what it says."

No answer. Anita bent down slowly to pick up a handful of pebbles. In the starlight, Julie's face was shadowed, unreadable.

"Briefly," I went on, "you share alike, fifty-fifty, in the residual estate. The inheritance taxes will be heavy; there'll be various fees and charges. But even so, after everything, you'll each have about three million dollars."

Anita's blonde hair swirled as she tossed a pebble into the sea. "Residual?" she said. "What's that?"

"After all taxes and charges," I explained, "and after a few specific bequests have been paid. There's nothing big—the usual ones to old servants, a couple of charities, and the one leaving the Cannes villa to Charles de Verrier."

They moved sharply, suddenly, both of them. "To him!" Julie said, as if amazed.

"I thought she'd have told you about that," I said carefully. "She felt that it was—well, his ancestral home, more or less, even though she'd paid him a very good price for it. So"—I had to get this just right—"as a token of friendship, it goes back to him."

Julie laughed shortly. "Did you know about this, Anita?"

"No," her stepsister said slowly, "and I don't think he knows it, either." Then she added thoughtfully, "At least, he never mentioned it."

There was an uneasy silence. Then Anita asked, "How about the jewels—if you find them tomorrow?"

"They're not mentioned in the will," I said, "so they'll be included in the body of the estate. If you two can agree on a division between you, fine. Otherwise, they'd normally be sold, with the proceeds divided equally between you."

Julie's laugh was brittle. "We don't seem to agree on much, do we?"

And that was that. Neither asked any more questions. They told me to handle all the legal details; so the firm still had the Wardell estate account. Finally Anita flung down her pebbles and walked briskly back to the *pensione*.

Julie watched her go, moodily. Then she turned to me: "I shouldn't have said what I did today about her—about quarreling with Aunt Wilma. It wasn't much, really. She was furious about

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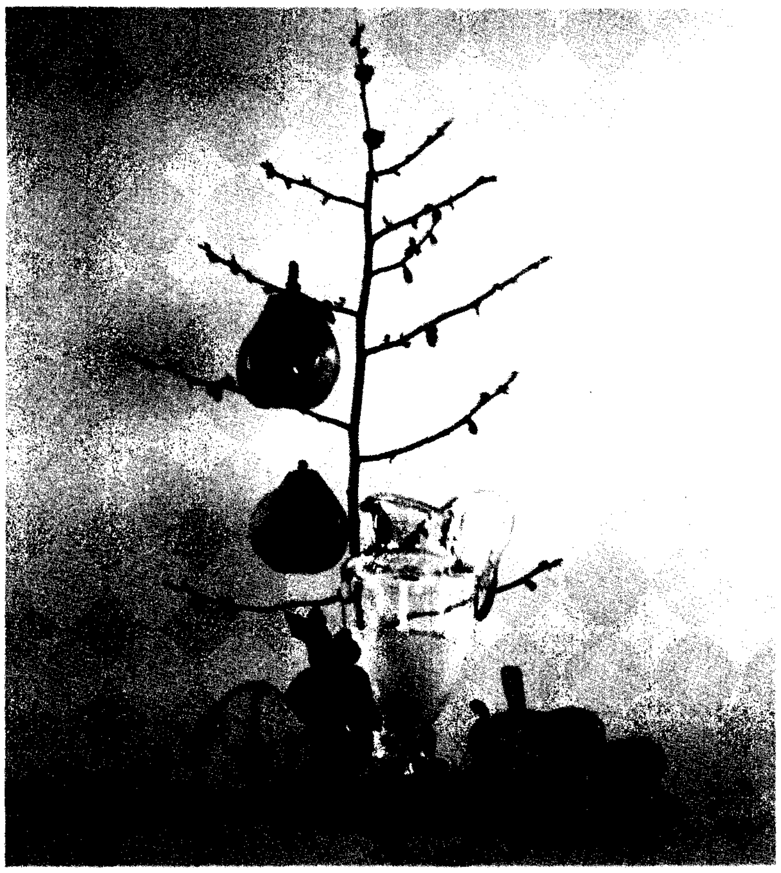
QUIZ ON CUISINE

no. 4 in a series

By ANN SERANNE and EILEEN GADEN



CRYSTAL PITCHER AND PLATE BY BACCARAT

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SERANNE & GADEN

Here's the fourth in a series on classic cuisine designed to puzzle you now, and protect you later from the disappointment of mistakes in menu-reading. It's a two-part quiz: the first lists world-wide menu terms and their definitions; the second part is a picture of all the ingredients that are used to make up *what classic dessert?*

Many reigning beauties and court favorites have been immortalized by lending their names to menu items. The ladies in the list below are sure to bring a light to the eye of any chef. How many can you identify correctly when you meet them at mealtime?

When the menu says . . .	. . . can you expect?
1. Anna	*a. A garnish of tomatoes, French beans and potatoes*
2. Du Barry	*b. Dishes containing cauliflower*
3. Duse	*c. Dishes made with game*
4. Suzette	*d. Sliced potatoes baked in butter*
5. Jeannette	*e. A salad composed of celery, truffles, artichokes, potatoes and asparagus*
6. Diane	*f. Flaming pancakes*
7. Rachel	*g. Chicken breast with* foie gras *and truffles*
8. Josephine	*h. Poached fish with mushrooms and parsley*
9. Héloïse	*i. Tapioca consommé with marrow and Madeira*
10. Sarah Bernhardt	*j. Sautéed chicken with mushrooms and ham*

Puzzled by the picture? The ingredients go into a delicate French dessert. Some food historians claim it was originally named for the Empress Eugénie. We claim only that it's a regal dessert.

Can you identify the dish?

Turn to page 90 for the answers and the recipe.

Charles. of course, but then she was always furious about something."

"Cy was right," I said mildly. "Everybody's pretty jittery. Why don't you tell her, yourself, that you're sorry?"

She shrugged. "I don't know why it is we rub each other the wrong way. We always did, even as children."

Stepsisters often do, I reflected—especially when they're joint heirs. I walked back to the *pensione* with Julie, a little deflated. Of course, I told myself, they've known for a long time they'd inherit. But somehow I'd expected more reaction. Suddenly, overnight, they had become very rich girls. They were young, beautiful, absolutely free now to do whatever they liked with their lives and their millions. And they seemed completely unimpressed.

I felt suddenly tired, whipped. Excitement, tension, work had kept me going during the day, but finally my hours in the water caught up with me. I went to my room and lighted a candle. Dennis wasn't in yet; he was probably with the French campers again.

My Aqua-lung was propped in a corner, and I checked the air bottles carefully. One was empty; the other had only twenty-five minutes of air left, a little less than I'd calculated. I'd have to work fast tomorrow.

Somebody tapped lightly on my door, and I said come in. It was Charles de Verrier, his face tight and smooth in the candlelight. He glanced at the Aqua-lung and then said abruptly, "This thing Anita has just told me—it is true? That the will gives the villa back to me again?"

"Of course it's true," I said. "Didn't you know about it?"

"Would I ask you if I knew?" he retorted curtly. Then he smiled. "Sorry. It is such a surprise. Such a generous thought of hers."

Yet he seemed to have mixed feelings about it. I wondered what Anita had said to him. Maybe it hadn't been pleasant. I could imagine her, scornful, suspicious, jealous of the "friendship" that had brought him such a rich legacy.

De Verrier didn't seem to know what to say next. I suggested his French lawyer get in touch with me later to work out the details. He nodded, absent-mindedly and then shook his head wonderingly. *"Bien!* So it is true! A wonderful gesture from a wonderful woman." He shook my hand, said to sleep well, and left.

I SLEPT well indeed. I pinched out the candle flame and was asleep while the acrid tallow fumes still floated up from the wick.

Still, sometime during the night, I came awake, very groggily. I lay dozing, half asleep yet, my brain like soggy cotton. I thought drowsily I had heard a faint metallic sound. Perhaps Dennis . . . Then I heard his even breathing from the next bed.

I was puzzled. Metallic sound . . . hinge? . . . door latch? The door wasn't locked, and its old-fashioned thumb latch could be worked from either side. I got up, opened the door gently, and looked out. The corridor was deep in shadows. I thought I saw a faint movement at the far end, near the steps. I was about to go see who it was when I remembered I was stark naked.

I pulled on my trousers and went out again. But, if it had really been anybody, I was too late. And maybe it had been somebody opening the wrong door; they all looked alike.

So I went back to bed. And in the morning I found my Aqua-lung was gone.

I got scant sympathy from Dennis. He looked at me as if I were a half-wit. "You mean," he said disgustedly, "that you saw the guy who took it last night, and just watched him walk off with it?"

"How did I know it was gone?" I argued. "There wasn't any light. And how did I know he had it—if he did?"

"If he did!" Dennis said scornfully. Then he looked up at me thoughtfully. "Did you see how those French guys—and the Italians—looked at that Aqua-lung yesterday? Man, they were drooling!" His face fell. "I hate to think it, though. They've been so darned nice."

I WENT to break the news to Cy. He seemed to age five years. "That does it," he said sadly.

From the others I got a lot of sympathy, but no help. Nobody had seen anything—or so they all said. Peter Lillesden said, puzzled, "Why would anybody steal it? None of the others know how to use it, do they?"

"It's not hard to learn," I said. "Even Dennis picked it up fast, and Julie."

He nodded slowly. "So," he said, "somebody else may get down there first—and maybe get the jewels, if they're still there."

"Unlikely," I said.

"Maybe," he answered, "but the story's all over the island now, about the jewels, you know. And you can get them only with an Aqua-lung, can't you? *Ergo!"*

I thought it over. *"Ergo* indeed," I said unwillingly.

All I had left now was a simple mask and breathing tube. With them, I couldn't go inside Viking at all, let alone work in her. I felt let down, restless. I walked slowly to the dinghy and began to push her off. At least, I could see if Viking was still all right.

Somebody shouted at me from the slightly higher ground behind the beach. It was Charles de Verrier, and he was yelling something about a boat. I walked up to him, and he pointed excitedly out to sea. "Is she not coming here?"

She was a long way off, but certainly headed this way. She was obviously a yacht, too, yawl-rigged. Others soon saw her too, and we watched eagerly as she drew nearer. Finally she swung smartly into the little bay, anchoring in the middle. De Verrier and I rowed out to her. She was the Odette, out of Marseilles, and she flew the French flag.

She looked smart, well equipped, although considerably smaller than Viking. "Maybe she has a wireless transmitter," I suggested to De Verrier. "Then we could signal Palermo, and get a salvage boat out here fast.

"Or," I said, as another thought struck me. "Maybe she's got an Aqua-lung."

I WAS wrong about the wireless, but right about the Aqua-lung. And when De Verrier explained things to the owner, he lent it to me without question. Apparently everybody on the island, and every small boat, was out to see the new arrival, and I had quite an audience when I finally went down inside Viking for the first time.

The usual midday wind was beginning to blow up fast. but it wasn't bothersome yet. The small boats hovered directly above Viking dangling down a couple of light lines to haul up anything I found.

I was nervous. I checked over the rope we had tied to the rock. It looked all right, but my heart was pounding like a diesel as I went down. The ship looked somehow ominous in the greenish light filtering down from the surface. I hesitated a moment in the cockpit, then forced myself belowdecks, into the crazy-angled corridor, now pointing almost straight down.

Small fish were nosing inquisitively around their new home. A few darted up to examine the air bubbles from my Aqua-lung and then turned away disappointed. I swam down to Wilma Wardell's cabin. The door opened easily, even off balance as it was, and it took only one look to see the cabin was empty.

I flippered on into the saloon. There were more fish here, nibbling curiously at various things—but no Wilma Wardell. I turned back. I'd been thinking about the cat, and I headed for the port bathroom, near the engine room.

In a corner, a few steps from the bathroom, I saw something gleaming dully. I dived and picked up Wilma Wardell's key chain, with perhaps a half-dozen keys on it and a tiny purse-sized flashlight as a charm.

THE bathroom door itself was either locked or jammed. There was no key. I tried to force it open, but afloat in the water I couldn't exert much pressure. I needed something like a crowbar. I swam into the nearby engine room and got the best tool I could find: a husky-sized screw driver.

Even with this it was hard to get leverage, but finally it worked. The door broke open, the mahogany sidepiece splintering away. It had been locked, all right. I looked inside the bathroom, and felt sick.

Small fish, the length of my hand, fled away from what they had been inspecting. Wilma Wardell floated up at what was now the ceiling, outlined in greenish light that seeped through the porthole. I didn't like what I had to do, but I couldn't pass the buck. Gently I pulled the body down—and saw the horrible deep wound in her head. I towed the body outside into the corridor. At this angle, the companion hatch was almost directly overhead, and the body would probably have floated up and out by itself, if I had let it go free. But I guided it out carefully, and tied around her one of the dangling ropes. Then I let the body go. It rose by itself, eerily, toward the shimmering surface fifty feet above me. I could see the dinghy keels dancing overhead and I knew the sea was getting rougher.

I decided to look over the bathroom carefully for any evidence. I found something almost immediately—a big wrench, wedged into the tangle of large plumbing pipes. I hefted it, examining it as closely as I could in the dim light. There was no blood; probably the sea water would have washed it away, anyway.

I hunted carefully. Except for a couple of drain plates with tiny holes, the floor was absolutely tight. The porthole was screwed down tight too, and the close-fitting door had been locked. No matter how Viking had twisted, nothing could have fallen out. There were no jewels.

Next, I flippered to Wilma's cabin. There were no jewels there either, but somewhere in her personal effects, her papers, there might be some clue. I wanted to take away everything. It was slow-motion work, but I got her suitcases open and jammed into them everything I could, except for some clothing that seemed useless. I took a drawerful of sodden papers. I closed the cases and began taking them outside, to be hauled to the surface.

I HAD only one more suitcase to go, when suddenly Viking went crazy. Through the water, horribly magnified, came the ominous grating sound as the propeller finally broke loose from its precarious hold. The ketch slipped down, twisting, turning. I dropped the suitcase in panic and tried to fight my way outside. The pressure was too much. I grabbed the doorjamb and held tight.

If the rope broke— My brain told me coldly I'd sink with the boat, trapped, all the way down to the great depths, where no Aqua-lung would do me any good.

But the rope held. Slowly Viking came to rest again. The pressure stopped, and I flippered outside fast, my heart racing. Now she lay in almost the opposite direction. Her bow pointed up to the surface, held by our rope, taut now as a fiddle string. I looked it over carefully; it seemed to be holding all right.

Still, in my heart, I didn't want to go inside any more. But I remembered that one last suitcase, the one with her papers. It might make all the difference. So I got hold of myself and dived once more, every nerve tight. I noticed that Viking's changed position had flung open the chartroom door. I caught a glimpse of jumbled papers, books, navigation instruments—and, in the middle, the metal lockbox where Cy had kept his ship's papers and our passports.

I remembered Hans Huber moaning. "What shall we do without passports?" I decided water-soaked ones were better than nothing, and would help in getting new ones. It took only a second to pick up the lockbox. I tied it, and the last suitcase, to a line and signaled them to haul it away. They did, but too jerkily, perhaps because of the roughening sea. Naïvely, I had assumed a lockbox would be locked, but this one wasn't. Halfway to the surface it pulled open, for I had tied the rope through the lid handle. Papers spilled out like a slow snowstorm, scattering lazily in the water, finally coming to rest, some of them, in clefts and crevices near the boat. Others floated on down in deeper water.

But the passports, held together in one pack by a thick rubber band, were heavier, and sank more swiftly. I kicked hard with my flippers and caught up with them before they went too deep. Then, gratefully, I shot back up to the surface.

The sea was even rougher now than I'd thought. All the small boats had gone ashore, except one with Cy, Montgomery and my nephew. Wilma Wardell's body and most of her luggage had gone ashore too.

Cy looked at me gravely. "No doubt about it at all now, I guess."

I shook my head. I was shivering. Dennis asked, "No jewels?"

"No jewels," I said. "Let's go ashore. I'm freezing to death."

Cy looked morosely at the soggy mass of passports. I apologized for the papers that (*Continued on page* 88)

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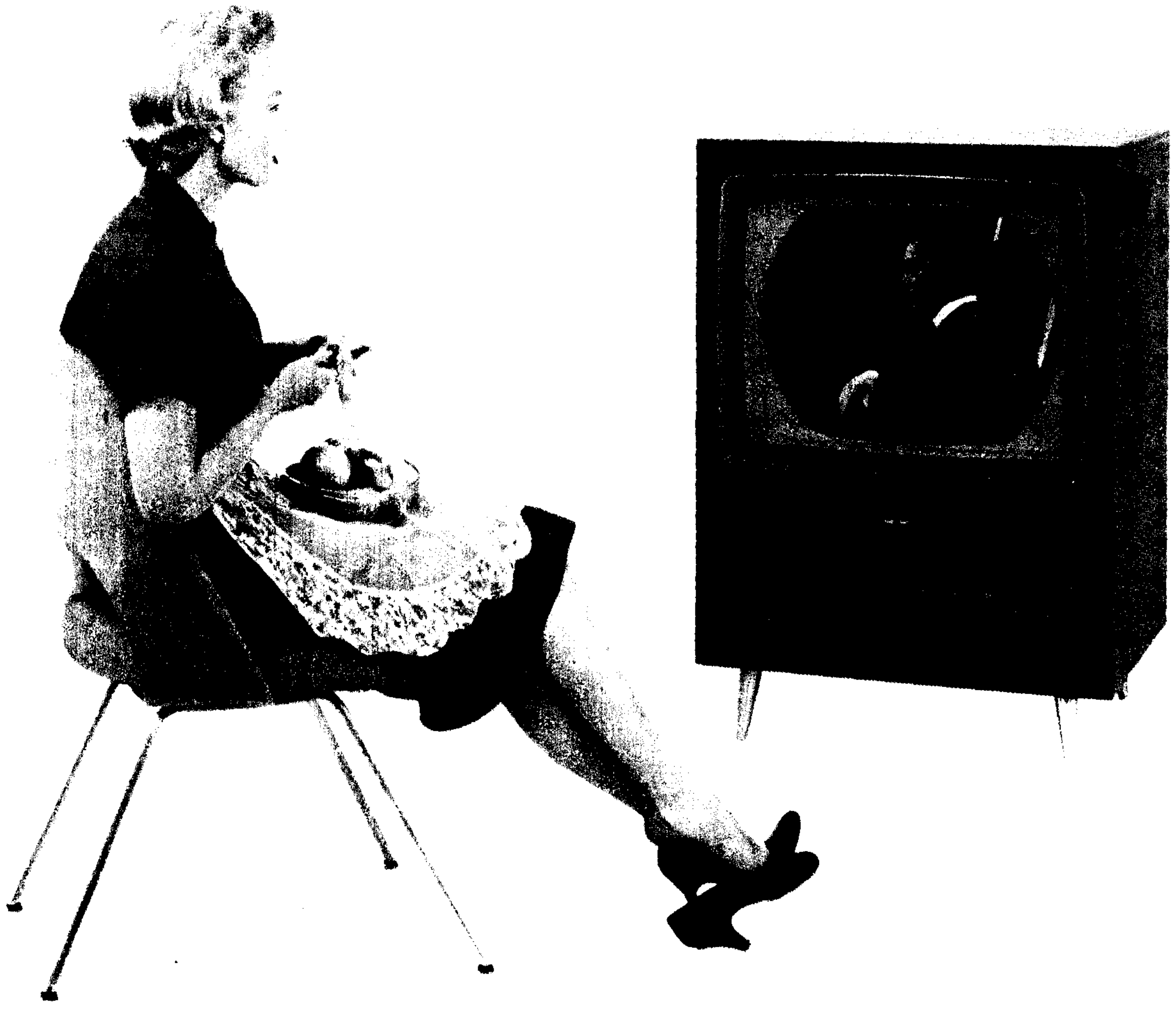


(*Continued from page* 85) had fallen out, but he shrugged. "Forget 'em. Ship's papers for a sunken ship don't amount to much, do they?" He glanced at me curiously. "You inside when she broke loose?" When I nodded, he pursed his lips. "Not much fun, I guess. That line seems to be holding her, though."

Halfway to the beach, I realized I'd left the big wrench down in Viking. I wasn't inclined to go back for it now and, anyway, I couldn't see how it would tell us any more than we knew.

I THINK every person on Salicudi Island, except for Hans Huber, was huddled on the beach, looking at the body wrapped in a tarpaulin from an Italian lobster boat. I told them exactly what I'd found.

"If you can add it up any other way," I said, "I'd love to hear it. But here's the way it looks to me: when we struck, she ran straight to her cabin for the jewels. Then she remembered Merlin. It was dark, but she had that little flashlight on her key chain. She went down there—and somebody got her. With that big wrench, I think." I looked around, but their faces were all tight, staring masks.

"That's no help," I said. "Everybody knew about the tools in the engine room. And anybody, man or woman, could have swung it hard enough."

Still nobody spoke, and I kept on: "I think he—or she—hit her just outside the bathroom, in the corridor, where I found the key chain. She probably dropped it then, and the jewel box, too. Then he dragged her into the bathroom, locked it, threw away the key to make sure. He couldn't know how long the boat might still float. And somebody else might come down to rescue the cat."

"Somebody like me," Peter Lillesden said softly. "But I swear the door was already locked when I got there, and the key was already gone."

His words hung in the air, but nobody moved. I went on: "Then he picked up the jewel box, forced it open, took the jewels—and dropped the box where he was. That was a mistake, but he couldn't know that when the boat turned and twisted, and as the water rose inside her, the wooden box would float up and out."

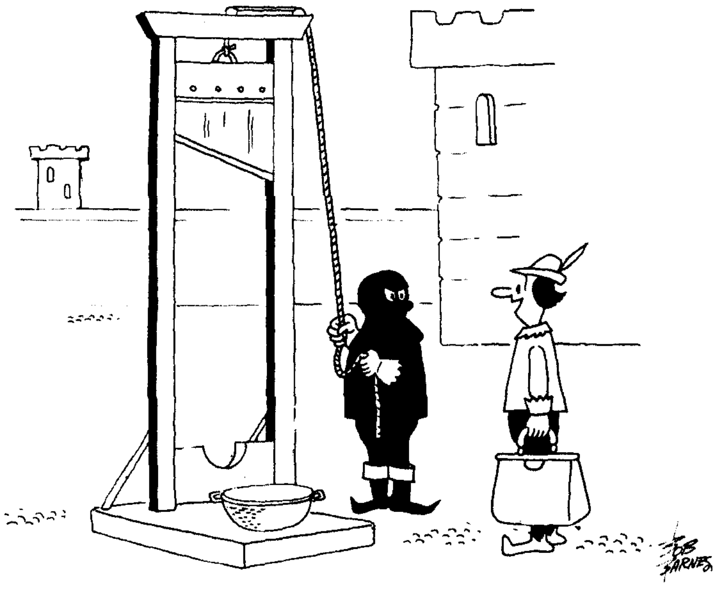
I stopped. That was as far as I could go. After a long time Cy said in a hoarse voice, "And now what, Bob? About the law, the police?" He forced a smile. "After all, you're the lawyer."

"Not that kind of lawyer," I said. I felt tired. "All I can suggest is to do the best we can. Sometime or other, the Italian police will take over. The ship may be gone by then, if a bad storm comes up. And of course, in this kind of weather, the—" I stopped, gesturing to the tarpaulin-covered body. "We're simply going to have to bury her here, right away."

Julie Locke made a faint moaning sound. The count's hand moved to steady Anita Stapp, but she pulled away, not looking at him.

The next hour was not pleasant. Reluctantly the Spanish sailors dug a grave in the dry sand behind the beach, out of reach of the waves, and there we buried Wilma Wardell, still wrapped in the tarpaulin. The authorities could always find her.

Gradually the group dispersed. I saw De Verrier talking earnestly to Anita. Her face was closed, expressionless. At last he shrugged and walked off to join the new French yachting arrivals. She went off slowly toward the *pensione*, face set.



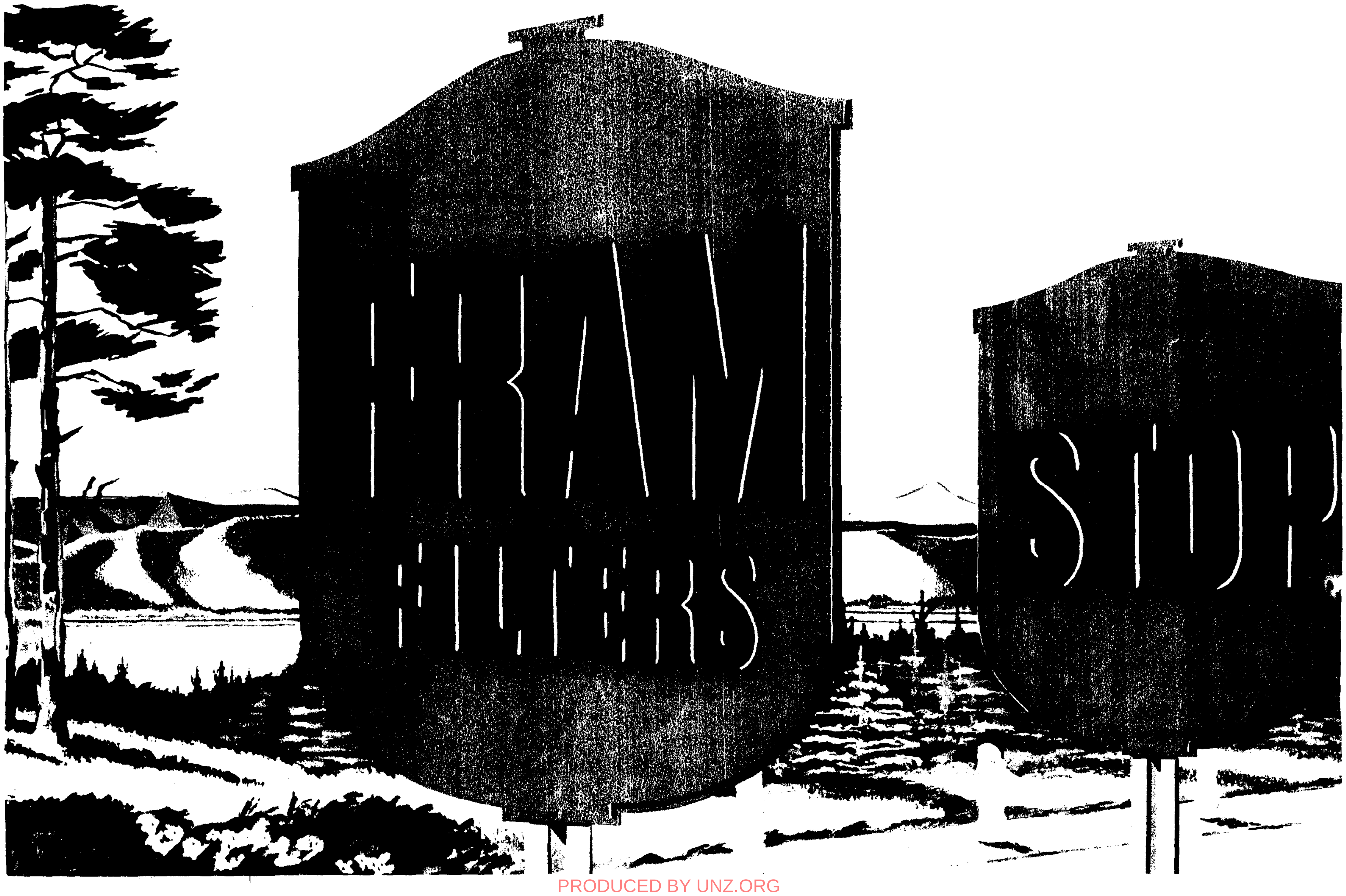
"How ya fixed for blades?"

COLLIER'S BOB BARNES

Cy and I, left alone, began checking over the pile of waterlogged luggage, once so new and smart, that I'd sent up from Wilma Wardell's cabin. It was depressing work, but we found two things that might, or might not, help. Both were, luckily, still clear enough to read.

The first was a checkbook stub showing that about three weeks before she'd written a $4,200 check to Peter Lillesden. And, as Cy pointed out, "Dated the day before we left Cannes! Now, what in thunder—?"

The second was a hastily scrawled list, apparently, of things she planned to do. Most looked entirely innocent:



a bill to pay a famous French *couturier,* a reminder to renew her driving license, to donate to a French charity, and so on. But I stared, frowning, puzzled at two other items on the list: *Huber contract . . . Codisil.*

Cy repeated the last word curiously. "What the heck's that?"

"She misspelled it," I said slowly, "but a codicil is an amendment or a change to a will."

His eyebrows went up, and he looked at me with bright, questioning eyes. But he said nothing more.

CHARLES DE VERRIER was walking toward us from a group of his compatriots, looking curiously at the bedraggled baggage. But he said only, "The French yacht is leaving at dawn tomorrow. Not for Palermo, but for another island also about fifty miles away, east. There is a telegraph station there, and the owner asks if you wish him to notify Palermo what has happened, and perhaps order a salvage boat."

"Fine!" Cy said, eyes gleaming. He made some calculations. "He ought to get there tomorrow night. And if the salvage boat started right away, it could be here the day after that. If that rope holds . . . !"

"And he might suggest," I told De Verrier, "that they send some police along with the salvage boat. Someone who speaks English, if possible."

The count nodded. "*Bien!* I shall tell him." He walked back to the Frenchmen.

I was wound up tight—restless, baffled, impatient, my head filled with a dozen theories and suspicions. I pulled out the damp bits of paper from my pocket and glared at them. The *codisil* part I'd have to figure out for myself. I had some ideas.

But what about *Huber contract* and the check to Lillesden? I had no authority to cross-examine anybody. On the other hand, I'd have to turn these things over to the Italian police—and wasn't it a dirty trick on my fellow guests to do this without letting them know beforehand? I convinced myself it was only fair to ask some questions.

Dennis, easily bored, was swimming in shallow water near the beach, with a mask. I called him in and asked if he knew where Lillesden or Huber was. "Sure!" he said nonchalantly. "I know where everybody is. I'm keeping an eye on them. This mask is swell for that. You can see everybody, and nobody knows you're looking at him. And if I see anyone doing—you know—anything funny, I'm going to follow him."

"Listen, Buster," I told him sternly, "and I'm not kidding. I know your heart's in the right place, and that you were probably a Junior G-man in your youth. But don't go off following anybody alone—hear me? Whoever did this isn't playing for marbles. And I don't want to lug a corpse all the way to Paris. Get it?"

I don't often impress him, but I made it this time. He nodded seriously, chastened. "Okay, Bob!" he said. "But if I do see something, how about telling you and we'll both follow them?"

"Fine!" I said. "We'll do that. And now, how about Mr. Lillesden and Mr. Huber?"

He concentrated. "Well, Mr. Lillesden went up there." He pointed to the rocky point on the side of the bay. "I think he's drawing pictures. And the German's always out walking, although what's worth looking at on this place I— Hey, there he is now, coming back."

Huber was coming slowly down the path that meandered in to the *pensione* from the other side of the island.

"Okay, J. Edgar," I said to Dennis. "Go on with your spy work, but remember what I said."

I WALKED over to the *pensione* and waited for Huber. He looked at me curiously, and I remembered he hadn't been around when we brought up Wilma Wardell's body. I explained briefly what had happened. Something flickered for an instant deep in his eyes, but his face seemed tight and shocked.

"A horrible thing!" he said when I finished. "Horrible!"

His cabin, I suddenly remembered, had been closest of all to the bathroom, and I asked him if he'd seen anything suspicious. He thought it over and shook his head. Then I gave him a routine about how I'd have to show the police anything we had found. I showed him the soggy list with *Huber contract* on it.

I thought he reacted more sharply than before. He stared at the paper, moistening his lips. He seemed trying to make up his mind about something. "Look, Mr. Henderson," he said softly, urgently, in his careful English. "This is—this was only a personal business affair between Mrs. Wardell and myself. I swear to you, on my honor, it has nothing at all to do with this terrible thing. But it would be very bad if this became public—for purely business reasons. Is there no way we can forget about it?" He paused, then went on tentatively. "It would be very much to your advantage."

He couldn't help being heavy-handed, even when trying bribery. But I kept sharpness out of my voice and said mildly, "Well, I can't very well keep something quiet when I don't know what it is, can I?"

I don't think I fooled him a minute. He examined me with sharp eyes, then shook his head slowly. "No, Mr. Henderson. That I cannot tell you. Not now, anyway." He walked away.

Then suddenly he turned. "Ah, yes! You asked if I recalled anything strange that night. I just remember something that did not seem strange then, but it might have been. It was Mr. Lillesden. He passed by my cabin door, quickly. He had a cigarette lighter lighted, so I could see who it was—and what he carried. It was one of those small, red fire extinguishers that the captain had at various places in the ship. A small thing, but quite heavy."

Then he went on into the *pensione,* not turning again.

Slowly I began climbing the steep rocky path that, according to Dennis, Lillesden had taken. But I was still thinking about Huber. Had he been merely malicious? Yet the wrench didn't have to be the murder weapon, and Lillesden had admitted being down there—to liberate the cat, he said.

The path was tricky, and I had to be careful. At several places it dropped off abruptly toward the sea. As I went higher, I had a wonderful view of this end of the island, including our bay. It was tortured, worthless-looking land, faintly yellow in places, cracked and

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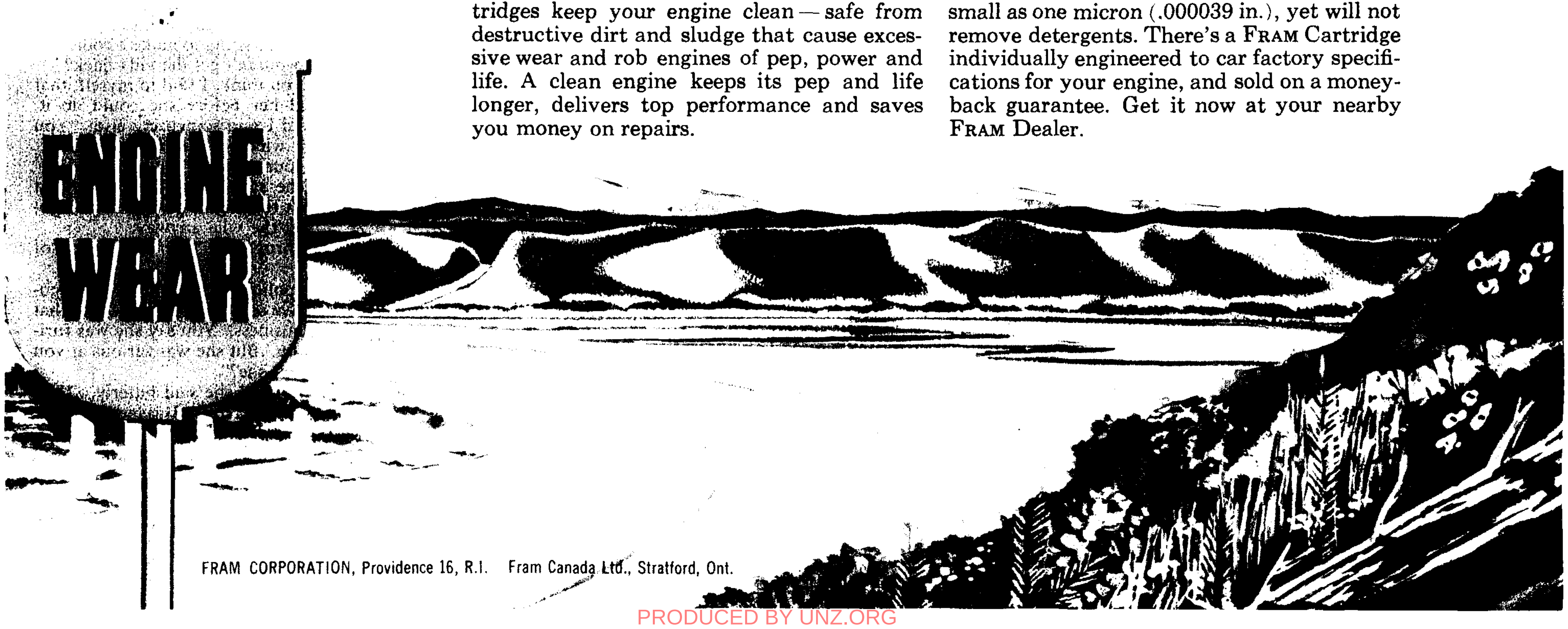

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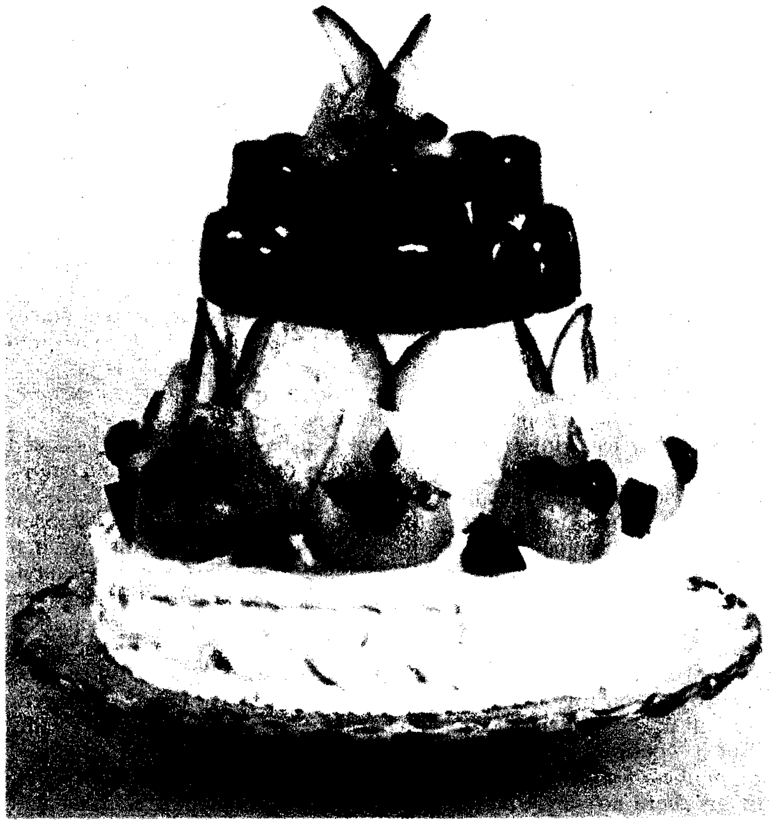
QUIZ ON CUISINE

answers: to no. 4.



PLATTER BY FOSTORIA

Correct pairings for the menu terms, part one of the quiz on page 84: 1-d, 2-b, 3-a, 4-f, 5-g, 6-c, 7-e, 8-j, 9-h, 10-i.

The picture puzzle offers up the makings of Poires a l'Impératrice, a variation of Riz a l'Impératrice. There's some doubt that Eugénie was the actual lady in mind, but the first recipe for Empress Rice did appear during her heyday—in an 1867 cookbook: Jules Gouffé's *Livre de Cuisine.*

Poires a l'Impératrice

Ingredients to serve 8:

1 cup rice
2½ cups cold milk
4 egg yolks
1 cup sugar
1½ cups hot milk
1-inch piece of vanilla bean
2 tablespoons gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
1-layer spongecake
1 package strawberry- or cherry-flavored gelatin
½ cup heavy cream
1 tablespoon confectioners' sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 lb. 13 oz. can pears (12 halves)
Candied citron and cherries for garnish

Method:

Wash rice in cold water and drain it. Add rice to cold milk, bring to a simmer while stirring, cover and cook until rice is tender, 25 to 30 minutes. In top of a double boiler combine egg yolks and sugar. Stir in hot milk. Add vanilla bean and cook over simmering water, stirring constantly, until custard is smooth and coats spoon. Stir in gelatin softened in the cold water and strain cream through a fine sieve. Add rice, blend thoroughly, and turn mixture into an oiled conical mold. Chill in refrigerator for about four hours. Prepare fruit-flavored gelatin according to directions on the package and pour into shallow pan or dish to chill; when firm, cut into triangles. Turn rice mold out onto a layer of spongecake about one inch larger in diameter than the base of the rice mold. Whip the cream and fold in confectioners' sugar and vanilla; frost spongecake with whipped cream. Arrange gelatin triangles on top of rice in the form of a crown. Garnish with pears, citron, cherries and triangles of aspic.

---

faulted where volcanic heavings had split the earth's crust. A wonderful place, I thought, for hide-and-seek.

I went on climbing, switching back and forth, finally emerging on the flattened top of a knoll-like point. I found Lillesden sitting on a rock, using a piece of flat driftwood as a makeshift easel. He looked up as I came near. "Oh, hello, Henderson! Found my studio, have you?"

"Quite a place," I said. The view was wonderful. The French yacht looked like a pretty toy on a mirror. The orange rubber boat of the young French campers floated near the reef; they seemed to be hunting fish again. Julie and Montgomery were at this end of the bay, in a dinghy. Cy was still near the luggage. At the *pensione*, nobody stirred. It was very hot.

I moved around behind him to see what he was drawing. It was a surprisingly good sketch of the bay. "Not bad," I said, impressed. "Not bad at all."

He laughed, pleased. "Thanks. Not much, but it's fun. Helps pass the dreary hours, you know. If I only had better materials."

I watched him curiously. He looked a bit wispish, but a lot of very tough young Britons affect wispishness—and turn out to be ace R.A.F. pilots, commandos, or the first people up Everest. I gave him the same prelude I'd given Huber, and then tactfully mentioned the $4,200 check.

His pencil stopped suddenly. "Oh," he said at last, not looking at me. "So you've dug that up, have you?"

I waited. And waited. He began drawing again, putting in the French yacht with a few deft lines. "Look, old man," he said at last, still not turning his head, "if you're expecting an explanation from me, you'll wait a very long time. You'll forgive me if I say you've not the shadow of a right to be asking questions."

The lawyer in me agreed, but I don't like brush-offs that direct. "There'll be other questions, too," I said tightly. "About fire extinguishers, for instance."

Again the pencil stopped. The tips of his ears began to redden, and he seemed about to say something. But he didn't. He reached over to a pocketknife lying on a rock, and very carefully began sharpening the dulled pencil point.

"Our family crest, Henderson," he said in a low voice, "has an odd thing on it—a porcupine. And the motto is *Nemo me impune lacessit*. Roughly, nobody hurts me and gets away with it." He went back to his drawing, and said not one more word. Finally I walked back down the winding path.

DINNER was awful. The food was bad again; the kerosene lights added no gaiety, and hardly anyone said a word. Lillesden and Huber cut me dead. Anita Stapp was a silent, bitter ghost, and Charles de Verrier's chair was empty. Julie Locke was jumpy and Montgomery seemed seized by some odd restraint. Cy, Dennis and I shouldn't have been affected, but in all that shadowy suspicion and smoldering anger, there wasn't much to say.

I was glad when it was over. I suggested Cy begin getting together a captain's statement on how the wreck occurred. It took a long time. We had to write it in pencil and revise it several times to get it neat and logical.

Later, I walked out into the cool darkness. The riding lights of the French yacht shimmered in the middle of the bay. Then I saw a different light, the tiny red tip of a glowing cigarette. A shadowy figure was leaning against a lobster boat. I walked closer, my shoes making almost no sound in the sand until I was very near.

It was Anita Stapp. She turned, startled. "Oh, it's you!"

I had heard warmer welcomes. From the way she drew at her cigarette, I knew she was nervous. Was it fright, or something else? She looked always in the same direction, toward the French yacht. Suddenly she said, jerkily, "He's out there, with them. I *think* he's going away with them, in the morning."

I controlled my surprise. "Did De Verrier say so?" I asked.

"No," she admitted, "but they invited him. I heard that. They said they had room for just one. Anything for a brother Frenchman! Just like him, isn't it?"

"I don't know," I said. "You know him better than I do."

She said bitterly, "That's what I used to think, too!"

THERE was a long silence and at last I said, neutrally, "Sometimes it's better to talk about things."

"You're not quite old enough to play Dutch uncle!" she said angrily. Then she shrugged. "He kept asking me what my aunt said the other day when we had the row, the one Julie was kind enough to mention. He wanted to know if it was about him."

"And?"

"Of course it was!" she snapped. "What else? But if he thinks—" She stopped suddenly and then hurled her cigarette out into the sea. After a while I decided to break through her silence. I told her we'd found that reference to a codicil.

She asked sharply, "You're not going to tell the police about that, are you?"

"We can't hide it," I explained. "It's not only unethical, but illegal."

Her voice was jeering: "A fine lawyer we've got!"

"Any lawyer would do the same, any good one," I said mildly. "But I don't have to repeat anything you tell me, as lawyer to client."

She seemed to be thinking that over and, suddenly, she began talking, as if it were a relief. "It was an awful row. She was furious—about Charles and me. She said somebody was going to be sorry about it. I didn't know what she meant then, but it's clear enough now!" She whirled on me. "Isn't it? That she was going to make a codicil so that he *wouldn't* get the villa back?"

And you think, I said to myself, that he killed her before she could do it. But aloud I said something else: "You told him what she'd threatened?"

"Of course."

"But he says," I pointed out, "that he hadn't the slightest idea he was going to get the villa anyway."

She shrugged. "He says a lot of things."

"The police," I said slowly, "are going to have some other ideas about that codicil business. You say she was furious at *him*. But she was furious at you too, wasn't she?"

"And how!" she said bitterly. Then she got the point, and gasped.

"Don't blame me," I said bluntly. "That's the way the police will look at it."

"You mean that I was afraid she'd

change her will—about me—and that I—" She stopped. In the darkness, I couldn't read her face. "And maybe *he* thinks so, too," she said unevenly. "But it's crazy! We've had rows before, lots of them, but—" She groped for another cigarette. I held out a match, and in its brief flaring, her face was white and taut.

Then she rushed on: "But why not Julie? If Aunt Wilma had found that 'John' was really Montgomery, she'd have cut Julie out so fast that—"

"But she didn't find out, apparently," I said curtly. "At least, not so far as anybody can tell. Did *you* know who he really was?"

She was silent a moment. "No," she said. "Julie didn't tell me. She never tells me anything." Then she looked up at me. "And even if I had known, do you think I'd run to my aunt, telling tales?"

I don't know how I'd have answered, under oath, but I didn't have to. She rushed on: "I'm scared! Everybody's scared—except one, the one who did it. And who was it? You can't trust anybody. Maybe you, although . . . I don't think I can take much more of this." She turned swiftly and ran back to the *pensione*.

I STOOD there, staring out at the French yacht. If De Verrier was really going off with them, I ought to do something about it. But what? I hadn't the slightest authority to stop him. The best I could do was point out to him how his leaving would look to the police.

I needed an excuse to talk to him. I decided to pretend I wanted the French yacht to relay a cable to my office. Then I realized I really ought to send a cable anyway, telling them about Wilma Wardell. In the *pensione,* I wrote out the cable, and then took a dinghy and rowed out to the yacht.

She was comfortable, even luxurious. The French owner immediately agreed to send my cable from the next island, and insisted on giving me some wonderful brandy. Still, I wasn't comfortable. I felt De Verrier's eyes on me, hooded, vaguely mocking.

I spoke no French, and De Verrier had to keep translating for me. It made things sticky. Finally it seemed foolish to stay any longer. I stood up, said thanks and good night. Then, trying to make it sound casual, I said to De Verrier, "Can I give you a lift ashore?"

If he said no, I was at least going to point out what the police would think. But he eyed me a moment, and then smiled. "Thanks. It will save these people the trip." And he came with me.

I AWOKE very early next morning. Even Dennis was still asleep. But the sun was well up, the sea blue and calm, the few clouds gold and pink. I quietly picked up mask, snorkel, flippers and a spear gun, and tiptoed outside. A summer morning in Italy is the best part of the day—certainly the best for fishing.

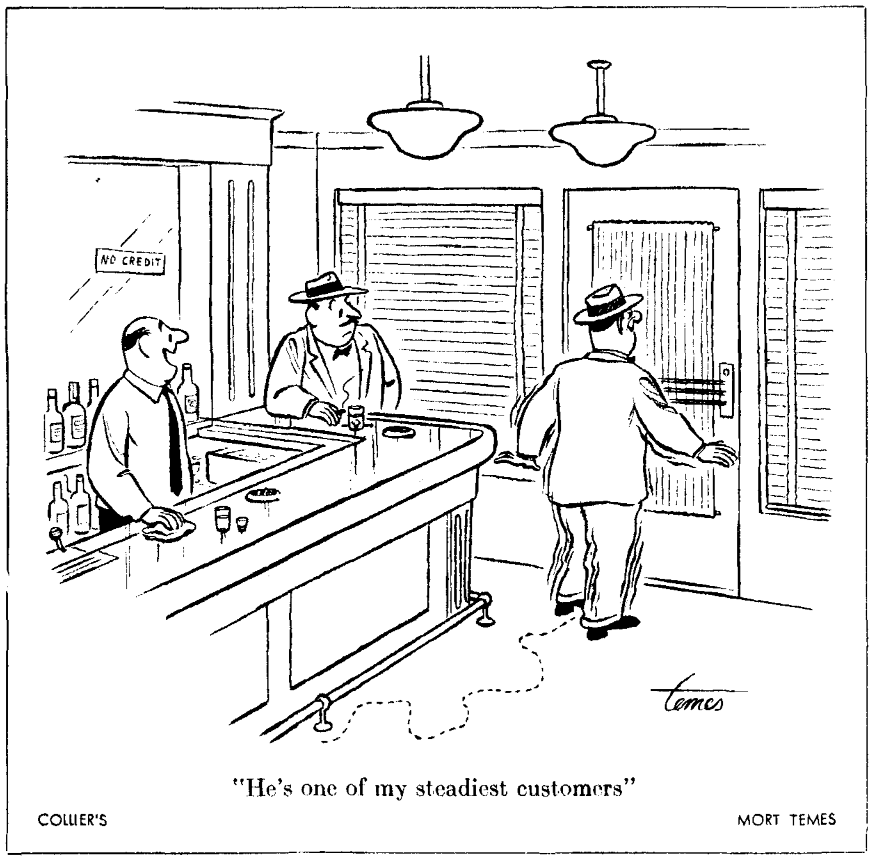
The French yacht was already gone. I saw her a couple of miles off, under power. There was not yet a breath of wind for sailing. I thought everybody else on Salicudi Island was asleep, but then I saw splashing down by the boats. A figure waded out, reaching for a towel, and I recognized the tall, gaunt Englishman. I walked slowly down to the beach myself.

Yesterday's antagonism seemed gone. "Wonderful water!" he said briskly. I agreed, and went in myself.

As I waded out, Lillesden watched me curiously. It didn't take him long to come to the point. "I was a bit of a fool yesterday," he said abruptly. "I still know you've no authority to be asking questions, but I also realize you're entitled to know things—and I began to see how they'd look to a policeman."

I waited. He went on: "I can't ask you to keep the check thing quiet, but I'd be really grateful if you could. The London papers would make an awful mess of it. *'Peer's Son Evades Currency Control'*—that sort of thing. For that's what it was, you know. Technically illegal, but everybody does it."

British currency regulations, he said, allow one person to take out of the country only 100 pounds per year—about $280—which is almost nothing in Europe. So he'd made a deal with



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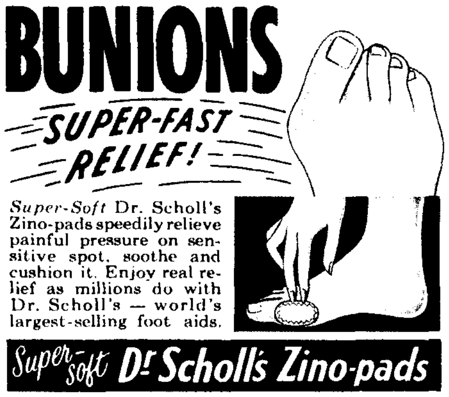
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Wilma Wardell to get some dollars. She'd given him the $4,200 and he'd agreed to give her the sterling equivalent—1,500 pounds—in England whenever she wanted it.

That's all there was to it, he said. I wanted to get his story straight. "So you haven't actually given her the sterling yet, or your sterling check?"

He glanced at me. "Of course not. It has to be done in person, in England. A check would give the whole show away to any bank manager. This kind of thing is always done by gentlemen's agreement. Wouldn't do to have anything on paper." Then he looked at me oddly. "Come to think of it, now I can't repay her, can I? So what do I do—pay her estate, or Julie or Anita? But I can't do it openly, you know."

"That can be worked out, I imagine," I said. "But how about the fire extinguisher?"

He looked out at the sea. "I can't expect you not to tell the police about that one, but here's what happened: when I went to let the cat out, I thought the door was jammed. I picked up the nearest heavy thing to try to batter it open—and that happened to be a fire extinguisher. They were all over the boat, you know. Anyway it didn't work; it wasn't heavy enough. When you go down this morning, you'll find it in the corridor where I dropped it."

I shook my head. "The trouble is, I can't go *inside* the ship any more. That takes an Aqua-lung—and there goes the only Aqua-lung I could use." I pointed to the French yacht far out on the horizon.

"Oh," he said again. "Well, if you can't, you can't, I suppose." He threw the towel over his shoulders, pulled on his trousers, and walked away toward the *pensione.*

I PUSHED off the dinghy and rowed out to the reef. It was the best fishing time, and I could still see if Viking was all right, although there hadn't been a breath of wind last night to disturb her.

Something rattled around in the bottom of the dinghy. It was a sailor's knife, with a thick, folding blade and a heavy, tapered spike for splicing. It was the knife Lillesden had used yesterday to sharpen his pencil—or one just like it.

I left the dinghy to drift, put on my gear, cocked the spear gun and dived overboard.

Viking was gone.

Gone without trace, gone now forever. I stared down into the blue abyss where she lay now, invisible, beyond all hope of salvage. The rope was gone, too, every sign of it, and for a moment I wondered, dazed, if I had come to the right place. But some of the spilled ship's papers were still there, caught in cracks and crevices of the rock face, and that proved I made no mistake.

I crawled back into the dinghy, my head spinning. How had she gone? Surely the rope couldn't have chafed through. There'd been no wind, no sea.

I picked up the knife. Tiny, almost invisible fibers were caught in the hinge spring. Dark and brown, exactly like the rope we had borrowed from the Italian fishermen, to eke out the line.

Somebody had gone out stealthily, probably last night, using this very dinghy, this very knife, and deliberately cut Viking loose.

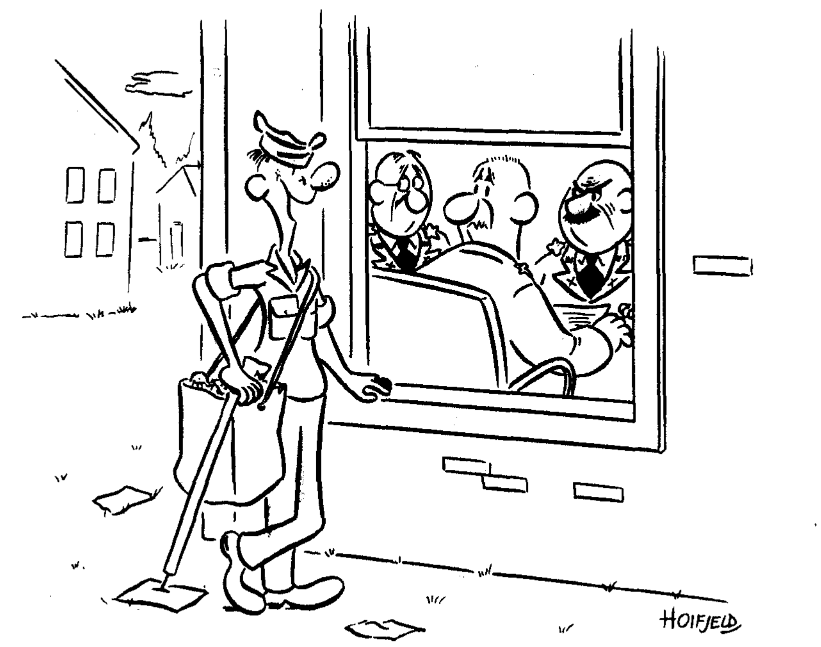
But why? I could think of only one reason: to destroy forever some evidence that must be dangerous to whoever killed Wilma Wardell. But what evidence? All I could think of was the wrench, and I didn't believe that after being so long in the sea it would show fingerprints or bloodstains.

I began rowing ashore, and suddenly rested the oars. It occurred to me what a smart defense lawyer could do with the case—if there ever was a case. He might convince a jury the head wound had been an accident, from falling, as the ketch lurched. It would be tough, but I'd seen juries swallow bigger lumps. He might argue the jewels had never been stolen, that they were still somewhere on the boat. He might even argue that whoever took my Aqua-lung had been down there, ahead of me, and taken the jewels.

Only *I* knew it wasn't true. Only *I* knew the bathroom door had been really locked, not just jammed. Only I had seen the wrench. I'd told the rest about these things, of course, but that was mere hearsay, valueless in court. Now, with Viking gone forever, I was the star witness, almost the only witness. I knew what sometimes happened to star witnesses, and I didn't like it. I decided to play it very safe, and not turn my back to anyone. . . .

PRIVATE PUNKY

How to Get Along in the Army By NORMAN HOIFJELD



an American feature "If you want my opinion, the little bald-headed fat guy is right, Colonel"

FOR once, everyone was down for breakfast together at the *pensione.* When I walked in, I'd decided what to do. At first, I didn't say a word about the yacht's disappearing. Instead, I held up the knife and asked, as casually as I could: "Anybody lose this?"

"Mine, I think." It was Montgomery's voice answering. "But I lent it to Lillesden yesterday."

Lillesden nodded, puzzled. "Quite right. Can't think where I left it, though. Where did it turn up?"

"In the dinghy," I said. I turned to Montgomery: "You were out in her yesterday afternoon, weren't you, with Julie?"

He colored slightly. "Of course! Why not? Other people were out in her too. Weren't you, yourself, last night, for instance? Anyway, I'd already given Lillesden the knife before I went out."

"And," Lillesden said impatiently, "I haven't set foot in the dinghy since—not even this morning. Aren't you making quite a to-do about a cheap knife?"

Then I told them about Viking, trying to read their faces, to see who was not surprised. And failing.

Cy was staring at me, looking suddenly drained, looking five years older. "Gone? For good?"

"I'm afraid so," I said. "And this knife did it."

Lillesden stood up suddenly. "Somebody's trying to throw dust in our eyes!" he said, blazing. "Do you think I'd be fool enough—if I *had* cut her loose—to leave the knife right there? The worst damning evidence there is? Don't be an idiot!" He stalked out of the room angrily.

I DIDN'T like that day. Too many things were gone—Wilma Wardell, her jewels, my Aqua-lung and now Viking herself. I didn't want to join them. I was nervous and watchful, like a rabbit in a closing ring of hunters. Dennis would have been ashamed of me, and I was a little ashamed of myself. But I didn't need law school to learn the law of self-preservation.

And I hadn't been very bright. I'd forgotten to bring up the wrench. Despite the sea water, a laboratory analysis might have shown something. And whatever fingerprints might have been on the knife or dinghy oars I'd innocently obliterated myself, before realizing Viking was gone.

It seemed fantastic that nobody had seen or heard what happened near the bathroom. Lillesden had been there, although a flickering cigarette lighter wouldn't show much. Cy had finally found a flashlight and had been near there, but intent on the smashed planking on the opposite side of the boat. Hans Huber's own cabin was nearest of all, nearly next door. But it could have been any of the others, too; Viking wasn't that big a ship. Yet, apparently, in the darkness and confusion, no one had paid any attention to what anyone else did.

Or so they said. They couldn't even alibi one another. Not even Montgomery could alibi himself, or Julie. I'd recalled to him, as tactfully as possible, how I'd seen him rush aft, instead of forward, to his own quarters.

"Of course!" he'd said blushing. "Do you think I'd worry about a bag of old clothes when Julie—"

"You found her?" I'd asked.

He'd glared at me before saying finally, curtly, "No, it was too dark."

I wasn't any better, myself. All I knew was that *I* hadn't done it, nor had the sailor Pedro, nor Dennis—although not even this last could be proved. Sure, I'd seen brief flickerings of light below, but I wasn't even sure who had come on deck first, or when, and I hadn't even known who was in the first boat until I got into our own.

Very sharp-eyed. I began to wonder if I had a brain or not. I was sure I was overlooking something. Something with which all the private eyes and homicide lieutenants and Scotland Yard inspectors in the books would have solved the puzzle in five minutes. But not me. I gave up.

Or thought I did. But when Cy came along with his idea, I was right with him—and ashamed I hadn't thought of it myself. When he mentioned it, it stuck out like a sore thumb. "This Huber," he said thoughtfully. "He's gone again, just now. Wonder where he goes all the time, off by himself?"

I shrugged. "Dennis might know. He sees everything." Dennis was down at the beach and I yelled to him. He came running up, but for once he didn't know the answer, either. "I could have followed him," he said defensively, "but you told me not to, remember? Not by myself." Then he looked up eagerly. "But we could do it now, couldn't we—all of us? He just left."

I looked at Cy. He nodded slowly. "Kind of what I had in mind," he said.

But we almost lost Huber. We went fast, but we had to be careful he didn't see us. We caught a glimpse of him on a distant rise in the path. Then we ran to it, just in time to see him leave the path and push off into the heather. Another moment and he'd have been untraceable.

A SLIGHT movement of the underbrush showed where he was going, and we followed, cautiously. Then he stopped. We wriggled as near as we dared. The undergrowth thinned out, and we could watch him. His back was half-turned to us, and he was down on his knees, apparently digging with his hands, putting something into the small bag beside him.

"The jewels, I bet!" Dennis whispered in my ear. But why dig them up now? Did he think somebody suspected his hiding place? Did he think the salvage boat was coming any minute to take us off, and did he want to be ready?

Suddenly he stood up, apparently finished. He closed the bag and began striding back the way he had come—straight for us. We couldn't get out of the way in time, and the undergrowth was too sparse to give us real cover. So, before he stepped on us, I moved forward. The other two followed.

Huber stopped as if shot, staring at us. "Childish!" he said coldly.

He made it easier to handle. "Maybe," I said, just as cold. "But there are too many mysteries on this island, Huber. What's in that bag?"

Instinctively, he held it closer. "It is not your business!" he retorted.

Again the lawyer in me agreed, but I was mad now too. "I remember some German saying, Huber, about 'might makes right.' If you don't give it to us, we'll take it." I took a step nearer—and he surrendered.

"Take it!" he said furiously. "But I warn you this is not the end of this matter!"

HE THREW the bag to the ground. Dennis picked it up like a hawk, opened it, looked in, and then turned to us. "It's just rocks!" he said blankly.

Nothing but rocks, small bits of them, slightly yellowish. But as I picked up one of them, I noticed a familiar odor. "Sulphur!" I said.

Huber was breathing heavily. "Yes, sulphur! Now you know!" He fought to get control of himself. Finally an odd look crept into his eyes and when he began talking again, he seemed almost friendly. This was his story:

He was a mineralogist. He had happened to meet Wilma Wardell in Cannes, had visited her villa, had been shown color photographs of her last year's island cruise. One shot showed Salicudi Island, and as soon as he noticed the yellowish tinge to some of the rocks, he remembered two things: first, that sulphur often occurs in volcanic areas; and, second, that one of the world's greatest sulphur deposits is in Sicily, only fifty miles away.

He'd immediately wondered if perhaps the same rich formations might exist in neglected Salicudi, too.

She'd been excited. She didn't need more money, although most millionaires seem to want it anyway, but to her it was an adventure, a *coup* to show she was just as smart about business as her late tycoon husband. She'd suggested he come on the cruise and look over Salicudi himself. If he was right, they would work out a partnership—she putting up the money, he the technical help.

"We had to be very secret about it," he said, watching us carefully. "If anyone else learned of it, even suspected it, we would be lost. We thought we could buy or lease this land for almost nothing. It looks absolutely worthless."

Against my will, the story impressed me. It held together too well to be invented on the spur of the moment. It had the ring of truth—but maybe not the whole truth.

"And these," Huber went on, lifting the bag, "are samples I take back for analysis, and as proof." His eyes glinted. "For now, of course, I must find someone else with enough money to finance this."

Cy asked, "So there's really a lot of sulphur here?"

Huber seemed to glow. "Enormous deposits! And sulphur is one of the most valuable of industrial chemicals." Then he went on softly, "Of course, you three also know the secret now, but perhaps we can arrange something, including all of you. After all, the Wardell estate still exists; its money could still be used for such splendid investment."

Cy looked at me questioningly. Frankly, I didn't know what to say. It had a vaguely unethical sound to it, but . . .

Then Huber spoiled it by being heavy-handed again. "Of course," he said casually, "if the police learn of this, the secret will be out, and everything will be ruined. And, after all, this had absolutely nothing to do with the criminal happenings."

"The police," I said, "are going to

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hear anything that bears on the killing." That ended that. I turned around and headed back to the path, Dennis following me. Then Cy, a little sadly.

THE day dragged by drearily. There seemed nothing to do but wait for the police. I was still on edge, still scared, still watchful. The open beach seemed safe enough. I sprawled there, alone, late in the afternoon, staring out at the reef and going over the same old puzzles again.

Motive, I thought. *Cui bono,* the lawbooks said: Who profits? And the motives seemed to boil down to two. I found myself solemnly drawing a big *A* in the sand for the first one.

Murder for the money the jewels would bring. And who needed money? Nearly everybody. The Spanish sailors could live like kings in Spain the rest of their lives on what the jewels would bring, even at cut-rate fence prices. Montgomery needed money. So did Hans Huber, to develop his sulphur find. So did Cy, to buy a new boat. Was De Verrier one of the title-proud purse-poor nobility? The Cannes villa would be a fat haul for him—but suppose he was sure she was going to change that provision in the will? And that applied even to Julie and Anita, if either thought she was going to be cut off with a dollar.

It sounded far-fetched, all of it. Why wait until the wreck to steal the jewels? She had been very careless with them; everybody knew where they were; they could have been stolen at any time during the cruise.

I scrawled a big *B* in the sand for the second motive: murder by somebody who would profit by her death. By somebody who took the jewels merely to make it look like simple robbery. But why bother, with the ship going down?

Still, I began to list them, by initials, in the sand.

H.H. With Wilma Wardell gone, Huber wouldn't have to share his secret with anybody else. We'd stumbled on it, of course, but he could never have foreseen that. But, when we struck, he hadn't yet been ashore and didn't know how rich the sulphur actually was. Besides, he needed money to develop it—and she'd already agreed to put it up. Or so he said. And would the jewel money be enough to develop Salicudi Island? I doubted it. That would take millions.

C. d.V. The count had his valuable villa back. Maybe, if she'd lived another twenty-four hours, she'd have revoked that bequest. Also, he could have been expecting to marry Anita—a rich, young, pretty wife. Far better than an aging, capricious woman.

A.S. Had Anita's quarrel with her aunt been worse, more serious, more definite than she'd said? Had Wilma Wardell told her bluntly she was going to be cut out of the will, because she'd stolen De Verrier away? And how about Anita's quarrel with De Verrier, by the way? Was it because each suspected the other of killing Wilma Wardell? Or was it Anita's disgust and jealousy because the villa bequest made it all too clear how close a "friend" De Verrier had been to her aunt?

J.L. A lot of the same reasoning applied to Julie Locke, too. Had she found out that her aunt knew who "John" really was? Did she think, even *know,* that her aunt was so furious she would disinherit her? Had she mentioned it to Montgomery, even? Had he helped her out? And himself? . . .

Could either of the girls really have done it? True, they'd lost an aunt, their last close blood family, but somehow I didn't think they'd wear mourning all their lives. She had been domineering, capricious; she had kept them on leashes that were golden, but still leashes. Now, rich, young, lovely, they could do what they liked. True, they'd probably have inherited eventually anyway—unless she cut them off—but how old would they be then? And at any moment, with one vengeful stroke of her pen, she could have ruined them. I knew her well enough—and so did they—to realize she'd have done it, too, if she were furious enough.

It was even possible, I realized, that one girl had told her aunt about the other, hoping to have her rival cut off, and thus get the whole estate herself.

I stared at my sand scrawlings long and thoughtfully—and hopelessly. I shook my head and was reaching to wipe them out, when I heard footsteps pounding up behind me. My heart jumped. I whirled, cursing myself for being off guard.

But it was only Dennis, with the spear guns. He fell on the sand beside me, looking curiously at my face. "What's the matter?" He grinned. "I scare you?" Then he saw what I'd been drawing in the sand. "Hey, what's that?"

"Nothing," I said—and meant it. I smoothed out the sand.

"How's for some fishing?" he asked. "It ought to be late enough for the big ones to be out by now. Anyway, there's nothing else to do." He was so right.

The wind was strong again, but today it was from the southwest, and our reef was protected. We hunted along it, never very far apart. Not many things are more absorbing than stalking a big fish, and for once my brain was wiped clean of any other thought. I trailed a big gray mullet until he ducked into what he thought was shelter, between two big boulders. But I glided silently overhead and, looking down through a small space between the rocks, saw his dark body, almost motionless in the water.

I shot fast and hit him near the tail. He thrashed in panic. My steel arrow caught against the rock, and the trident point pulled out. The mullet flashed by me and into better shelter—a shallow grotto, one of a row of adjoining grottoes.

I went after him. It was murky inside, but I saw him clearly, with the deep wound in his back. And then, suddenly, he vanished. Not out past me. He just disappeared. The grotto walls looked absolutely solid, but obviously there was some way out that I couldn't see.

I moved on to the next grotto—and there he was again. How he'd got through, I didn't know. He was tiring now, moving sluggishly. I took careful aim, but just before I pulled the trigger a thought struck me so hard, so fantastically, that the gun must have shaken. Anyway, I missed an almost unmissable shot. With his last strength, the mullet darted past me and out to the open sea.

But I wasn't thinking of mullet now. My heart was pounding. I crawled out on a rock, took off the mask and flippers, and began to think. Incredible thoughts, but they seemed to fit in.

I called Dennis, and we took the dinghy over to where Viking had been lying. I didn't tell him what I'd been thinking, but I explained enough so he could help me.

We began diving. Again and again. And we were lucky. . . .

WHEN dinner ended that night, they must have thought I was crazy. I began telling them about the mullet I'd shot. In detail, too. Exactly how he'd gone from one grotto to the next one, although there seemed no passage between. "It suddenly reminded me of something else," I said slowly. "Of the moment, inside Viking, when I first opened the bathroom door. There were fish there, ahead of me, as long as my hand."

They stared at me blankly. I didn't blame them for not getting it. It had taken me all too long myself. "Listen," I said carefully. "The floor was tight and solid, except for drain holes

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Complete in the November 9th issue

no bigger than a pencil. The porthole was screwed down tight. The door was very close-fitting, and locked. *So how did fish that big get in ahead of me?"*

I looked around at their faces, one by one. "There had to be some way in that I didn't know about," I said softly, "and it could be only one thing. The [illegible] sea cock was there, on the drainage pipes, the biggest in the boat. There's no other answer. But there's another question. The sea cock ought to have been closed, but fish couldn't get in if it were closed, so it was open. *Why?"*

I let the question hang in the air a moment, like a sword, and then I answered it. "Someone opened it," I said. "Someone wrecked us deliberately. He opened the sea cock to make sure she'd sink, even if the real damage wasn't enough. And, unluckily for Wilma Wardell, she came down to let Merlin out—and caught him doing it, red-handed."

Cy stood up slowly, face taut, eyes glowing. He was struggling to appear calm. "Fairy tales, Bob," he said softly, "but I don't like them."

I looked straight at him. "We found the other insurance policy, Cy—the big one."

Suddenly he was moving toward the door, near De Verrier. The Frenchman moved almost imperceptibly to stop him, despite Anita's frightened gesture. Then Cy must have remembered where he was—that there was no place to run. He seemed to wilt completely. . . .

FINALLY I had it in black and white, signed *Cyrus H. Townes,* witnessed by the others, a confession valid in any court. When he broke, he broke completely, told everything, showed where he'd hidden the jewels and my Aqua-lung. But I wasn't sure how long his mood would last; I got it down on paper before he changed his mind.

I glanced through it again. I'd made it short and simple, leaving out all but the main points of his double crime. Murder and barratry, the willful sinking of a ship for her insurance.

Early this summer I decided to sink my vessel, and took out a $50,000 policy on her with Lloyd's . . .

He had been desperate to buy a new boat. Most rich people who charter Mediterranean yachts don't want a sailboat like Viking, slow and relatively cramped. He'd wanted a power yacht, bigger, fancier, faster, more luxurious, that would charter easily, at very high prices. But this cost a lot of money, and he didn't have it. And he couldn't find a buyer for Viking, either. So he overinsured her, for twice her value, in a new Lloyd's of London policy. He'd had the $5,000 American policy for years, the one he'd shown me—deliberately shown me, so we'd be convinced he lost by the wreck. Dennis and I, diving at the site where Viking had gone down, had found the Lloyd's policy that had spilled from the opened lockbox. No wonder Cy had told me not to bother to fish those papers up. And, since he was no underwater man, he couldn't get them himself, and he didn't dare ask anybody else to do it for him.

. . . To wreck her, I chose a spot where land was near and everybody could get ashore safely, but where the water was so deep she could never be salvaged or examined . . .

Salicudi reef had been perfect, and it had been easy for him to make sure we arrived after dark. The weather helped, but if it had been flat calm, he planned to fake engine trouble to delay us long enough. Under my own eyes, he had carefully steered her onto the reef, exactly as planned. He had never dreamed of murder, or of stealing the jewels, until . . .

. . . After we struck the reef I went below, pulled the main power switch to make things dark, and then opened the main sea cock to make sure she would sink even if the real damage was not enough. While I was in the bathroom doing this, Mrs. Wardell suddenly appeared and her flashlight caught me . . .

He had not known the cat was in the bathroom until he opened the door, and Merlin sprang out past him. Nor did he dream that any woman, with a ship sinking, would bother about a cat. When she caught him red-handed, he realized in a flash that if she told what she had seen, he would be in prison for years, perhaps the rest of his life. Barratry is a very serious crime. He realized she knew enough about boats to understand what he was doing, and that the real damage was on the other side of the boat. In any event, her testimony would make what he had done crystal-clear to investigators.

. . . I jumped up and hit her with the wrench I was using to open the sea cock. Then I put her in the bathroom, locked the door, and threw away the key . . .

He had to do that, for he had no idea how long the ship would still float. And there was a chance somebody else might come down—as Lillesden actually did—to free the cat.

. . . She had dropped her jewel box just outside the door when I hit her. I forced open this box, took the jewels . . .

He had not noticed the key chain she had dropped at the same place. Nor had he figured that the empty box, which he threw down carelessly, would float up and out as the water rose. Nor, of course, had he ever imagined the million-to-one fluke of Viking's propeller catching on the rock.

. . . When I discovered the ship had not sunk to the bottom, I pretended to be highly pleased, and helped prepare for salvage work . . .

He *had* to act pleased. Anything else would have looked too odd, too suspicious. He must have cursed his luck, and cursed it again when the French yacht happened along with a second Aqua-lung—after he had stolen mine, to keep me from going inside Viking.

. . . On the night after the ship broke loose from the rock, I made sure nobody was awake and watching. I rowed out, cut the rope, and left the knife in the dinghy, to throw suspicion on others and cause confusion . . .

He had, of course, yearned to cut the rope even earlier. But as long as the caught propeller still held her up, it would have been useless.

THAT was about all of it, and it was enough. The things I'd left out didn't matter. But one of them still gave me cold chills. He had realized how all-important my own testimony might be, and his suggestion that we trail the German had been only a trick to get me off alone—and shut my mouth forever. But I had innocently called Dennis over, before he could stop me. And with Dennis along, he couldn't do anything.

I thought it over again, and decided I wouldn't call Dennis "the menace" any more.

—GORDON GASKILL

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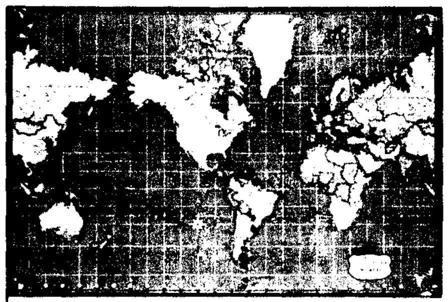

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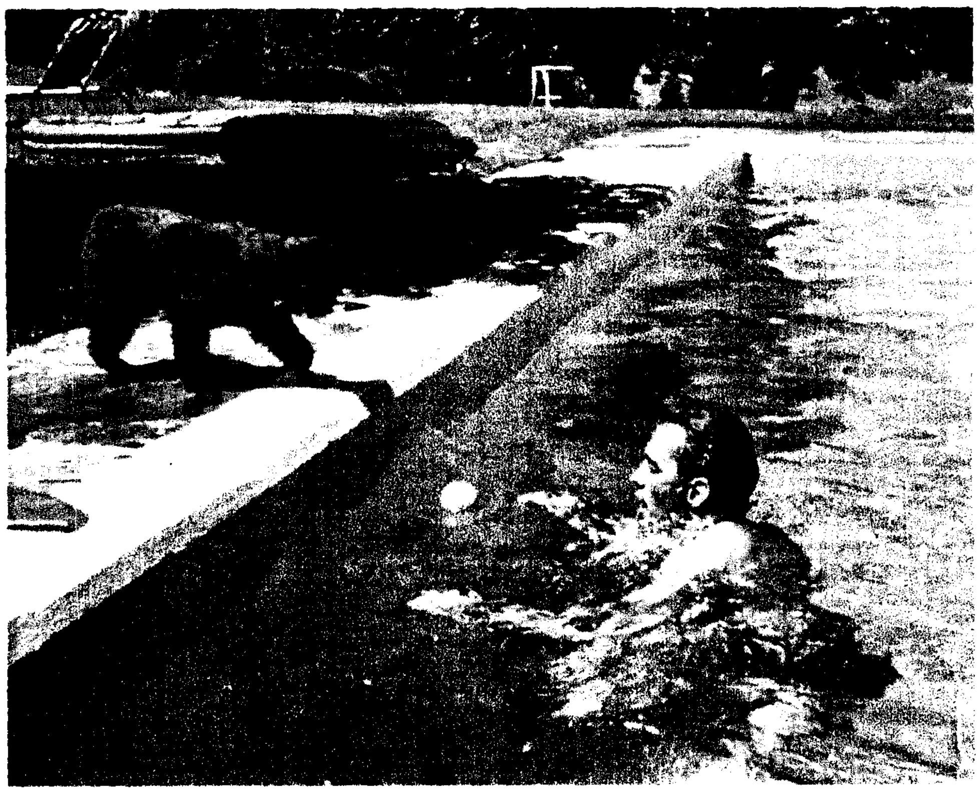
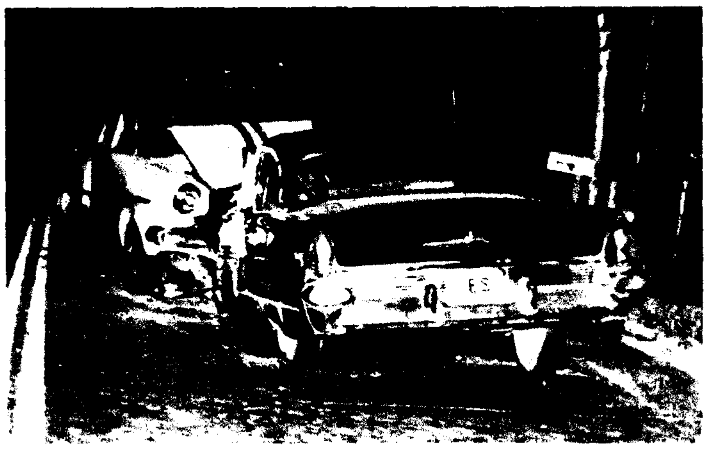
Ed Sullivan and family at home (from left): daughter Betty, son-in-law Bob Precht (holding grandson Robbie, 2½), Ed, wife Sylvia (holding granddaughter Carla, 1)

Above: Sullivan uses net to clean out swimming pool at his 130-acre Southbury, Conn., farm-home in foothills of Berkshires. Right: poodle Bojangles waits at edge of pool to welcome master



CONCLUDING: MY STORY By Ed Sullivan



After my auto crash...

"When you come close to death, you have no difficulty in distinguishing true values, true meanings"

Shortly after midnight on Sunday, August 5th, while my young son-in-law, Bob Precht, our night watchman at the farm, Ralph Cacace, and I were driving from the Bridgeport, Connecticut, airport to our country place in Southbury, a car crashed head-on into us.

The next thing I knew, I was stretched out by the side of a country road on a piece of tarpaulin. There was the taste of blood in my mouth and I could hardly breathe because it felt as though my entire chest had been caved in. I heard police whistles, as though they were far away, and I thought to myself dully: So this is it.

A man with a flashlight threw a beam full in my face. "Hey, doc, come here quick. He's Ed Sullivan." Even in my agony, I enjoyed the doctor's reply. "I don't know who he is. After an automobile smashup, they all look alike."

The kindness of people when the chips are down is a most extraordinary thing. My head was pillowed on the lap of a kindly man I'd never seen before. There was a young girl (weeks later I learned she was Sue Miles, of Seymour, Connecticut) who sat in the road next to me, holding my hand and stroking it while we waited for ambulances. She paid no mind to the blood that was staining her party frock. So long as I live, I'll never forget these demonstrations of the inherent goodness of human beings.

Then came the most nerve-racking moment of all. Gasping for breath, I asked the girl if she'd phone my wife and break the news to her. "Be sure and tell her it's nothing serious," I whispered, "because she and our daughter Betty will be terrified." As she went off into the darkness, I had a vivid and frightening picture of what would happen. At the farm, suddenly, there would be the sound of a telephone bell. Sylvia and Betty, sitting there alone, would race to it. I could picture clearly the look of horror as a strange voice told them that Bob and I had been injured. This is the Gethsemane through which wives and daughters have passed down through the ages.

But I knew that regardless of the terrifying news that each instantly would be trying to comfort the other, because these two are thoroughbreds. Sure enough, an hour or so later when Sylvia and Betty came into the hospital room where Bob and I were stretched out in beds, their faces were chalk-white, their eyes were shocked, but they were smiling.

As Sylvia leaned down to kiss me, she whispered: "Everything's going to be all right, darling. And don't forget, win, lose or draw, I love you."

It was a phrase that she and I, down through the years, always addressed to Betty on the eve of her examinations at Marymount, Miss Hewitt's, and later at UCLA. No phrase ever expressed so completely the devotion of the three of us, and I knew exactly what she meant, because when you come close to death, you have no difficulty at all in distinguishing true values and true meanings.

In the pain-racked days that followed, I had plenty of time to analyze my love for Sylvia, Betty, her young husband, Bob, and our two grandchildren, two-and-a-half-year-old Robbie and Carla, one year old. Perhaps you'd like to know a bit more of this family that's so dear to me.

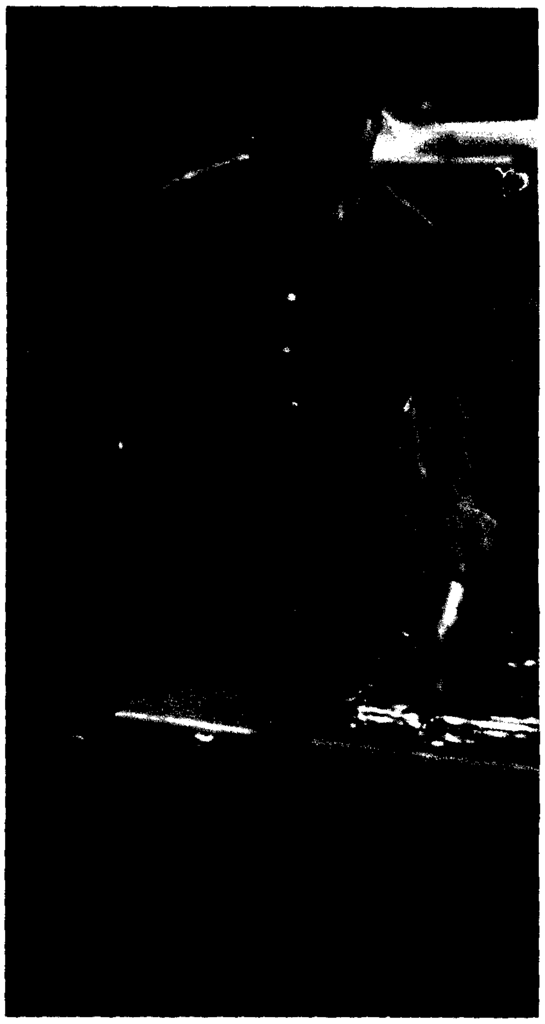
It all began one autumn night in New York when I, then sports editor of the Graphic, accompanied some friends to Vincent Lopez's night club, Casa Lopez. During the evening some of the crowd at our table waved hello to friends at another table. I looked over and was attracted by a very stunning brunette youngster. I asked for an introduction and learned her name was Sylvia Weinstein. The courtship that followed was an unusual one: as a sports writer I took her to prize fights and ball games. Years later, I discovered that she loathed fights and didn't understand baseball. At the time she pretended to be a devoted fan.

TWO YEARS LATER, on April 28, 1930, Sylvia and I were married by Father Joe Connors at West Orange, New Jersey. We were married in the rectory because she was a non-Catholic. Twenty-six years later, I guess we are entitled to say that the marriage lasted. Sylvia promised on that April day that if we had children she'd raise them in the Catholic faith. Later when our only child, Betty, started learning her catechism, it was Sylvia who read the questions to her. No mother ever was so scrupulous in living up to her pledge.

From the time Betty was a little girl, perhaps because we always lived in hotels, the three of us were together constantly. Sylvia and I agreed that

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARVIN KONER

When city-dweller Sullivan first suggested moving to the country, he recalls, his wife thought that he had gone "stark, staring mad"



we must treat our young daughter with the dignity of an adult. We listened to what she had to say, and we never broke a promise to her. As a result, she developed into an exceptional little girl, possessed of great poise, tact and an instinctive sympathy for people. When she went away to school on the Coast, it was quite natural for her to phone us almost every night, so between those calls and a stream of letters, the close relationship always was maintained. It was (and still is) a wonderful family life.

The greatest compliment Betty ever paid me was in something she told her mother when she fell in love with Bob Precht, a classmate of hers at UCLA: "He's exactly like Daddy."

For a time, I began to believe that the similarity was one of stubbornness. Bob and Betty, like most youngsters of their generation, insisted on making good on their own. There was to be no trading on my name. Immediately after graduation and their wedding in 1952, Bob went off to serve four years in the Navy. Betty joined us in New York—and got herself a job in the scenic design department of NBC-TV. At the time, our CBS show was regularly drubbing NBC's Colgate Comedy Hour. Not realizing that Betty Precht was Betty Sullivan, occasionally some of the NBC-TV staffers would indulge in caustic comments about my program. Suddenly, someone would indicate Betty by a nod of the head, hold his fingers to his lips and there would be dead silence.

AFTER HIS NAVY HITCH, Bob wanted to get into TV news commentary. He flatly refused to go to work with me. Betty supported him wholeheartedly. "You can't work for relatives, Daddy," she explained. I mentioned this with some degree of disappointment to CBS-TV executive producer Marlo Lewis. "The kids are completely right," said Marlo. "I know just how Bob feels because I once worked for my father-in-law. It's often an awkward and embarrassing arrangement." So when Bob joined CBS-TV, he was assigned to Marlo's staff and worked on a variety of shows. On Sundays, he works on our show under Bob Tamplin.

Getting to know Bob was difficult for me because he was away for four years in the Navy. Two things brought us all very close together: the farm weekends, and the auto crash. Between the farm and hospitals, there developed a new and close relationship between us.

I think the nicest time that we all had at the farm was when Bob's parents visited us last year from Carlsbad, California. Bob Precht, Sr., is a husky steelworker, and his wife, Agnes, born in Ireland, is a charming woman. Meeting them made it easy to understand the quality of their son.

The farm is the first piece of property that Sylvia and I ever owned. During our entire married life we lived a city-slicker version of gypsy life, moving from hotel to hotel and eating all our meals out in restaurants. True enough, when the New York News assigned me to cover Hollywood in late 1937, we did rent a home in Beverly Hills, and for three years we lived normally. But in 1940 the paper called me back to New York, and we resumed our status as cliff dwellers.

Then one summer day three years ago, I played golf with Colonel Henry Mucci, fabulous World War II Ranger hero, at the Brooklawn Country Club in Bridgeport. I was struck by the beauty of the Connecticut landscape. The green rolling hills in the distance reminded me of my youth in Port Chester.

When I went home that night I said to Sylvia that it might be fun to live in the country. She thought I had gone stark, staring mad. I won her over by suggesting that a farm would be a wonderful place for the family that Bob and Betty planned to raise.

THE FOLLOWING WEEK, Sylvia went out looking for a farm—and fell in love with the second place she saw in Connecticut. What had captured her was a charming kitchen, lined with about 80 pieces of copperware, and boasting a flagstone floor and an open fireplace. It highlighted an attractive Cape Cod-style home in the Berkshire foothills at Southbury that was ideal for our purposes. It even had a swimming pool. So we bought it, along with a working dairy farm that gave us about 130 acres—plus some additional acreage across the road which we bought later. And that's how two city dwellers became Connecticut Yankees in Governor Ribicoff's court.

To run Kettletown Farms, we were lucky to secure the services of French-Canadian Maurice Bacon. Two years later it is shaping up as a fine farm property, with 50 dairy cows.

After the accident, and a stay at Grace New Haven Hospital, Bob and I went back to the farm. We found it a marvelous place at which to recuperate. On Sunday nights while we were mending we always tuned in to our show and enjoyed Phil Silvers, Red Skelton, Kirk Douglas, Patti Page and Charles Laughton as they pinch-hit for me. It was Phil Silvers who first assured the country that I was well on the way to recovery: "I know this to be a fact," said Phil, "because Ed stopped smiling yesterday. He's ready to come back soon."

Everybody has kidded me about my failure to smile readily. It has become such a legend that even on occasions when I do smile, they refuse to believe it. Right from the start, the TV audience gave me such nicknames as Smiley, Poker Face and The Great Stone Face.

So why has our show lasted for eight, going on nine years? Frankly, I think it's because, from the first show, my craggy features aroused the protective instincts of the country. Probably people said to themselves: "This poor fellow looks so miserably unhappy, we've got to help him out."

When I first went on TV in June, 1948, the "experts" directed all of us to look directly into the camera. This didn't faze actors, but when I looked into those iron monsters, *rigor mortis* set in. Having seen some of the old kinescopes of our show, I can understand the nicknames fastened on me.

Various legends developed to explain my lugubrious demeanor. One story, widely circulated, was that I had a steel plate in my head. I received hundreds of letters congratulating me on my courage in continuing despite such a handicap! At first, this upset me, but then I began to enjoy the humor of it. While I've always taken the responsibility of the show seriously, Marlo Lewis, Johnny Wray, Bob Daley, Ray Bloch, Ed King, Eddie Brinkman, Bob Tamplin, Mark Leddy, Jim Drummond, Julia Meade, and others who work with me, will affirm I've never taken myself seriously. Actually, I've always felt deeply grateful for the lucky break that permitted me to win some sort of security for my family while making myself, a small-town kid, nationally known.

AFTER THAT FRIGHTFUL AUTO CRASH, mail from all over the country attested not only to how wonderfully nice people are when you're in trouble, but also to how widespread the TV audience is. Letters came in from every area in the nation—and from outside the U.S., too.

Because TV shows go into homes, the relationship between the public and the performer is on a peculiarly personal basis. People accept you as a member of the family and the tone of their letters indicates this bond. Of course, if you do something they don't like, they bawl you out with the same degree of familiarity with which they offer praise at other times.

But familiarity is the keynote. In Rome once, while we were viewing the art treasures in the Vatican and listening to the guide, a woman whispered: "You'd better get back to the show, Smiley." On my Lincoln-Mercury trips around the country, there's one standard routine. In each group of autograph seekers, there's always one who says, "Do you mind signing this check?" The answer is just as standard. "If you can cash it, I get 10 per cent." Both the question and the answer always win howls of laughter.

Similarly, from the 1948 days of TV to the present, thousands of letters have arrived suggesting that a good name for TV would be "Sullivision." Naturally, the number of letters I get at any given time varies; some shows pull more mail than others, and anything controversial brings it by the sackful.

One performer who aroused a great deal of comment was Elvis Presley—partly because I signed

A Broadway columnist and TV master of ceremonies turns country squire. Left: Sullivan broils steak on the patio of Connecticut estate, Kettletown Farms. Below: With his son-in-law, Bob Precht (on tractor), he consults Maurice Bacon, manager of the farm. Right: Ed does some typing in living room. Far right: He chats with year-old granddaughter Carla in kitchen

him after originally stating that he wasn't my cup of tea. Here's a behind-the-scenes explanation of that deal.

When I was writing sports, one fall I picked Notre Dame to lose the first game of the schedule. The Irish won it. Irritated, I picked them to lose their second game of the season. The Irish won that one, too. So I picked them to lose each of their successive games and Notre Dame finished with an unbeaten season. The Presley thing was something like that.

A YEAR BEFORE ELVIS PRESLEY exploded on the national horizon, I was in the Southwest on one of my Lincoln-Mercury trips. The local papers were filled with stories about an Elvis Presley who was appearing there. That night, I phoned my right-hand man, Carmine Santullo, and told him to find out immediately what office booked Presley and how much they wanted for him.

When I got back to New York, Carmine said that the William Morris office booked him but that they wanted $5,000 for a single appearance. I hooted at that kind of money, because this was a youngster apparently known only to the Southwest. If I'd only realized it, I was starting off on another Notre Dame experience.

As Presley went on to his triumphs, I got madder and madder at myself. When he appeared on the Steve Allen show and gave us our first ratings defeat in a long time, I was really steaming. Never having seen him on TV, I consoled myself by listening to those who told me that his style was shocking; anyway, I figured, it was dollars to doughnuts that NBC-TV had locked him to a long-term contract, inasmuch as NBC's parent organization, RCA Victor, was releasing his records. So I was quoted as saying Presley wasn't for my show no how. It was, I admit, sour grapes.

Then one afternoon, agent Joe Wolfson of the Morris office casually said in a phone conversation that Presley wasn't signed to NBC-TV. I went into action instantly and signed him—not at $5,000 a show, the price at which I once could have had him, but at $50,000 for three shows. That price was reasonable because our show instantly received $250,000 worth of page-one publicity all across the country at the coup scored against NBC-TV.

However, before signing the contract, I watched two kinescopes of Presley's appearance on Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey's Stage Show program. To my amazement, Presley's style was not as agitated as that of Johnnie Ray when Ray made his TV debut on our stage January 6, 1952. A few days later, I looked at the kinescopes of the Milton Berle show on which Presley had appeared. The entire show was a shocking display of bad taste for which the producer must accept the blame—because control of cameras always rests with the producer and director.

SINCE THEN PRESLEY HAS MADE his first appearance on my Sunday program (he is scheduled to appear again soon) and I believe millions of fans will vote with me that his performance was in good taste.

Actually, there never could be any possible chance for anything offensive to happen on our stage. I am in control of the cameras—and I've already employed that control to curb Hollywood glamour girls. On three occasions, at dress rehearsals, I had our wardrobe chief, Bill Walstrom, cover up with tulle the cleavage in the gowns of Kim Novak, Jeanne Crain and Esther Williams. Yet when each of these stars emerged from the wings, the tulle mysteriously had disappeared. We solved that simply by focusing the cameras on their faces.

Kim Novak later told a magazine interviewer that "Ed Sullivan insisted on me wearing a low-cut gown." I'd never again place much confidence in Kim Novak.

The producer of a TV program also has complete control of the microphones. In the highly improbable event that a performer used offensive language on our show, the sound man, Sid Kaufman, could instantly kill the mike. All other precautions failing, the master of ceremonies need only walk out on the stage, apologize to the national audience and explain that the performer had deliberately violated every canon of good taste. I'm glad to say I've never had to do that.

IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS, the audience is the judge of the program's taste, as well as its quality. I think the verdict on the Ed Sullivan show is indicated in two ways: by the sale of the sponsor's product and by its consistently high Trendex rating.

I've been singularly fortunate in having the Mercury-Lincoln Division of Ford Motor Company as sponsors for the past seven years. This is a big-league outfit, reflecting the big-league "class" of the Ford sons—Henry, Benson and young Bill—and of executives Ernie Breech and Louis Crusoe.

Jack Reath and Joe Bayne, who head up the Mercury Division, are fine men, and so are Ben Mills and Henry Daniels, who direct the Lincoln Division. They rarely indulge in back-seat driving.

Recently, our show ran the first contest we've ever conducted, a $425,000 Ed Sullivan contest tied to our eighth anniversary on the air. The reaction was so enormous that following my first Sunday announcement we had to order 2,000,000 extra entry blanks.

As for the ratings, I'm sure most of you readers are familiar with them, but you may not be fully

Sullivan is friendly with TV rival Steve Allen—and he's made up with Sinatra. But his bitter 25-year feud with Winchell goes on

BILL STAPLETON

Of long-time foe, fellow columnist Walter Winchell (above), Sullivan writes: "He has tried to destroy those who have disagreed with him." But Ed swaps humorous telegrams with Steve Allen (below) about the ratings of their competing Sunday night shows

aware of their impact on TV shows. Perhaps the best way to explain that is in terms of a bullfight.

Under a hot sun in the Madrid bull ring, after the preliminary bloodletting, the maddened bull makes his fiercest charge at the wiry matador. This is it! Death rides on the horns of the bull and death rides on the tip of the matador's thirsty blade. Spaniards call this tense instant, "the moment of truth."

WELL, FOR ME, there is this moment of truth in TV, too. The setting is not so colorful, but the tension is there. It happens each Monday at 9:30 A.M. when I pick up the phone, dial a number and ask for Mary Smith.

Waiting for Miss Smith to come to the phone (I've been phoning her this way for seven years but, curiously, have never met her), I reflect that the preceding night's show had played brilliantly. Louis Armstrong's band—to pick one particular program—had rocked CBS-TV Studio 50; Julie Andrews of My Fair Lady had stopped the show cold with her song, Show Me; actress Shirley Yamaguchi had never looked so charming; the bagpipe-playing girls of the State University of Iowa Highlanders had kicked off the hour show in fine style; Bing Crosby's filmed bit with Frank Sinatra, Grace Kelly and Satchmo Armstrong had hit a new high. That show represented months of work, planning, airplane trips, rehearsals. It involved 123 people on our staff, and an outlay of $340,000 to project it to your living rooms.

Now came TV's moment of truth. Mary Smith was on the phone with the Trendex rating. "Ready?" she asked. "Sets in use, 38 point zero. Rating, your show, 21 point 4; share of audience, 56 point 2. NBC spectacular rating, 13 point zero; share of audience, 34 point 1."

You draw a deep breath, light a cigarette and draw deeply on it. You've won another of the 52 battles a year that add gray hairs to your head and a throb to your ulcer. Because the moment of truth is not always so pleasant. Like the night you had a tremendous in-person show, starring Gregory Peck, José Ferrer, John Huston, Edward G. Robinson, Lauren Bacall, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, jockey Billy Pearson and Vincent Price. Against you, that night, was Elvis Presley, on the Allen show.

"Presley done you in," intoned Mary Smith. "He racked up 20 point 2; you had 14 point 8."

That kind of beating is unusual for us, though, I'm pleased to say. On 20 occasions, our show has had Trendex ratings of 40 points or better. I don't think that this record has been matched by any shows other than I Love Lucy and Hal March's $64,000 Question. Analysts have pointed out that the Sunday night hour from eight to nine is a prime listening spot. All I can say in rebuttal is that years ago I found it a very bad spot, when NBC was knocking the daylights out of us.

OUR BIGGEST AUDIENCE PULL of all came on November 11, 1954. On our stage, I had movie stars Elizabeth Taylor and Van Johnson, singer Julius LaRosa, England's delightful comedian "Mr. Pastry" and the Harlem Globetrotters basketball team. The victim that night was NBC's Comedy Hour, starring singer Gordon MacRae. Both Gordon and Donald O'Connor were equally unlucky against us, just as we were always beaten by Martin and Lewis.

On that historic night, of every 100 sets in the country, 63 were tuned in to TV—and our share of the national audience was 77.4 per cent. That was the greatest share of audience we ever had, though Julius LaRosa's debut on October 25, 1953, almost equaled it. That time, LaRosa, singer Patti Page and comedian Sam Levenson collected a 76.7 share of national audience, with 62.5 sets out of every 100 sets tuned in.

Sam Levenson, singer Theresa Brewer, ventriloquist Señor Wences, singer Eddie Fisher, comedian Myron Cohen and, of course, LaRosa pop up repeatedly in our top-drawing shows. NBC-TV experts, studying our successes, decided that they'd found the secret. They started booking the same stars who had been so successful on our show—only to discover that our show still walloped them just as convincingly.

The ratings battle on television produces a constant stream of stories in the press about feuds between performers. A lot of stuff, for example, has been written about my "feud" with Steve Allen. Actually, we are the best of friends. Just before Steve's first Sunday night show, he sent me an amusing wire: DEAR ED WOULD YOU LEND ME TEN TRENDEX POINTS TILL PAYDAY? LOVE AND KISSES STEVE ALLEN. On the Monday morning I learned he had torpedoed us with Elvis Presley, I shot him a telegram: STEVE PRESLEY ALLEN NBC-TV, NEW YORK CITY STINKER LOVE AND KISSES ED SULLIVAN.

I doubt, however, that I'll be sending any wires to TV's newest acquisition, Walter Winchell. I made up recently with Frank Sinatra, with whom I had feuded, because, as I stated in the first installment of my story, I never could bring myself to any high pitch of feeling against him. In the case of Winchell, the background is completely different because our feud was based on something he did almost 25 years ago that I can never forgive nor forget.

It was during a particularly low spot in the depression, and in my column in the News one day I wrote an open letter to Barbara Hutton Mdivani suggesting that, like the fairy princesses of storybooks, she sponsor a Christmas party for some of the underprivileged children of New York. Her Wall Street adviser, Larry Doyle, promptly called me up to tell me that Barbara was sending me a check for $5,000.

Winchell, self-professed humanitarian, furious that he hadn't thought of the idea, devoted his next two columns to characterizing me as a "blackmailer."

I developed my exceedingly low opinion of him and his kind of journalism right then, and down through the years I have found no reason to change my original estimate. He frequently quotes Voltaire's expression: "I disapprove of what you say, but I *will* defend to the death your right to say it." In practice, however, he has tried to destroy those who have disagreed with him. His attacks on the late editor Harold Ross, writer St. Clair McKelway, showman Earl Carroll, Myron Cohen and others have been inexcusable.

Perhaps the Winchell of 1956 will prove that he has changed. Frankly, I doubt it.

My philosophy of life is completely opposed to the philosophy of such as these. Over and over again I've been impressed by the fact that 95 per cent of people are decent and warmhearted. Each of us has his own problems, his own sorrows, his own difficulties in winning some measure of security and dignity for himself and his family. We're supposed to help one another, not hurt one another.

In the conduct of my own show, I've never asked a performer his religion, his race or his politics. Performers are engaged on the basis of their abilities. I believe that this is another quality of our show that has helped win it a wide and loyal audience.

IT WAS MY FATHER who taught me to respect the rights of all people; he taught me that all people come from God and are destined to go back to God.

On my key chain are two precious things which are always with me. One is a St. Christopher's medal with a little companion circular piece bearing this inscription:

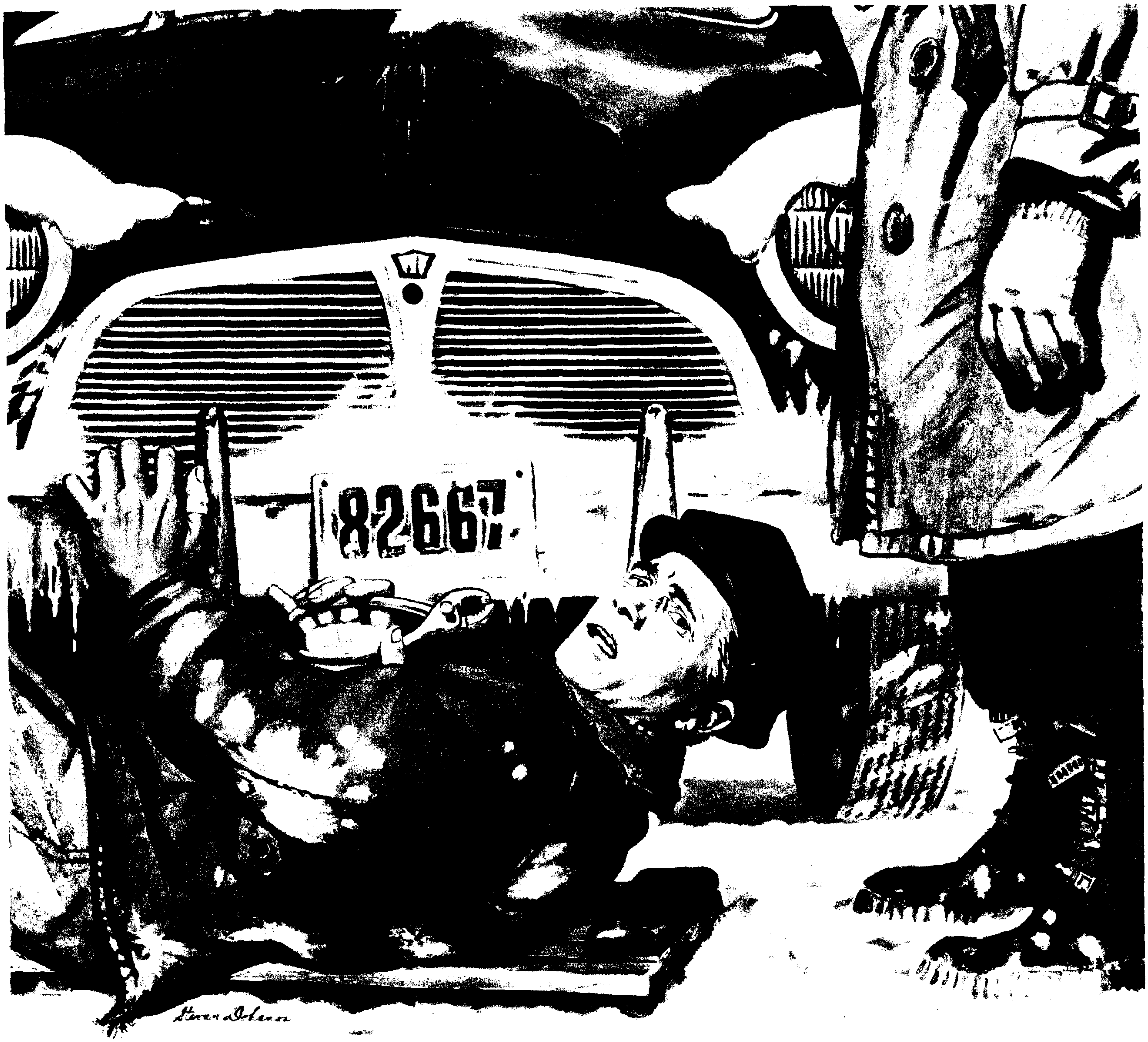
St. Christopher
Protect him
Because we love him
Very much
Sylvia and Betty

On the same chain is a little gold booklet engraved with the Star of David. There is a thin gold page between the covers with a line in Hebraic, and below, the translation: *The Lord Bless Thee and Keep Thee.* It is from Rabbi Bernard Birstein of Congregation Ezrath Israel, New York's Actors' Temple, a wonderfully loyal friend.

I have always believed that success is a mystery of Divine Providence. There is an old Catholic saying: "Work as if all depended on self; pray as if all depended on God."

I've done the best I could to live up to that ideal.

THE END

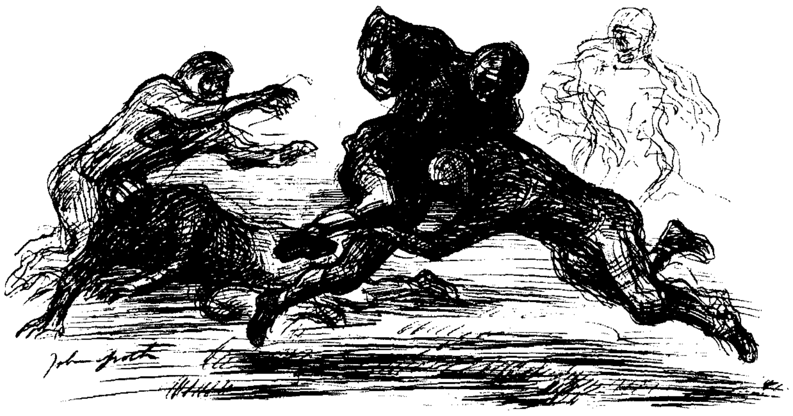


"Have a heart—get your anti-freeze early"

"Sure, I try to give your car the best service I can—*whenever* you drive in. But that's tough to do when I've got a crowd of car owners all in a hurry for anti-freeze at the same time. They get impatient—even a little sore—and I usually end up with frozen hands and feet and no dinner! All because they put off anti-freeze buying until it's too late!"

This year, be wise about your anti-freeze. Drive in early. You'll find your dealer can give you more time. Your serviceman will appreciate that, for it means he can do the job as it should be done. You'll get the brand you want—and as much as you need—without waiting in line. Best of all, you'll drive off worry-free and set for winter's worst—*before it comes!*

A message on behalf of your car and America's anti-freeze dealers, from
OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION
Automotive Products Department, Baltimore, Maryland



JOHN GROTH

College Football: 1956

DISCLOSURE THIS YEAR of wholesale violations of Pacific Coast Conference athletic rules by its member colleges has brought into hard, sharp focus the whole question of amateurism vs. professionalism in college football. Four universities have been fined a total of a quarter of a million dollars for unethical practices. Scores of young athletes who had followed the accepted standards of their schools have been declared ineligible for conference play. The explosion has echoed across every campus and playing field in the country.

One reaction to the whole mess—and a provocative reaction it is—appears on page 34, where a star college football player speaks his mind.

Here are some further thoughts, from our own viewpoint:

Colleges and universities serve two main purposes on the American scene. As conservatories of learning, they are our centers of academic research, of scientific and scholarly development and discovery. Here the traditions of all ages and all peoples meet; here the great scholars of our time study and distill the ideas of the past, reinterpret them in terms of today's knowledge, and pass them on enriched to a new generation.

The college is also a training place for youth. Americans send their sons here, confident they will get the technical and intellectual training and the ethical guidance to fit them for the world of tomorrow. Here is asked not merely instruction in a skill, but development of the boy or girl into the whole fullness of his promise; into one who will find success with honor; who will lead, and follow, wisely; who will direct his own life with expertness and purpose, and decency.

A sound athletic program is part of a full college life. It channels energies that have to be released. It builds the physical person. It teaches confidence, co-ordination and teamwork and its games are a common rallying point for the aroused loyalties of students, faculty and alumni.

Football has become the cornerstone and symbol of college athletics, and has achieved a hold on the American people that no other college sport equals. It is big and tough and colorful—and there's something fine, too, about crisp autumn air and blaring bands and the roaring stands. College football is intensely exciting, thoroughly enjoyable.

But as football has taken hold of the American public, the public has also got a grip on college football. If this is a strong and enthusiastic embrace it is also a heedless, often reckless, and potentially disastrous embrace. With 90,000 people flocking to a single game and tens of millions more watching by television across the land, public pressures build up that go far beyond the walls of the university. Americans like to win: in college football, the pressures for winning teams have often overwhelmed a less spectacular devotion to sportsmanship and honest amateurism. With alumni and moneyed supporters demanding winning teams, a coach's tenure may depend more upon his team's record of victories than on its adjustment to academic life. These pressures have brought much to the campuses. They've created spectacular, professional-caliber football that thrills the fans and the public. They've brought $40,000,000 a year in gate receipts, built great stadiums, supported extensive athletic programs, brought fame and fortune to many top players.

They have also caused universities—citadels of faith and repositories of hopes for the future—to encourage players to take illegal aid, and then to lie about having taken it. Under these pressures a game that should teach sportsmanship and fair play has instead taught victory at any price. Institutions dedicated to ethical values have sunk into hypocrisy—the hypocrisy of men who have written a competitive code and then, themselves, have ignored or broken it.

The Pacific Coast Conference made such hypocrisy inevitable by adopting an amateur code without accepting amateur football. The Big Ten has followed a similar pattern with similar results—violations, suspensions, probations. The other major conferences have resolved their dilemmas. The Ivy League, where football and its abuses originated, has come to accept the limitations of amateur ball. Its schools now give no athletic scholarships and reject all player subsidies whether over or under the table. The Southwest, Southeastern and other conferences, on the other hand, have accepted open subsidization, with players generally getting free room, board, tuition and books, a modest living allowance and special free tutoring if needed.

What course should the Pacific Coast Conference—and the Big Ten—follow?

We doubt whether there is any kind or degree of subsidy for college football players that will not eventually cost the university—and the players—more than it is worth. There are cogent-sounding arguments for scholarship and other subsidies. We are told that they open to many deserving young men a chance for a college education that they would not otherwise have, and that a football scholarship is as legitimate in its way as an academic scholarship. But experience suggests that where subsidies are granted the whole inexorable trend is toward the creation of a squad of mercenaries, recruited without regard for scholarly qualifications and retained solely to take the field on successive Saturdays, to put on a spectacular show, and win. We can see no justification for football as a training and disciplining force when the net impact of the game on the player is the promise of a day's wages for a day's play. And we can see the moral fiber of a university deteriorating steadily in a system which countenances lying and hypocrisy as part of its workaday regimen.

If this is not apparent to the Die-For-Dear-Old-Siwash alumnus it is certainly apparent, by now, to the presidents of the Pacific Coast Conference and Big Ten schools who have been, surely, the ones most embarrassed by the current crop of scandals.

We believe these gentlemen can do something drastic about the situation, and that they must.

It would be hard for an individual university to back suddenly away from the subsidy system and uproot the elaborate alumni-backed money programs; it would be hard, perhaps, for an individual conference to do it, even though the Ivy League has shown the way.

But if the Pacific Coast Conference and Big Ten—joined as they are in the Rose Bowl contract and attracted by many other bonds—together declared themselves for uncompromising amateurism and laid down a firm enforcement system, they would have a splendid chance of riding out the inevitable storms. Something would be lost, certainly, in the quality of football and the gate receipts. Far more would be gained, for players and universities alike, by the permanent cleansing of Big Ten and Pacific Conference football, and momentum would be launched which might well carry through the rest of the nation's campuses.

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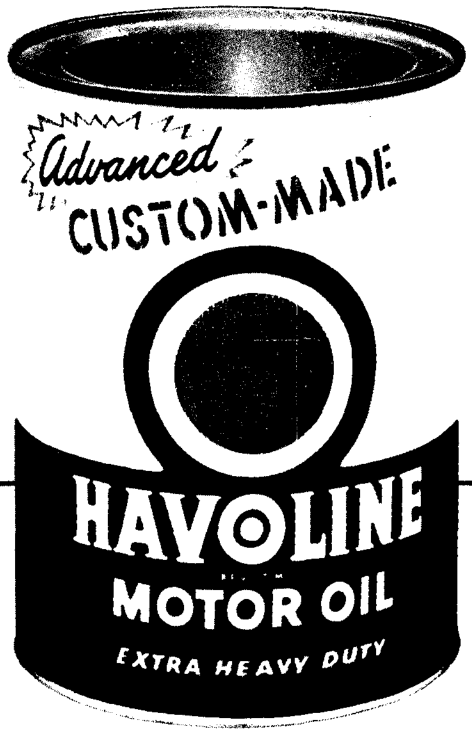
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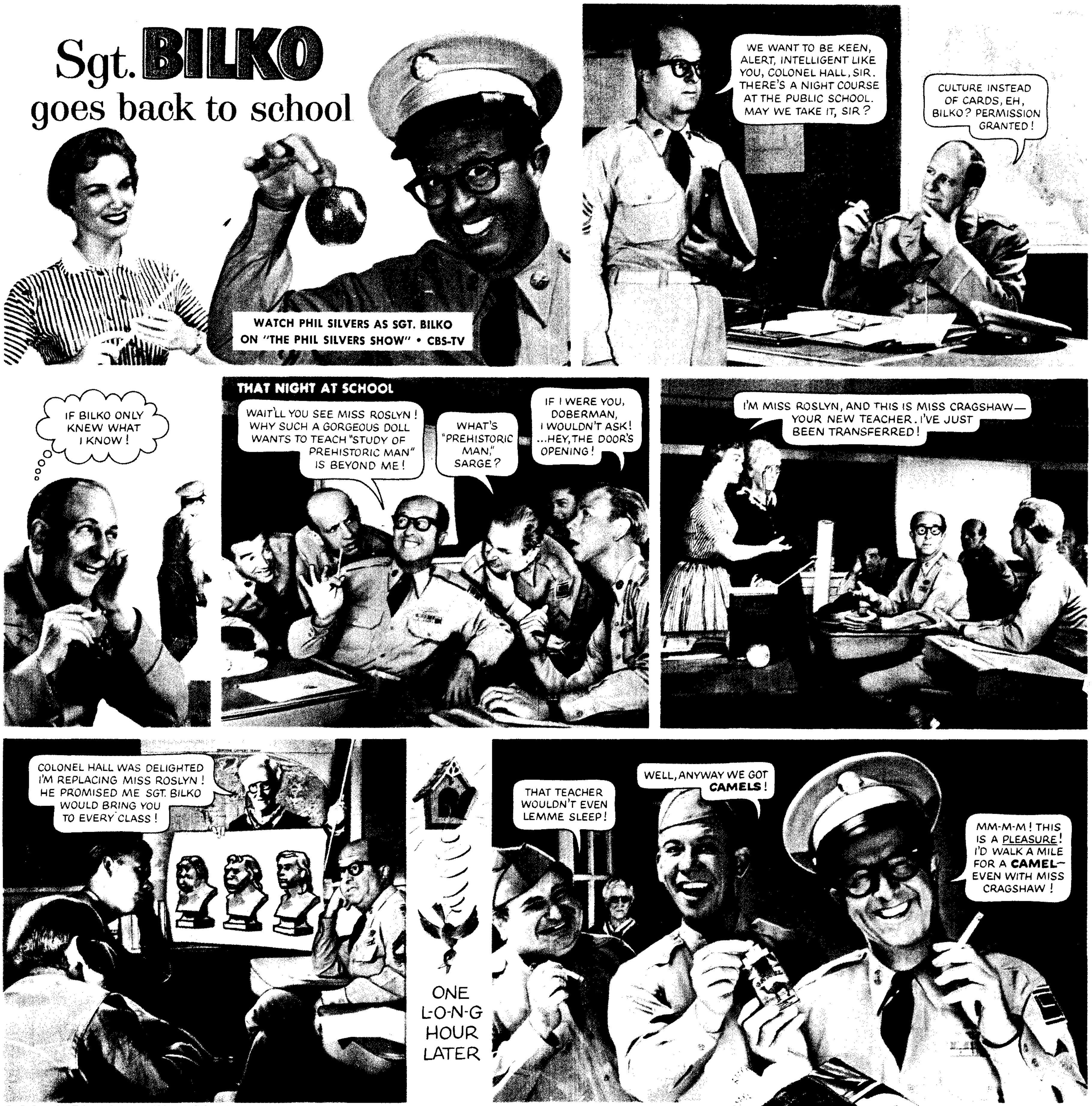
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